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The DANGER *is just as real when you feed her* Denatured Food

The menace of denatured food lies in the fact that its victims and users are wholly unconscious of the perilous effects that inevitably, sooner or later appear.

The child pictured above in the peril of the oncoming cars would never be led into such a position by any mother. But mothers are leading their children into as grave a danger through feeding them denatured foods as though they led them into the path of the speeding machines. Because the mother is ignorant of the danger or unaware of it, does not lessen the responsibility, nor reduce the hazard one iota.

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March 4, 1925.

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The rim of the moon spread slowly into the sun's disc.

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STUDYING THE ECLIPSE FROM THE LOS ANGELES

By

CAPTAIN EDWIN T. POLLOCK, *U. S. Navy*

Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Observatory

"IN THE beginning God created the heaven and the earth." So, from "the beginning," not of time, but simply from "the beginning," astronomy, geology and physical geography have been in existence. Not only that, but nearly all other arts and sciences have been intimately connected with the first science—the study of the heavens. History, mathematics, transportation, navigation, surveying, photography, aviation, and even radio are also associated with astronomy.

No one book could tell all that connects astronomy with any one of the other sciences, for the more the connection is studied, the farther afield does one go, with the end still beyond vision—beyond imagination.

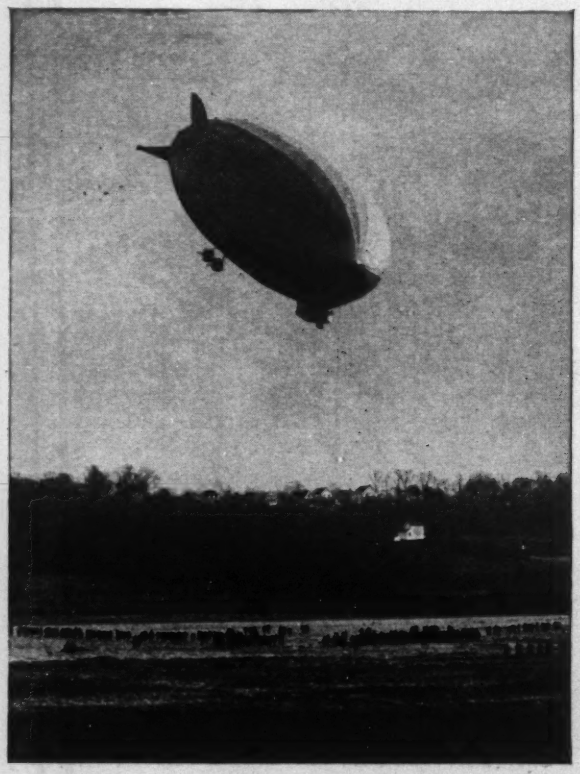
Some scientists claim to have found the remains of men dating before the accepted Biblical age of Adam, yet the "days" of the creation by Him to whom "a thousand years are but as yesterday" were not our present "days."

Where the history of the world really began, written records fail to show, yet authentic history owes its authenticity to that oldest science now being considered. For four thousand years, astronomy was made to serve as the handmaid of astrology, but during all that time astronomical observations[1]

[1] The Chinese in 2608 B. C. built an observatory and had one set of astronomers to observe the sun, another the moon, and a third the stars.

served not only to mark accurately certain dates in history,[1] but to guide the traveler on his way both on land and sea, and to tell him the time.

The Chinese Emperor, Fou-Hi, whose reign began about 2857 years before our era, caused his subjects to study astronomy, and the history of China records an eclipse of the sun which occurred on October 22, 2136 B. C. That eclipse caused the two court astronomers to lose their heads, however, because they had failed to predict it. In these modern days, the world would surely come to an end for all astronomers, if an eclipse occurred which had not been predicted and the time calculated to well within a minute.



The Los Angeles coming down to earth at Anacostia, D. C., to be christened by Mrs. Coolidge.

Astronomy is an exacting as well as an exact science. One of the most notable feats of astronomical calculation occurred in 1846, when the outer planet Neptune was discovered. An English and a French astronomer, both young, concluded that the apparently erratic movements of the then outer planet Uranus —1,750,000,000 miles from the sun— must be due to the influence of another satellite of the sun still farther away. After much calculating, each stated his belief to other and older astronomers. The conservative English were slow in accepting their countryman's work. The Frenchman had a German astronomer friend with a large telescope and up-to-date table of star places. Pointing his telescope at that portion of the heavens where the young astronomer had figured that a new planet would be found, the German astronomer, *in less than thirty minutes,* picked up that planet about one billion miles beyond the orbit of Uranus— which had caused Uranus to be affected. So it was possible to calculate the cause of its variations —to the everlasting renown of the two young astronomers, Adams and Leverrier.

It is by means of other intricate calculations that astronomers predict the exact time that an eclipse will occur. With the earth revolving on its axis, the moon revolving or wobbling along at various distances around the earth, while the earth also rotates at a variable distance around the sun, which in its own place in the celestial sphere is flying on at about fifteen miles a second, carrying its solar system with it, it is hardly to be wondered at that computations are intricate.

When one realizes these things, it is not surprising to have wonder expressed that the time of an eclipse should be predicted to the second, and it is still easier to be aghast at the idea that astronomers should be perturbed when the predicted time was five seconds out. Absolute accuracy is striven for, but the variables involved are many.

Some years there may be as many as five eclipses of the sun and two of the moon. There are never less than two of

[1] In the South Seas, where there were no written records, the dates of certain migrations and of the eras of certain kings were fixed by eclipse-legends. In the Bible certain dates were accurately determined by eclipses which were mentioned.

the sun, although sometimes none at all of the moon. There may, however, be as many as three of the moon, when the first occurs around January 1.

Again, at no one place will two eclipses similar in phase be seen oftener than once every 360 years, on an average, although they may happen twice in a century. It must be remembered that an eclipse may be total, as was the recent solar eclipse of January 24, 1925; it may be annular, when the moon does not entirely cover the disc of the sun even in midcenter; or it may be partial, so far as visibility from the earth is concerned. A map of the world, showing the paths of totality of total solar eclipses for a century, looks like a child's attempts to draw short curved lines in as irregular a manner as possible, although in an east-and-west direction generally, except at the polar regions, where they go "any old way."

With telescopes unknown before the time of Galileo (1564–1642) and without time-pieces, one cannot but marvel at the study which the ancients must have given to astronomy in order to predict eclipses. In those days, even more than in the present, scientists and astronomers were regarded as visionary. But while to the ordinary man they may seem "queer," yet the results of their research and their observations are used by practically everybody the world over.

Eclipses affect people in different ways and their psychological effect is also queer. The Lydians and the Medes who were fighting for supremacy in 585 B. C. made a lasting peace when a total solar eclipse occurred in the midst of a battle, although the eclipse had been predicted by Thales.

After the recent eclipse it was reported that in Philadelphia various people sold their belongings, since "the

The observing party ready to embark on the Los Angeles. Captain Pollock is in the center of the group.

world was coming to an end." Why sell if there was no further need for one's goods? In New York it is stated that a man stood on a street corner and offered to make large bets—without any takers!—that the eclipse of the sun would not come off anywhere near on time.

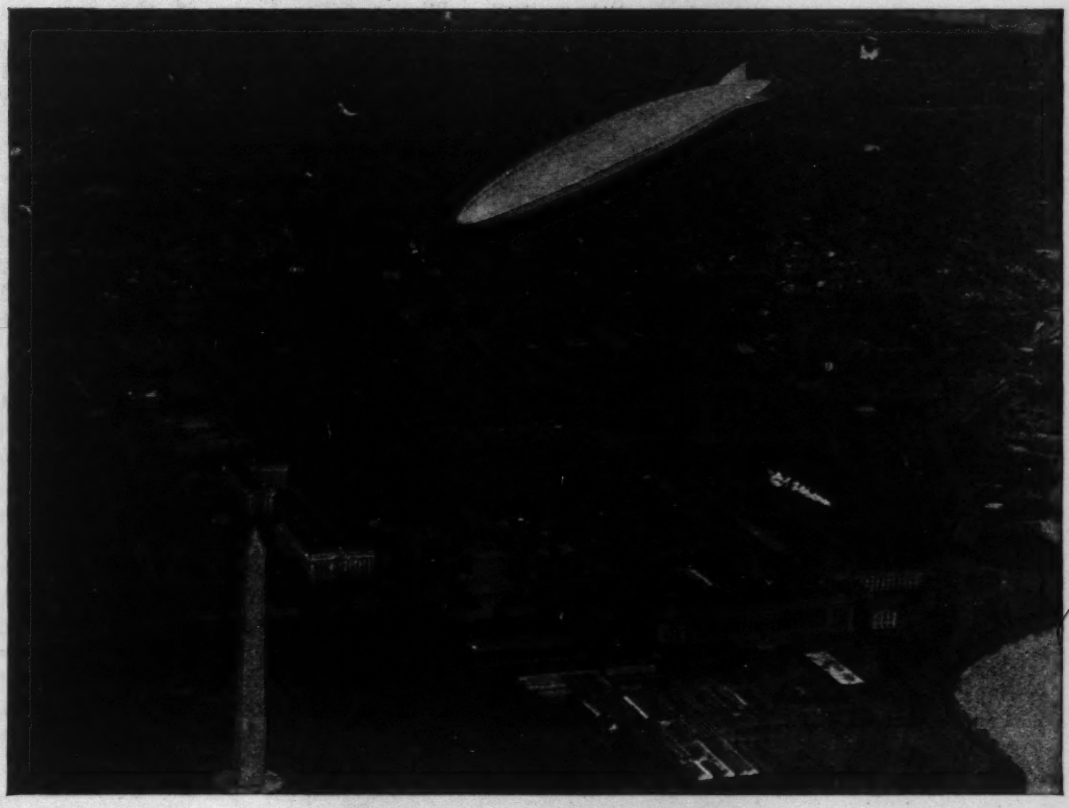
In marked contrast to an eclipse resulting in lasting peace, as mentioned, it is noteworthy that, by the time the first eclipse expedition was sent from the United States, opinions had so changed that hostilities were suspended so that an eclipse might be observed.

On October 27, 1780, Penobscot, Maine, was held by the British, but they kindly allowed an expedition from Massachusetts[1] to occupy their post to observe the eclipse. The military authorities were more obliging than the sun and moon that day, for it so happened that the calculations for the path of totality did not have the present-day accuracy and the astronomers found themselves outside of the belt.

The United States Navy has always been interested in astronomical observations and necessarily so, for the calculations of a ship's position at sea depends on knowing the exact positions of heavenly bodies and also on the time. It is a matter of history that the first Naval Observatory in the United States

[1] In Massachusetts on June 24, 1778, an eclipse of the sun was the first eclipse to be scientifically observed in the United States.

Watching the Los Angeles brought down for its christening—Mrs. Coolidge, the President, Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, and Rear Admiral Moffett.



The Los Angeles over Washington.

was built at Washington in 1833 by a Naval Officer at his own expense, with the desire to insure more accuracy in navigational appliances.

The present Naval Observatory, a national institution, is the result of that first little observatory, and not only does it furnish the American Nautical Almanac and Ephemeris, which is used by all American observatories, surveying parties and seamen, but it furnishes also the exact time for almost all of North America. The value of that time to railroads, and, in fact, to every business as well as to astronomers, is such that chaos would result if the time service were discontinued or even interrupted.

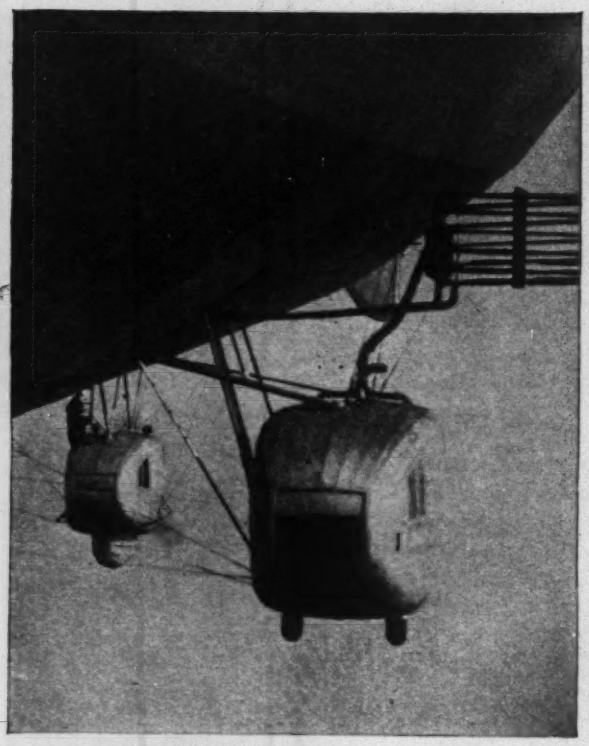
The observations made at the Naval Observatory serve to make that time accurate to the hundredth of a second, and also to keep the Nautical Almanac up to date. The positions of the heavenly bodies are continually changing and "position astronomy" is one of the principal functions of that institution. This leaves other observatories free to devote themselves to purely scientific research work.

The determination of the latitude and longitude of various places on the earth is of vital importance to navigators, and the Navy Department and Naval Observatory, as early as 1838, had an expedition under Commodore Wilkes—the Naval Officer who built the first Observatory in Washington—which spent nearly seven years on such work in the South Seas.

Later naval expeditions also made longitude determinations in every ocean except near the coasts of Europe and Africa. A recent one, in 1913–1914, gave the accurate determination of the difference in longitude between Paris and Washington, while more recently the Naval Observatory Time Signals have been used in Canada and even in Australia to determine longitude. Plans are now under way for a round-the-world longitude determination, to begin this year.

Transits-of-Venus expeditions, including astronomers from several observatories, were sent to Siberia in 1874 and to Patagonia in 1882.

Anything that can be done to insure



W. L. Richardson of the Bureau of Aeronautics climbing down to his camera in the rear engine car

the accuracy of the position tables of the heavenly bodies is important to navigators, and solar eclipses afford an exceptional opportunity. It is for that reason that the Naval Observatory has had the help of the Navy Department in sending expeditions to Siberia, Africa, Sumatra and Spain; in one case a squadron of three ships, with the Superintendent of the Naval Observatory, Rear Admiral C. M. Chester, U. S. Navy, in command, took the party and their instruments.

As various sciences develop they have been called to aid the oldest of them all. On September 10, 1923, airplanes were used in an endeavor to get above the clouds which were most unusual in Southern California, but an altitude of 7,000 feet did not afford an opportunity to observe and to take for the first time moving pictures of a total solar eclipse. That feat was reserved for a later date.

Besides checking the positions of the sun and moon, observations of a total solar eclipse are of importance to the Navy, because electrical disturbances in the sun affect our communications by telegraph and cable. This was known.

The total eclipse of the sun on January 24, 1925, with the path of totality passing over locations very suitable for observing parties and over a country which had many observatories ready and financially able to send observing parties, afforded the best opportunity that had ever occurred to astronomers and other scientists for furthering their research in solving the mysteries of the universe.

Although the partial eclipse was visible from icy Greenland to the torrid equator, and from the Rocky Mountains to Central Europe, and in Northern Africa, only those in a narrow belt from 70 to 100 miles wide, extending from Lake Huron to the Atlantic Ocean and then at sea to the north of Scotland, were able to see the beauty of the wonderful corona. The celestial glory of this phenomenon is visible only during the very few minutes while the moon blots out the disc of the sun.

The longest period of totality can be but seven minutes and fifty-eight seconds, while the average is about three minutes. This time it was for a little over two minutes. Yet for a two-minute glimpse of that corona and the attending phenomena, astronomers have traveled half way round the earth. Sometimes their journeys have been made in vain, as clouds have altogether obscured the sun.

The seeming mysteries of some sciences are very slowly solved. Although astronomy is the oldest science, there is no limit to what may be learned eventually of what is in the heavens. In striving to learn more of the oldest science, the newest ones, such as radio and aviation, were used, not only for the benefit of astronomy, but for that of radio as well. It will be seen that the two are connected. How that is so will be studied, but, as in all sciences, it may be a long time before definite conclusions can be drawn.

During a total solar eclipse, fifty-seven years ago, the scientists saw in the spectrum of the corona a yellow line in a new place—a line that indicated an element found in the sun but not yet seen on the earth. The scien-

tists gave it the name helium. A new green line was also seen, but although the name coronium was assigned to it, it is still unknown upon earth.

The practical man might ask, "What's the use of all this, anyhow?"

The scientist would answer, "Sometime we will be able to tell you."

About fourteen years later a fleeting glimpse of that new yellow line was found in lava from Mount Vesuvius—the strange element was in evidence.

In another fourteen years another scientist, after many years of work, found the substance itself—a gas. Still later the new gas was found outside of laboratories, in natural gas in our own country. With more work we were able to secure it in quantities sufficient to use.

So, over fifty years after some highbrow saw a pretty yellow thread through his microscope, those who followed that thread saw it lead to a giant airship, filled with a non-inflammable gas which scientists called helium even before they knew whether or not it was a gas lighter than air.

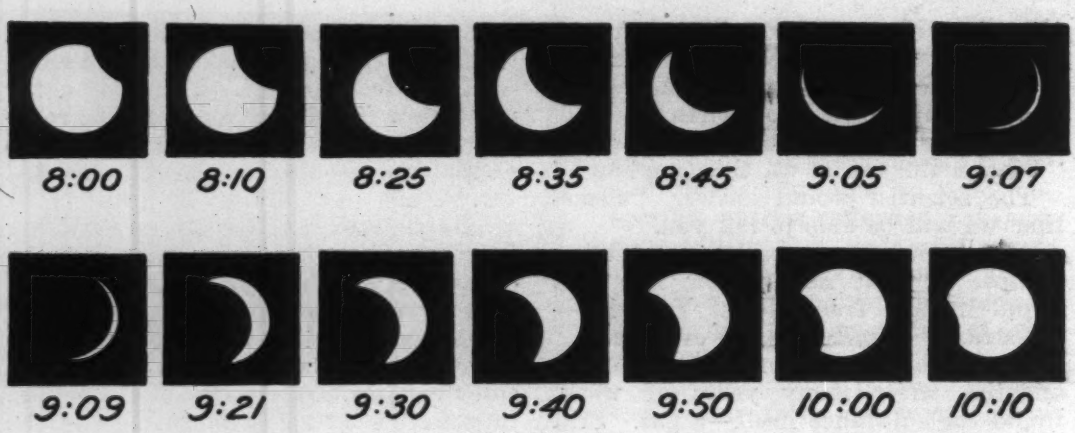
With that giant airship, the U. S. S. Los Angeles, the party from the Naval Observatory ascended towards the heavens in an endeavor to find out more that would benefit science and also aid the practical man. Other astronomers had to be content to make their observations a mile further away from the sun, where the earth haze made the atmosphere less clear. Nearly all obtained good results, as clear skies favored all, from Ithaca, New York, eastward. Much time must again elapse, however, before definite announcements can be made as to what results were obtained. Whither they may lead no man knows.

According to calculations at the U. S. Naval Observatory years ahead, the time of contact of the limbs of the sun and moon was five seconds late. The reason for the delay is what almost all astronomers will endeavor to find out. Two of the five seconds have been accounted for. Such inaccuracy, however, must be fully accounted for in an exacting science. Something new may be discovered—then the tables of position will have to be revised.

During the week of the eclipse, two large sun spots showed up north of the sun's equator. On the day of the eclipse they were near the western edge of the sun, where the moon first made contact. It is more than a coincidence that the streamers from the sun which were visible during totality were near where those sun spots were, and that they extended a million or so miles from the body of the sun.

Science travels far, sometimes fast and sometimes slow, but there is always a goal ahead. Some people now alive may see the results of this eclipse ex-

Commander J. H. Klein and Captain Edwin Pollock, in the control car of the Los Angeles.



Partial eclipse of the sun, taken at Edgewood, Maryland, January 24, 1925.

pedition, as we have seen the results of following a little colored line, first seen fifty-seven years ago. Could the one who first saw that line have imagined it would lead to a giant airship like the Los Angeles? Or that those streamers he saw would affect his radio apparatus in 1925?

As stated, the Naval Observatory and the Navy Department have a vital interest in studying the heavens, and all that can be done by them has been done to advance science. When the Naval Observatory requested the use of one of the Department's airships, therefore, to observe the eclipse of the sun, the request was readily granted.

Too much credit cannot be given the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Navy Department for its assistance and co-operation, not only in Washington but also at the air station in Lakehurst, New Jersey. The Acting Commanding Officer, Commander J. H. Klein, U. S. Navy, and all the personnel there were most energetic in furthering every desire. For nearly two weeks before the eclipse members of the Naval Observatory party were on the spot, installing their apparatus—a description of which will be given elsewhere—and holding rehearsals. Two minutes is a short time to have available, and a second's delay in shifting a photographic plate might mean losing the opportunity of a lifetime.

For two days before the eventful day, strong and variable winds prevented getting the Los Angeles out of the hangar for a trial trip or even for mooring to her mast. After being up all the previous night, waiting and praying for the wind to die down, the observing party made a start at about 4 A. M. and the eclipse cruise began.

The hangar at the Naval Air Station buzzed with more than the usual excitement preparatory to an aerial cruise. With the exception of two members of the scientific staff from the Naval Observatory, none of the forty-two men on the Los Angeles had ever seen a total solar eclipse, and all wondered what the unusual spectacle would be like.

The ground crew of some three hundred men—for every available man at the air station must help the giant bird start on its flight or keep it from starting until all is ready—were mustered at their stations in the hangar at the handling lines, about fifteen men to each line, and seventy-five were holding the hand-rails of the center line cars. Bundled up in heavy woolen blanket shirts, wind-proof suits, wool-lined gloves and knee-length arctics, they looked like a fat man's regiment. The thermometer registered 4° Fahrenheit. The flying field was covered with slippery ice across which the cold wind blew.

The five powerful engines had been running intermittently all night to keep them warm and ready, but there was no warmth anywhere else as there were no heaters. The water-ballast valves were tested. All the ship's company of forty-two persons went on board. Calculations of lift, volume of gas, ballast, load, trim, fueling, ceiling—the height to which the ship could go—had already been made. Fuel for thirty hours full speed and eight hundred pounds of food were on board.

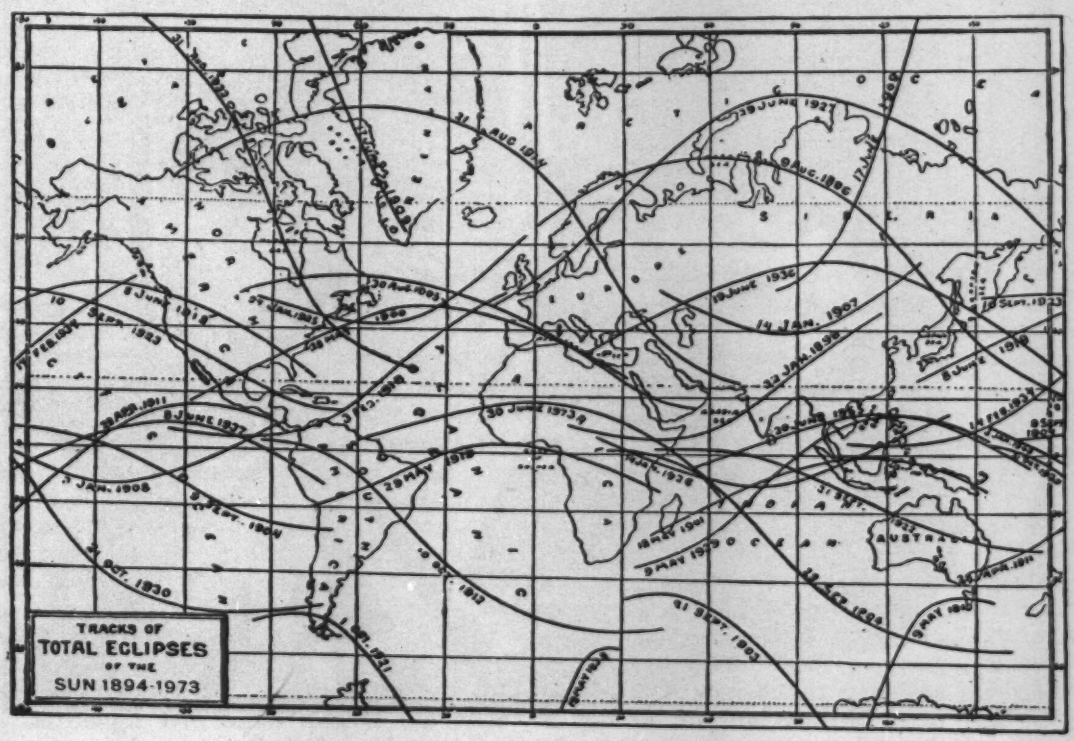
All the sand bags were taken off the ship but she had no lift. Water ballast for "fifty seconds at frame 155" was followed by more valving at other frames, and shifting of men to keep the trim. Six men got off to lighten her, more water was let out, and two men came back on board, before the ship was ready to be walked out of the hangar. With the wind blowing "across hangar," although twice as many men were on the weather side as on the lee side, a gust started the ship broadside on across the field before she was quite clear of the hangar. The engines were used to get her clear of the huge door frames, but the ground-crew still held the lines as they skidded across the ice field. The four men to complete the ship's party slid along, too, ready to be hoisted on board when the effect of the change in temperature and dropping water ballast warranted more weight. At times it seemed to the non-aviators that the ship would get away from the ground-crew and go sailing off without the rest of the party, or be blown against the trees half a mile away. Finally, the huge bird was brought head to wind, and soon it was "All aboard!"

Proper trim was made, the engines whirred, and "The Angels" was in the air, heading slightly upward and toward the distant heavens.

Below, the crowd on the flying field faded from view; bright lights showed lines of streets in towns along the Jersey coast; while a dark line with a faint streak of light above it marked the dawn of day along the world's rim.

Very soon a brilliant spot of light appeared above the horizon; then another, also brilliant, with a third, not so bright, between—the three planets, Venus, Jupiter and Mercury, all fairly close together. The early risers on the earth would have to wait a little longer to see that spectacle of three planets in conjunction. As the Los Angeles continued outward to the northeast and upwards, the dawn brightened, but the planets waned, while the sun's rays on the clouds made a beautiful picture in pink, red, orange, and purple, with the reds predominating—a pleasing augury for an eventful day.

The Jersey coast was left below and astern as Long Island loomed ahead. By the time the ship was over the coast again day had come. The inland bays



The black lines indicate the paths of all the total eclipses of the sun from 1894 *to* 1973.

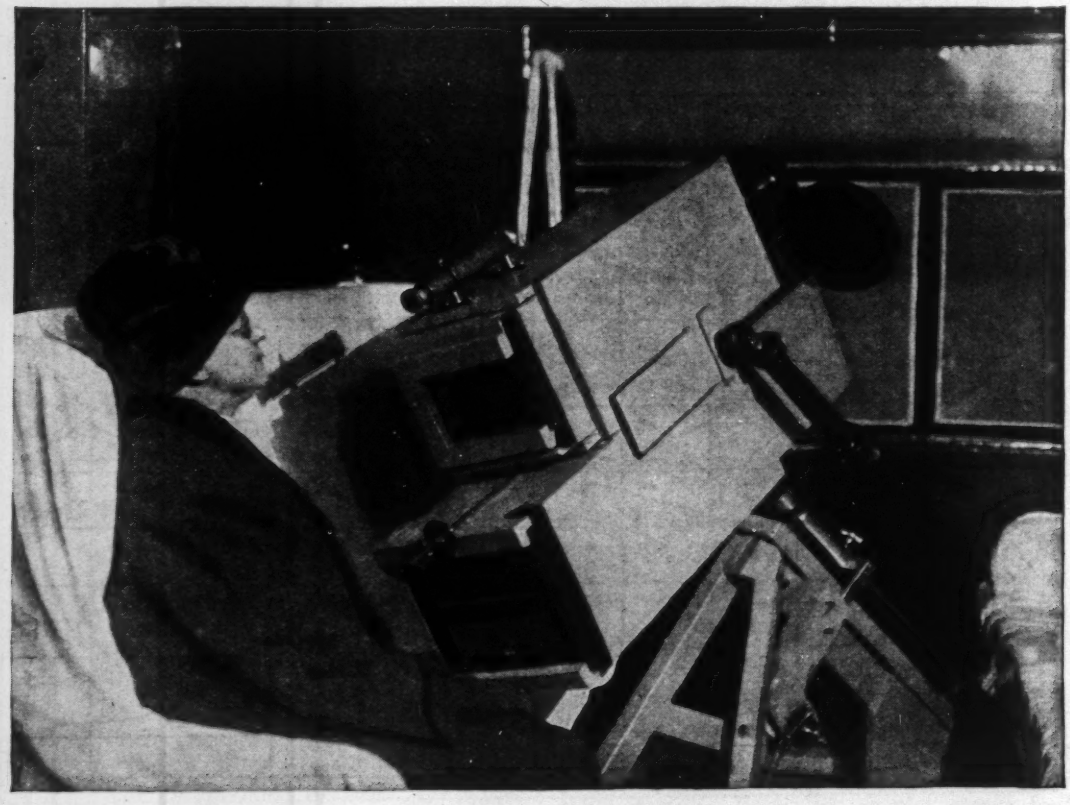
of Long Island showed their outlines, with the little islands as dark patches in the fields of ice. Bleak and desolate it looked, cold and forbidding, for even the few houses were hard to see under the snow. Because of a strong northwest breeze the airship had to head northeast to make the easterly course along the shore.

As the sunlight increased, the north shore of Long Island appeared, with the width of dark water separating it from the white shores of Connecticut. Five thousand feet below a large passenger steamer, heading in to New York, looked like a tug-boat. The ocean waves were very plainly seen. "Steady as a church," the gigantic airship kept on until east of Montauk Point, with Block Island and Rhode Island also visible. We wondered if the observing party at Easthampton, Long Island, saw us go by.

It had been intended to go on to the neighborhood of Nantucket Island, but the late start, as well as the mass of clouds to the eastward, made us decide to observe the eclipse from just south of Block Island. At an altitude of 4500 feet a sea of clouds 2500 feet below looked like snow-covered mountain ranges. At various places above us light clouds were so far above that it would have been impossible to rise over them. Would they kindly keep away from between us and the sun? Up to one-half minute before totality it was doubtful, but in that last thirty seconds our hopes were realized.

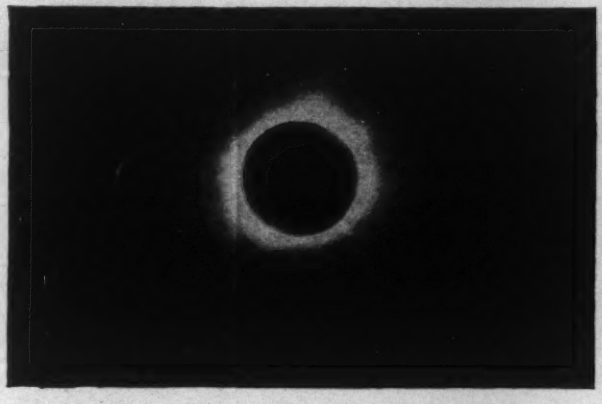
The ship had been so steadied on a course as to be at right angles to the direction of the sun, and at a speed so as to be on the center line of totality at *the* time, 9:12 A. M. To minimize vibration, although none was evident, only two engines of the five were used, but they carried us along at thirty-eight miles per hour.

All the observers, with cameras, or sketch pads, or chronometers, were at their stations. A. K. Peterson, Chief Photographer, U. S. Navy, with his movie camera equipped with ray filters, superspeed and special films, was in the



The "polar axis" double camera with its operator, G. H. Peters, Associate Astronomer of the Naval Observatory, on the Los Angeles.

little cockpit on the top of the gigantic gas-bag from eight o'clock, grinding out parts of the eclipse, until just before totality began. Then, with a very special film, he took continuous movies during the entire period of totality. For the first time in history such a feat was possible and was accomplished, notwithstanding a thirty-eight-mile wind and a temperature of 5° Fahrenheit. Three times a relief was sent, but he had determined to see it through. He did so, although at the cost of a frost-bitten cheek and chin.



The Corona.

Mr. W. L. Richardson of the Bureau of Aeronautics had his movie camera in the rear engine-car below the center line, so that he could, if possible, get the approaching shadow on the west, and swing around to get the features of totality. He did both. Mr. G. H. Peters, astronomer, assisted by an Army sergeant and a Navy machinist, worked his double camera, mounted on a polar axis in one of the compartments from which the windows had been removed. Mr. C. B. Watts, astronomer, had his double camera on an "altazimuth" mount in the side-entrance passage. One step beyond the mount and his next would have been over the sill to the sea 4500 feet below!

Peters and Watts both took pictures —still pictures— of the corona; one of short exposure to get the inner corona, and the other of longer exposure to get the fainter outer corona.

Dr. C. S. Keiss of the Bureau of Standards had his spectograph in the aft-compartment. One of his desires was to get the "flash spectrum" which, as the name indicates, is the spectrum which shows during the flash that occurs at the instants of the beginning and the ending of totality.

Although Dr. Keiss missed the flash spectrum, he succeeded, for what is believed to be the first time, in getting the spectrum of the corona in the deep red region which was but meagrely known heretofore. When he has further studied and measured his photographs, he may have more information about the unidentified element coronium which is believed to cause a green line, and several other lines unclaimed by known chemical elements.

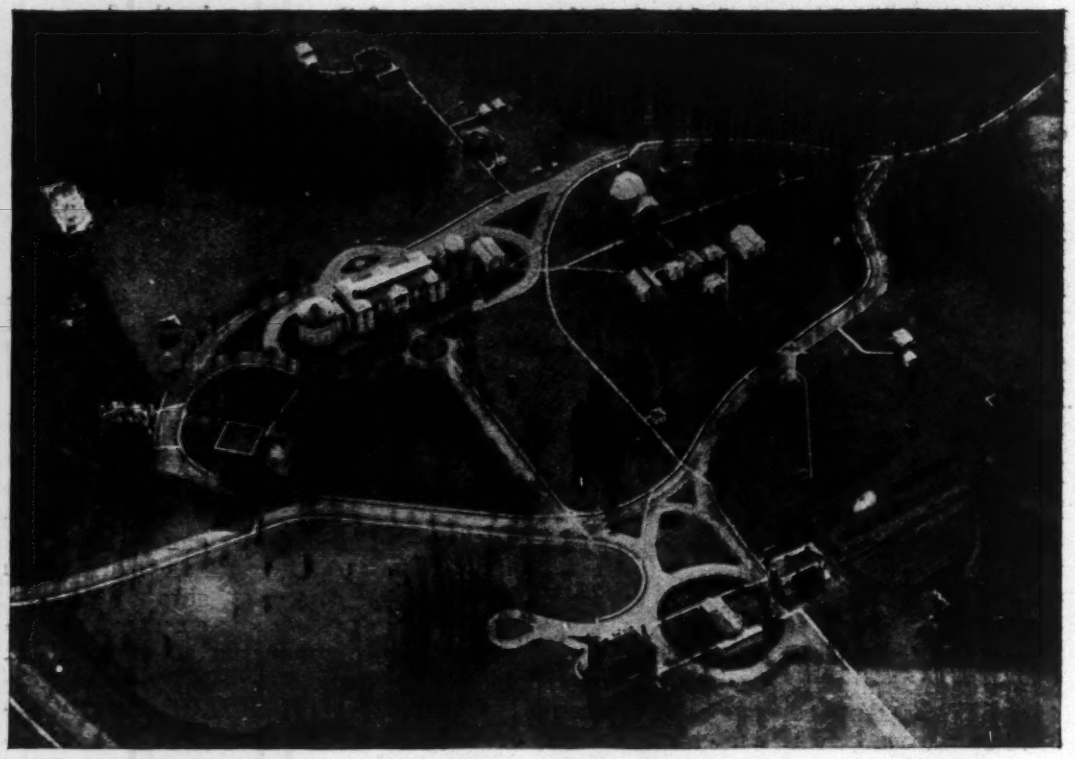
F. A. Jandick, aviation machinist's mate, was in the ship's galley, and, assisted by the ship's cook, operated a specially made apparatus to photograph the shadow-bands.

Colonel C. G. Hall, U. S. Army, Captain G. C. Westervelt, (C. C.) U. S. Navy, and some junior officers were ready to sketch the corona and the streamers and prominences on specially prepared sheets, to note comets, and so forth, if seen. One officer counted the time aloud in seconds; another, in the radio room, was busy getting the replies from radio compass stations on shore, so as to locate accurately the ship's position, when not receiving the "time signals" from the U. S. Naval Observatory in Washington, via Arlington.

Mr. Watson Davis of *Science Service* was taking still pictures, making the reports by radio to a shore station, etc. Capt. Littell of the Naval Observatory staff supervised the details of the scientists' work and looked out for the time of totality.

Commander J. H. Klein, in charge of the Los Angeles, saw to it that his ship was steadied on course 150° on the center line of totality over the ocean south of Block Island, at 9:12 A. M.

Every officer and man on board was engaged, if not at his regular station, then at some observing. The details, which had been rehearsed several times, were so arranged that with the possible exception of one machinist in the engine-car on the wrong side of the ship —in this case the port or left side—



The Naval Observatory from the air.

every man had his duties so planned that he could get a glimpse of the wonderful corona during the two minutes available.

It is not always possible for even an astronomer to do that when he is busy with his definite duties. The story is told that one noted astronomer had "observed" several eclipses without ever having seen the corona, but when in Australia, September 21, 1922, as a member of the party, he determined to take a look. His wife, who was counting the seconds for him, gave him the word, and for about a ten-second interval he satisfied the longing of a lifetime. "That short view of the wondrous spectacle was worth waiting years for."

As the moon gradually encroached on the disc of the sun, until the sun appeared as a mere crescent of brilliant light, the air became darker and darker. The clouds in the neighborhood took on gorgeous colors, which changed like a rapidly moving panorama, while the sky became a dense blue black near the sun.

I have seen sunsets at Naples, sunsets out from the Golden Gate at San Francisco, and again in Manila Bay, looking past the frowning fortress on Corregidor—all are beyond the art of a painter to depict—yet for concentrated and rapidly changing beauty of cloud effects, the beauty of the variegated and gorgeous hues of all the colors of the rainbow seen in the clouds during parts of this eclipse surpassed all other spectacles. The scene filled one with awe at the possibilities of Nature. The lights in the navigational instruments began to glow as totality approached. Bailey's Beads, the last distinct view of the sun until after totality when again they appeared for a moment, were the bits of the sun's light seen through the valleys of the mountains of the moon as the tops of these mountains were on line with the rim of the sun.

At the same time a vast dark shadow appeared, sweeping down from the northwest like a heavy thunderstorm, approaching at a mile a second and threatening all in its path. Airplanes near the northern and southern edges of the shadow took movies of it and some were high enough to get both sides, so that the accuracy of the calculations of its path could be verified. The

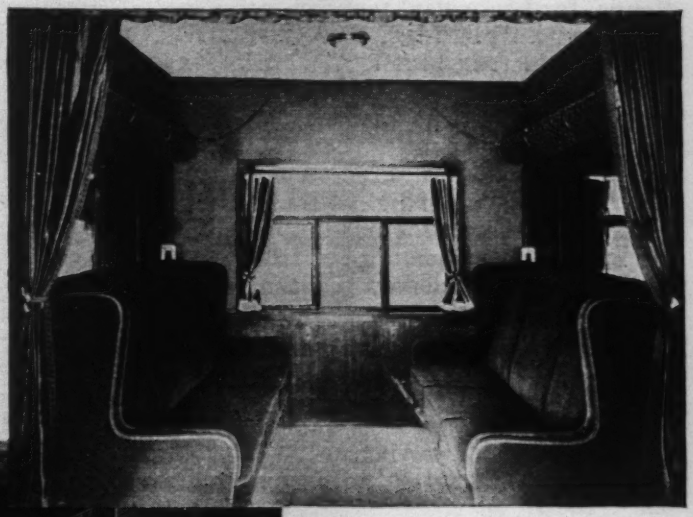
"shadow bands" chased each other in the general direction of the path both before and after totality. They were apparently due to the various densities of the strata of air through which the waning light penetrated.

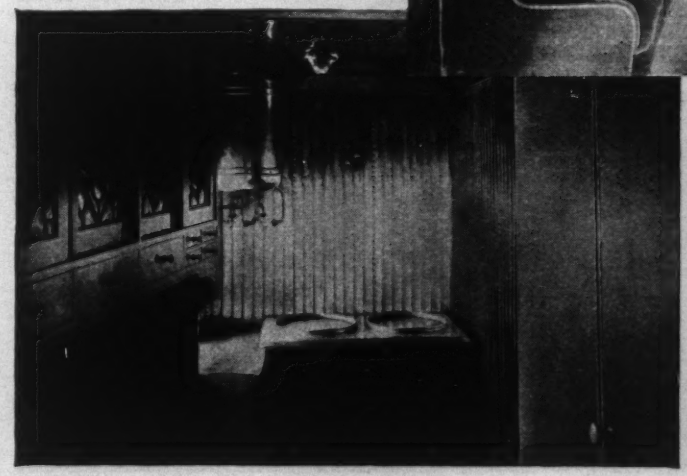
It grew noticeably colder—at least to the imagination—although the thermometer showed a drop of only 2° Fahrenheit. The planets which had been seen just before sunrise appeared and glowed brighter and brighter as the darkness increased, while a few stars also loomed up.

The few seconds the moon was late, according to our calculations, seemed ten times as long as they really were. Then when totality occurred and the word "go" was given, action began. One man counted the seconds one by one on the chronometer so that all could hear, while the others were busy with their cameras or pencils.

When Bailey's Beads first disappeared it was a sign that the "photosphere," or main body of the sun, was entirely hidden by the moon. It was then that the relatively shallow layer of incandescent gases, several thousand miles in depth, which is known as the chromosphere, showed up, with its deep rose color, against the coal black body of the moon, while the scarlet flames of incandescent hydrogen made the solar prominences, sometimes arched, sometimes intricate in form, conspicuously visible to the naked eye.

In 1918, during the sun spot maximum, one prominence at least 40,000 miles high looked like a prehistoric animal and was named a "Heliosaurus." Sometimes they may be 200,000 or more miles high. During a sun spot minimum the solar prominences are not so large. The sun spots which apparently cause these prominences are vast magnetic storms and it is known that they affect telegraph and radio communications on earth. The aurora borealis is most active when the sun spots are large. Last year I stated that it was believed that radio communications were affected by the sun spots, so telegraph and radio companies made many tests during the period of totality during this last eclipse, to see what they could see. The change in the difference of potential or telegraph lines, with one end in and the other outside of the totality path, was not enough to be registered with the instruments used. Radio observers had more and surprising results. Some wave lengths were heard better during totality than either before or after—for other wave lengths the opposite happened. Something definite was obtained with which to start investigation, however; although it may be months before the various theories are proved right—or wrong.





Two views of the interior of the Los Angeles. Above, one of the compartments, very much like those in a Pullman car; below, the galley.

As Bailey's Beads disappeared, followed by the flash spectrum, the glory of the sun—the corona—burst upon one. With a narrow base of the scarlet chromosphere and the solar prominences, surrounding the black body of the moon, the pearly silver sheen of the outer gases, radiating in all directions, made a halo that held one spellbound in awe at its magnificence.

When the Sun-Worshipers saw a total solar eclipse, while they must have been overwhelmed by the dark shadow sweeping over them and awed by the corona, they undoubtedly felt they had still more reason for worshipping the source of the earth's light, heat and power. No painter could depict adequately the wonderful radiance of the halo which extended a million miles from the sun.

Some of the flames extended further than others; some seemed to curve inward and flicker, like flames from molten lava in a volcano; while the clouds farther away took on gorgeous shades of purple, blue, and yellow.

The cameras began to click, the corona-sketchers to sketch, the timekeeper to count the seconds, as others gazed in wonderment.

Two minutes and three seconds went by. Then a beam of light—the diamond of the engagement ring—appeared at the side of the ebon disc of the moon, while the black shadow of the umbra traveled rapidly away southward to the sea. The darkness faded, while sighs, as if from holding the breath in ecstacy over the scene, were heard. The stars and planets disappeared and the crescent of the sun grew larger.

Again the lighter gorgeous colors appeared on the clouds. The observers felt the release from the tension and surpressed excitement. Then came the order, "Home, James!" and the Los Angeles circled around over Block Island and Montauk Point towards Lakehurst, sending out brief broadcastings of the successful expedition.

It was still cold. Some of the coffee in thermos bottles had kept warm for a while. Some things had frozen after a few hours in the air, as we found when we bit into apples or bananas. One man fried an egg on an electric plate. It seemed to frizzle on the bottom and freeze on the top. There was relaxation after elation, however.

At 2:20 P. M. the landing field was reached, but it was 3:40, and some of the precious helium had been valved, before a landing was made; by 5:10 the ship was in the hangar in spite of the cross-wind. Then, the ship safely ballasted and secured, a never-to-be-forgotten cruise was over.

"One million dollars wouldn't have bought my ticket, and this was my fifth eclipse expedition," said the oldest astronomer of the party.

Now, the radio and electrical sharps are trying to solve the reason for the changes in radio reception of various wave-lengths; the physicists are studying the faint lines in their photographs of the spectrum; and the astronomers are comparing photographs and data on the solar prominences and on the corona with those taken at previous eclipses.

Later on—perhaps to-morrow—perhaps in fifty years—new and startling additions to science will be announced. Time will tell.

A splendid series of photographs of the recent eclipse, taken in Van Courtlandt Park, New York City, by Perce Collison.

THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY

By IDA M. TARBELL

CHAPTER III

Student — Lawyer — Judge

THE Illinois law student in the middle period of the 19th century enjoyed an intimacy with his elders in the office where he read quite unlike anything that we find to-day, save possibly in some old-fashioned town whose traditions and customs have escaped the invasion of modernity. The wisdom of the firm was at the student's command — a condensed wisdom born of experience. Perhaps the most valuable feature of it was impressing upon the boy that if he was to be a lawyer he must make himself one, that it could not be done for him. I take it that much of the counsel was similar to that Abraham Lincoln gave to a young man who had asked to read law with him:

"If you are resolutely determined to make a lawyer of yourself the thing is more than half done already. It is but a small matter whether you read with anybody or not. I did not read with any one. Get the books and read and study them till you understand them in their principal features; and that is the main thing. It is of no consequence to be in a large town while you are reading. I read at New Salem, which never had more than three hundred people living in it. The books and your capacity for understanding them are just the same in all places. . . .

"Always bear in mind that your resolution to succeed is more important than any other one thing."

This picture of Elbert Gary at eighteen years of age was taken in Naperville, Illinois, just after he began to read law.

I presume that young Elbert Gary, who at eighteen years of age began to study law in the office of Vallette & Cody in Naperville, Illinois, received about the same counsels. He needed them less than many a young man would have done. As a matter of fact, they were already a part of his youthful philosophy for success in the world.

There was no other boy in the Gary connection, brother or cousin, who took hold of work more closely than he did; he not only accepted it fully, but joyously—liked it, thrived on it. That is, this young law student whom Vallette & Cody had admitted to their Naperville office was of a temper and intelligence to go far and to bring the firm credit.

Vallette & Cody, like many other lawyers of that day, had their office in a little one-story Colonial building, set up in the corner of a yard fronting on the Court House Square. You find these stout little structures in almost every town of the South and Middle West. They took the litter of books and papers, the confusion of many callers and long conferences, out of the house where in the days of the first settlements the

work was carried on, frequently even the work of courts. In Wheaton young Elbert had for years seen the family sitting-room used as a court room by his father, Justice Gary.

It fell to the law student to take care of the office. That is, like a trade apprentice he was expected to perform various tasks outside of his studies, such as sweeping out, dusting, and bringing in wood, keeping the fires, arranging books and papers—all the very primitive housekeeping of a pioneer law office. As Elbert Gary usually had a companion student, the tasks were shared.

From the beginning of his connection with Vallette & Cody, the young man was very much on his own in his studies. He and his companion examined each other on the books which they had read—much more severely than they were ever examined by their elders. They went out of their way, voluntarily, to perfect themselves in certain things which they felt would be advantageous in practicing their profession, such as rhetoric, grammar, oratory. Nothing, indeed, which had a bearing was neglected.

A matter to which Gary gave infinite care was penmanship. All legal documents in those days had to be written out in long-hand, and a clear, readable hand was an asset. The boy saw it and worked to secure it. He was particularly keen in mastering the forms of legal procedure, going regularly to court when it was held in Naperville, at odd times assisting the circuit clerk, the county clerk, the treasurer, the sheriff, in their routine work. To be sure, he received small fees for his services, but that was not his aim. It was to acquaint himself as thoroughly as possible with the machinery of legal business. These efforts were almost entirely self-determined and self-directed. One gets a pleasant picture of a healthy, cheerful, hard-working farmer boy, intent on being a lawyer—a lawyer as good as the best of them, and putting his whole force into the purpose.

> I was 18 years old when I first read Blackstone. The passage which then struck me most forcibly and which has remained with me to this day is the following:
>
> This law of nature, being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God Himself, is of course superior in obligation to any other. It is binding over all the globe in all countries, and at all times: no human laws are of any validity, if contrary to this; and such of them as are valid derive all their force and all their authority, mediately or immediately, from this original.
>
> The experiences of my life as a lawyer and a man of business have emphasized the truth of the passage and the necessity of its application in all the affairs of life.
>
> Judge Gary on the Law.

Chicago and the surrounding territory was not so crowded in those days that men in a profession did not know fairly well what was going on among their associates, even down to the fact that in this or that firm there was a particularly promising law student. The only law school in the vicinity, the Union College of Law of Chicago, afterwards transferred to the Northwestern University at Evanston, kept an alert eye on students scattered in law offices in the nearby county seats, and the head of this school, Judge Henry Booth, an acquaintance of the Garys and the Vallettes, suggested to Erastus Gary that it would be wise to let his promising son finish his studies at the law school. Young Gary snapped at this opportunity. His father loaned him the money, and in the fall of 1866 he entered the institution, the youngest student there. The thoroughness with which he had been directing his studies, the practical knowledge of legal procedure which he had acquired in busying himself about the courts gave

Judge Cody and Colonel Vallette before their law office in Naperville, Illinois, where Elbert Gary began reading law in 1864.

him at once a leading place in the school.

One of the favorite institutions of the Union College of Law was the Moot Court, where fictitious trials were staged to give students an opportunity to apply their knowledge and practice procedure. Everybody connected with the institution, as well as some outsiders, took a lively interest in the Moot Court, and it was frequently presided over by members of the faculty or even by visiting lawyers. Gary was soon chosen clerk of this court. He kept its records, helped in making cases ready, helped on pleadings. Frequently he appeared on one side or the other of a case. He took this work with great seriousness, as indeed the school did, and was soon ranked high by its leaders. "Is any question presented ever decided against Elbert Gary in this court?" the lawyer opposed to him asked one day after a series of rulings in Gary's favor.

"No, sir, not as long as he is right," the presiding judge retorted.

In June of 1868 Gary graduated at the head of his class, and a few days later was appointed a deputy clerk of the Superior Court, on the recommendation of Dean Booth. His salary was twelve dollars a week, with a promise of increase in strict proportion to the increase in his value. It was a chance to acquaint himself still more definitely with the ways of courts, their rules and forms.

The young lawyer took hold of the work with the same zest that he had shown ever since he began his studies. He began to find things to do outside the duties assigned him, particularly in improving the technique and methods of the business. A man was to be hanged. The clerk of the court must furnish the sheriff documentary authority under seal. He never had done such a thing. What was the proper form for directing a man to be hanged? He did not know. Young Gary hurried to the books and brought back from his investigations a form for a mandate which the lawyers interested at once accepted, and his superior gratefully used.

As time went on there were frequent chances for similar work. Wherever he found a form inadequate or lacking,

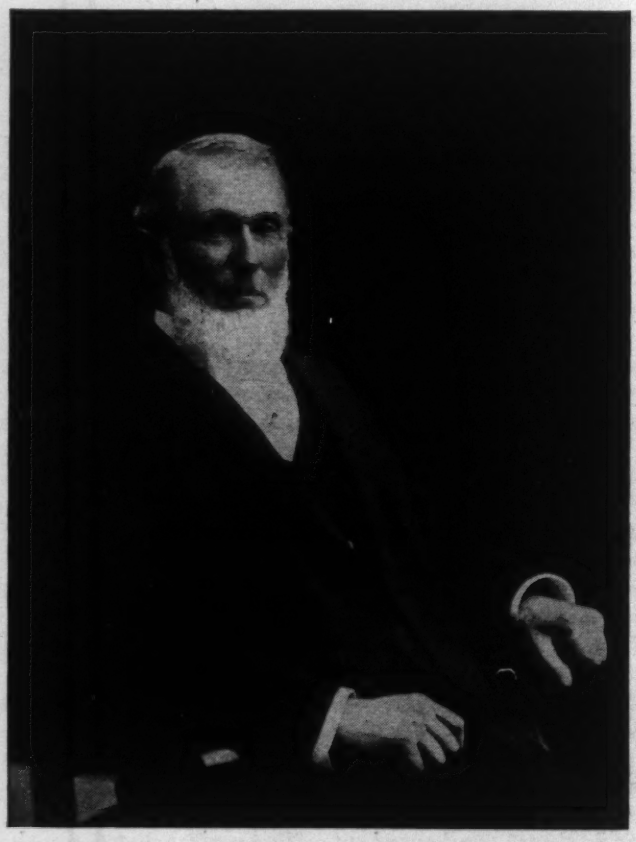
he promptly prepared one. He suggested improvements in those which were already in use, until he had made ready a series which were adopted and printed as the official forms of that court.

It fell to him to write the law record of the court proceedings, and here his skill in penmanship came in. Volume after volume was prepared. He aimed at perfection in all of them, and, in the case of the last one, achieved it—a volume without an error, an erasure, an interlineation. Its writing was clear as copperplate. It was the show piece of the court. What a shame that it, with its companions, should have gone up in the Chicago fire!

Gary was not merely a paragon of exactness, a stickler for correct forms. All of those old lawyers and judges who to-day remember him as a clerk recall his lively interest in the cases and the help that he constantly gave. They remember, too, the meticulous honesty of his administration. "He never would allow us to touch a sheet of court stationery," his sister, who occasionally visited him, says. "He told us it was not honest." Judge Jesse Holdom of Chicago recalls his success in making the lawyers pay their "*boarding* fees" of fifty cents a month. That is, he was a young man interested in everything that concerned his office, and very insistent that things be done right. He seems even to have been able to look after its manners. Judge Holdom recalls an occasion when one of the clerks became for some reason highly offensive in the court, and Gary, who by this time had risen to be chief clerk, took it upon himself to thresh him.

It took him only seven months to arrive at the position of chief clerk, his salary being increased from twelve to eighteen and finally to forty-five dollars a week. John H. Batten, afterwards Judge Batten, who took the twelve-dollar place, says that he wondered what Gary could do with so much money as eighteen dollars a week!

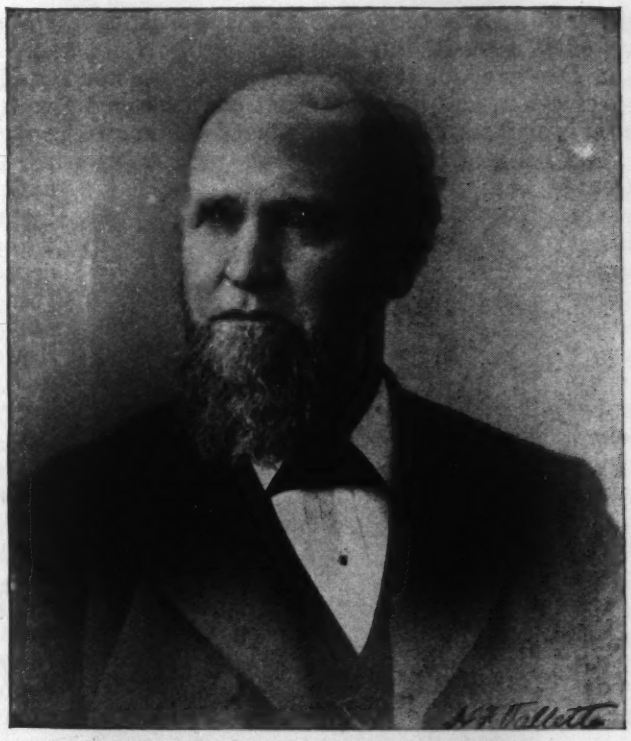
With his advancement to the post of chief clerk and a salary of forty-five dollars a week, Gary felt sure enough of his future to marry. He had fallen in love with a young woman of Aurora, a neighboring town, Miss Julia Graves, the daughter of Captain Amos C. Graves of the Union Army. The young couple settled in Wheaton, which had become the county seat of DuPage County, in a home of their own, and for the next thirty years he commuted back and forth between that town and Chicago.



Judge Hiram H. Cody, junior partner of Vallette and Cody, became a partner of Judge Gary and his brother Noah in the firm of Gary, Cody and Gary.

Soon after his marriage Gary determined to resign as chief clerk and to set up for himself in the law. By this time his uncle, Colonel Henry F. Vallette, with whom he read law in Naperville, had come to Chicago and gone into the firm of Van Armen & Vallette. In the spring of 1871 they offered to take him into into partner-

ship, or to give him a salary of one hundred dollars per month, with an office and the use of their library, allowing him to take on any business which he could get for himself. It was entirely characteristic of this self-reliant young person that he should have accepted the second proposition. From the start he found himself with considerable business. His three years as clerk of the Superior Court had given him a wide acquaintance in the profession. Many of the ablest of the bar had come to look upon him as an authority in pleading procedure and form. They were friendly to him, too, liked him, and were glad to turn business his way. Life was a full, promising, joyful affair, with no disturbance or set back in sight, and then suddenly one came.



Colonel Henry Vallette, senior partner of Vallette and Cody, was an uncle of Elbert Gary and it was at his suggestion that the boy undertook the reading of law.

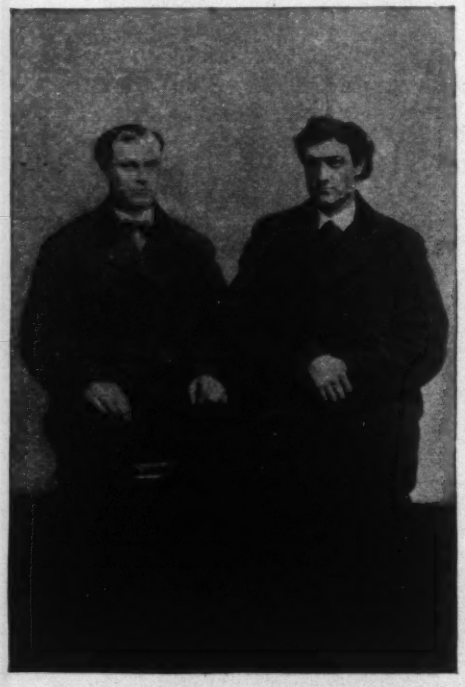
Going into Chicago from Wheaton on Monday morning, October 8, 1871, Gary's train, due at nine o'clock, was held up at Canal Street, and there he learned for the first time that Chicago was burning. For twelve hours, at least, an uncontrolled fire had been raging. He went to reconnoiter, found the court house gone, his office gone, all the familiar places in their neighborhood gone. It was not until he reached Lake Street that he found the fire. All day long he followed it, mile after mile, sometimes so near that the heat scorched his face.

Within two days the fire had burned itself out. What vast desolation it left behind! Two hundred lives, at least, gone—one hundred thousand people homeless—every building on over two thousand acres destroyed — a total loss never exactly estimated, but running up into something like $200,000,000—a vast sum for those days. But when Elbert Gary returned to Chicago Tuesday morning, he found a courage at work, greater even than the disaster, for on every side men were starting business on still smoking ruins!

Although the Chicago fire destroyed permanently the firm of Van Armen & Vallette, Van Armen preferring to retire, Gary and his uncle, Colonel Vallette, decided to go on, each for himself. They found two vacant rooms at 59 West Madison Street—the second story of a frame building; each of them took one, and soon their shingles were hanging out over the sign of a restaurant running below them. Here in this office Elbert Gary began his independent career as a lawyer—began it well, for in that first year he made more money than he had ever made before in his life—twenty-eight hundred dollars.

But he was making, in this time, something more valuable than money. It was a reputation as a young lawyer who knew his business. People noted that he won cases. They noted particularly his skill in cross-examinations, that he could force the truth from a witness and be scrupulously fair and courteous in doing it. It was his skill in cross-examination that won him one of his first important cases. In the year he had acted as the assistant of Van Armen & Vallette it had fallen to him to cross-examine a man worth impress-

ing—General Benjamin J. Sweet. This man was a native of Wisconsin but he then had a home in DuPage County; he was a lawyer by profession, had had one arm permanently crippled as an officer in the Civil War, and held, at this time, the position of Commissioner of Internal Revenue in Washington. Young Gary's ability and adroitness in cross-examination had driven Sweet into a corner so effectually that he had been compelled to admit facts which he had been reluctant to disclose. The party affected was a friend, and the disclosures lost the friend his case; but the way the thing had been done delighted General Sweet.



Elbert Gary in 1871, *the year that the Chicago fire broke up his legal connections and led him to open an office of his own.*

Only a few months after Gary had set up for himself, he received one morning a telegram from the General, asking him to come to Washington at once. It was a great hour for the young lawyer. Without waiting to go to Wheaton for his bag and tooth-brush, he took the first train East. It was his first sight of the capitol, but he lost no time in sight-seeing, presenting himself at once at the commissioner's office. A greater compliment could hardly have been paid to a young man than the one General Sweet now paid Elbert Gary.

Briefly, the General told him that through the dishonesty of a partner he was in danger of losing everything he had in the world, amounting to some $25,000, invested in Colorado ranches and live stock. He had formed such a high idea of Gary's ability, in the cross-examination he had undergone at his hands the year before, that he wanted him to act as his counsel. Of course the young man accepted the case. Gathering up all the papers and information General Sweet had, he left at once for Chicago and, a few hours later, was on his way to Colorado. The case ran on for a year or more, and in the end Gary not only secured Sweet's full claim but placed the entire property in his hands.

A year afterward the general died and Gary found that by the will he had been appointed executor. He managed the property for two or three years before it was finally settled, and did it without ever asking or receiving a commission as executor.

Perhaps no case ever gave Elbert Gary more satisfaction than this of Benjamin Sweet. It was a great chance. It came to him as an unusual tribute of confidence in his qualities from one whom he regarded as a "big man." It must have made him feel, too, that he was on the right track, and have strengthened a conviction natural to him, intensified by his training and his observation, that a man can be a lawyer and still be a gentleman.

The Sweet case gave young Gary special satisfaction, but the case which gained for him a pronounced reputation in his home county, DuPage, and vicinity, was that of Hough versus The Illinois Linen Company. In this case the plaintiff, a prominent Chicago business man and president of the company, had sued for a share in certain profits, outside of his salary. As the Chicago courts were badly congested, the venue had been changed to DuPage County, where Judge Cody, with whom Gary had read law, was then sitting as Circuit Judge. Hough had already engaged two well-known lawyers but wanted further counsel, and on Judge Cody's advice chose Gary.

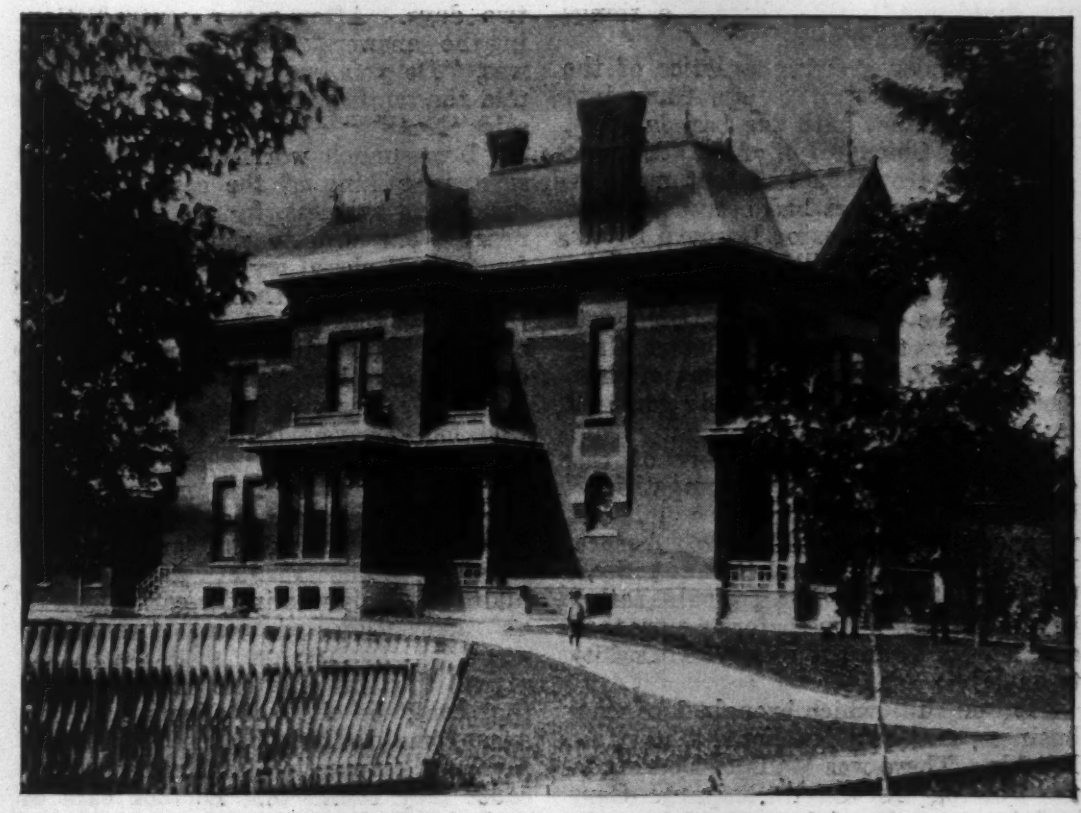
Night after night, after days spent in listening to the unusual mass of testi-

mony, which included much complicated accounting, Gary went home to study and digest what he had heard. While his colleagues in the case, as well as his opponents, were amusing themselves, he was making himself so familiar with the evidence that whenever a question of fact came up, a disagreement over a point, he could immediately refer to the record written up day by day by the court stenographer. His client was so impressed by his mastery of facts that he asked him to make the closing argument. His leading opponent, Judge Leffingwell, a lawyer of ability and prominence, in summing up talked for six and a half hours, but Gary outdid him, talking ten and a half hours! After the first two or three hours, the opposing counsel, evidently overwhelmed by his familiarity with the testimony, and his verification of statements by the records when objections were made, left the room; and in the end the jury rendered a verdict for the full amount claimed.

The judgment of his friends who had watched the case was that "Elbert won because he studied nights while the opposing lawyers played poker." There was to be more than one victory in his subsequent career to which the same explanation could be applied!

In telling this story Judge Gary is certain to add a characteristic remark. "If you ever say anything about this case, you must be fair. You will have to mention that the Supreme Court set aside the verdict, though on a point different from that for which we fought, and that was that Hough, as president of the company, had no right to a share in the profits that he claimed outside of his salary."

Business was now flowing into the young man's office from all directions—business of all kinds. Within two or three years he found it necessary to have assistance and took in as partner his brother Noah, who, after recovering from terrible wounds received in the Battle of Reseka, Georgia, in the fall of 1864, had read law. The firm became Elbert H. and Noah E. Gary, and a little later, Gary, Cody & Gary—Judge



House built by Elbert Gary in Wheaton, Illinois, in 1881–82 *at a cost of between thirty and forty thousand dollars*

Cody, his old preceptor, whose term as elected judge of the Circuit Court had expired, having asked to come into the firm. This was a fine connection, for Cody was an able judge and lawyer, greatly respected by every one.

At times the firm really was crowded with business, for they made it a practice to accept all kinds of cases that they considered "legitimate." They had clear ideas, however, of what was and was not legitimate, and were not afraid to express them. Judge Gary tells a story of his brother Noah which illustrates very well one phase of their professional ethics. A man had called to engage the firm in a suit that he proposed bringing. When he told his story, Noah said, "If that is the case, that beats you."

"Well," the man replied, "I will change my testimony."

"I was watching my brother," said the Judge, "and I saw him spring up excitedly and heard him cry angrily, 'Get out of this office. A man who would perjure himself cannot find a lawyer here.' Like most lawyers, we were offered more than one retainer that we could not touch; there are things that a man cannot do."

The rapidly growing practice of the young firm brought Judge Gary into constant contact with the best lawyers, not only of Chicago, but of the adjoining counties—a remarkable set of men, including several that had been associated with Abraham Lincoln: Leonard Sweet, General Stiles, Melville W. Fuller, John Van Armen, Isaac Arnold and many others. One of his associates comments on the fact that from the start Gary never shrank from meeting any of these men, and he adds, "He rarely came off second best."

The Judge is proud to-day of this competition—"first class competition" he calls it. "There were any number of very able lawyers in Chicago, Aurora, Elgin, Joliet, all around that country," he will tell you, "that I would rather have try a case for me before a jury than any lawyer I can get in New York City to-day."

He won suits which brought him more business, and he won clients who never left him. There was William Deering of the Deering Harvester Company. Gary had been employed by one of his representatives to prosecute a suit to be heard in the court of Belleville, near St. Louis. When he arrived at Belleville, he found his client had not a single witness to contradict important testimony that was being presented by the defendant. In listening to the chief witness, however, Gary became convinced that he was dishonest and that his only hope was to break down his testimony in cross-examination. In beginning his cross-examination he took care not to let the witness know what he was after, but the opposing lawyer soon saw his tactics and objected, arguing that the questions should be asked in such a way that the witness would understand the point. Finally Gary said to the Court:

"I know, and the counsel of the other side knows, that the purpose of objecting is to keep this witness advised of the effect so that he may shape his testimony accordingly."

"Mr. Gary is absolutely right," the judge said. "You can make your objections if you wish, but I shall overrule them without discussion, unless I deem it necessary to hear you."

This cross-examination went on for two days. After many contradictions in the answers, Gary's last question was, "Do you know whether you have told the truth or not?" and the witness said "No!"

"I was much worried," Judge Gary says, in talking of the case. "It was dangerous business, for we had no witness of our own to contradict the defendant. I closed my argument by saying, 'Gentlemen of the Jury, if the chief witness of the defendant doesn't know whether he is telling the truth or not, can you give him the verdict?

"While I was talking, Mr. Deering who had arrived from Chicago, came into the court room, and after I had sat down came over to me and said, 'Mr. Gary, I want to tell you that whatever the jury does I am perfectly satisfied.' The verdict was for the plaintiff. This was in the early days of an association of some twenty-five years."

And this was only one of many cases that could be cited of clients that had once come to him because of a first favorable impression, and remained because they found that he took care of their interest; such good care that, as time went on, several large concerns

made it a practice to turn over all their difficulties to him, to settle as he saw fit, out of court if possible. Indeed in a few years he had attained a reputation for settling cases without suits, although for about ten years he was in court nearly every working day. He seems to have had Lincoln's idea—"discourage litigation." One of his favorite stories to irate clients, who insisted on bringing suit when the Judge thought the matter might be adjusted, was of a DuPage farmer who in the early days had a bull that thought it could lick anything in the country. When the railway came the bull looked upon the locomotive with hatred and derision, and made up its mind that it would try an issue with it. One morning the farmer heard an awful tooting, and looking out, saw that the bull had jumped the fence and was rushing, head down, towards the approaching locomotive. A moment later there were only spots of hide and hair on the track. "I always liked your pluck, old bull," the farmer said sorrowfully, "but dang your discretion."

Elbert H. Gary at 35, taken in the favorite pose and with the fashionable background of the period.

Much of his success unquestionably, was due, as the above incidents show, to his skill in cross-examination. In the years in which as a student and clerk he had so closely watched and estimated the conduct of lawyers, he had not only learned the value of cool, adroit, careful examination of witnesses but had become thoroughly convinced of the value of courtesy. "Cross-examination is a high art," he says, "and courtesy is at its base. A lawyer should be a gentleman in justice to himself, but if that doesn't interest him, he should be a gentleman because he has the jury against him if he is not." He has numberless tales in his great legal repertoire to illustrate how being a gentleman pays in legal practice.

But courtesy was backed by a superior knowledge and judgment of men, a thorough knowledge of the law and a power of clean, strong argument. His father, Erastus Gary, was a wise and shrewd appraiser of human nature and his sons had learned from him. Then those years in which he had watched men filing in and out of courts had whetted his naturally keen sense of the honesty, decency and rightness of people. He knew men so well that he could practically always tell when a witness was lying, and could find a way of making the judge and jury sense it; or better still, or bringing him around to the point where he would tell the truth.

A spectacular instance of the latter kind occurred in an insurance case in Chicago. A warehouse owned by Jewish merchants had been burned with all its contents, and an elaborate claim had been made against an insurance com-

pany for which Gary was general counsel. There was no proof of what was in the warehouse other than the statement of the owners, and Gary in questioning them became convinced that they were lying. Now, it happened that during the progress of the case he was told by the general adjuster, who was a Jew, that if a Jew takes the Jewish oath he will not swear to a lie. This gave him a hint that he followed. He subpoened the secretary of the firm, a young Jewish woman, and proposed that the Jewish oath be administered to her. Judge Gresham, afterwards Secretary of State under Grover Cleveland, was on the bench. He did not understand the reason for the suggestion, but suspected Gary had a sound one, so, against the loud objections of the plaintiffs, consented. It is a solemn ceremony, this Jewish oath, requiring lighted candles and a beautiful ritual. The girl went through it reluctantly, but put on the stand told the truth, which was that the inventory was not made from an examination of goods but largely out of the imagination of her employers; the verdict was for the insurance company.

Gary knew men, and he always took care to know the facts in his cases. The general verdict of his associates, clients, judges, fellow lawyers, is that he was indefatigable in informing himself. Those that faced him for the first time, knowing nothing of his record, were apt to underestimate him, he was so unassuming and courteous. More than one opposing lawyer waked up to find that, as one of Gary's colleagues says, "he had tried the case in every detail in his office long before it had been called."

This preparation went even to investigating on the spot, to see whether a thing could have been as it was claimed. Take the personal injury cases in industrial establishments and on railroads, many of which came to him both from corporations and injured individuals. If possible he made sure of what had happened by personal verification. In one case a man claimed large damages for permanent injury to his arms from the blow of a lever on what he claimed was a defective machine. Gary visited the factory, and after making sure by inquiry that the machine in question was in the same condition as at the time of the injury, he had it set in motion, and in the presence of a number of disinterested witnesses, went through a series of operations, to see whether it was possible for the lever to do what the injured man claimed, that is, crush his arm. First he let the lever strike a blow at a small piece of timber loosely held, then bits of scantling rigidly placed, then he tried the same experiment with other materials and shapes. Finally he let his own arm take the blow and when he found he was not hurt, he concluded that there must have been fraud involved. And this he was afterwards able to prove. The plaintiff lost his case.

But he could not have gone so fast or so far as he was going if he had not had a real passion for the law, a continuous interest in its intricacies, an indefatigable energy in adding to his own legal equipment. Not infrequently he stayed by cases in which there was small hope of substantial fees—this after he was commanding handsome ones—because of his interest in the legal problems involved. He still holds it as a matter of pride that one "little case," to which he stuck faithfully, became a leading cause in Illinois, because of the decision he won. "It is some satisfaction," Judge Gary says, "to have offered a radically useful decision to our legal profession."

Obviously the cases referred to above are only typical. It is not practical in a sketch of this nature to attempt to cover Judge Gary's professional career. It is enough for our purpose to know that his practice included a great variety of cases, involving large interests, complicated questions, and stubborn contests; also that his ability and energy were rewarded by increasingly handsome earnings.

If this young man who so rapidly strode ahead at the Chicago bar, and made his way by such logical and honest practices, appears a bit faultless in retrospect, the recollections of certain of his contemporaries add an occasional grain of salt to the story and hint at traits of character apt to be obscured in a narrative of this kind. While no one who remembers him fails to comment on the way he kept his head under all circumstances—cool, collected, impossible to ruffle, they all insist that he was

quite capable of using his fists if necessary. There is a tradition, running through all the reminiscences of Gary as a young lawyer, of a time when a bumptious opposing counsel, who threatened to knock him down, found himself suddenly lying flat on the other side of the rail. That is, physical vigor went with his mental vigor, and came to the front when he considered it necessary.

Nor did his absorption in business in these years destroy his family and social life. He loved the town of Wheaton where he lived, and found endless opportunities to serve it. As a matter of fact he was leading in Wheaton in those busy early years an attractive, important, all-around life. He and Mrs. Gary were carrying on the Gary traditions. Social life in Illinois towns in those days, as almost everywhere else, centered in the church. The Methodist church to which the Garys belonged was the strongest and most active in Wheaton. It was the church in which Gary had been trained to work, and as he came into an active professional life he never neglected its interests. The Gary Young Ladies' Bible Class was, through all these years, up, indeed, to the time when Judge Gary left Illinois, a kind of church Junior League, an institution which every girl connected with the church aspired to join.

From boyhood he had been a member of the church choir, and though he no longer kept his membership he "filled in" when the choir-master was short of a baritone. He served on the official board, he was a "wheel-horse for work," one of his colleagues has said, but we have it in a letter from one who was his pastor for a long period, that, active and generous as he was, he never abused this position, never showed any desire to become a church boss.

Along with this serious service went a great deal of joyous social activity. He *liked* church suppers, socials, picnics —liked the games—even the clothes-pin game!—the singing, the frolicking. Indeed he was a man who knew how to

Methodist Episcopal Church of Wheaton, Illinois, built by Judge Gary in 1900–1901 as a memorial to his father and mother, Erastus and Susan Vallette Gary.

play "when it did not interfere with work," he is careful to tell you to-day! One of the healthiest features of his life during these years was his insistence on getting a certain amount of outdoor exercise and sport. He rode horseback, and his old coachman, still alive in Wheaton at this writing, loves to tell how for years he had Prince, which he describes as "some horse"—"nervous, vicious, and a goer"—ready at six o'clock for the early ride that Judge Gary regularly took before breakfast. He kept this up for years, until one morning Prince came back without his rider. Frightened, he had jumped over a deep ditch, fallen, and thrown Judge Gary. After four or five weeks in bed, the Judge gave up his morning horseback ride for good, but he always continued to drive fast horses. "A horse never could go fast enough to suit Judge Gary," the coachman says.

As for sports, his old associates in Wheaton evidently remember him as very keen on them all. "He was one of the best side-hold wrestlers in this county," says one of his townsmen who had grown up with him and tested him out both in sports and hunting. "He was decidedly handy with his fists as well, as some people learned. One of the best billiard players in town, an authority on croquet, a member of our crack baseball team, fond of hunting and an excellent shot. We made many trips of from two days to two weeks in Iowa and Minnesota, shooting prairie chickens and ducks, and we often went fishing." This long-time intimate of the Judge gives a remarkable testimony to the cleanliness of his habits as boy and man. "He did not smoke or chew tobacco, never used profane or vulgar language. I have never heard him tell a story or utter a word that he could not have told in a parlor full of ladies, and it was always understood that he didn't care to hear any stories that were off color, or any profane or vulgar talk."

It is difficult to understand just how Judge Gary could have found time, with his law, his church, his family and his sports, to give to the affairs of the town of Wheaton the attention which he did. As a matter of fact he was a part of it almost from the first. He was still in his early twenties when he was elected president of the town council—a position he held for three successive terms. When Wheaton was made a city he became its first mayor, and until he left Illinois in 1898 he had much to do with the organization and management of its affairs. The only incident of importance in the history of the town in which he seems not to have taken an active part belongs to the early days. It is known in local history as the "Wheaton Raid." By considerable pressure and possibly some wire pulling, the voters, under an act of the state legislature, had been persuaded to transfer the county seat from Naperville to Wheaton, and Naperville, outraged in its pride and its interest, refused to give up the county records. One night Wheaton men went after them and after an exciting fight brought them back. If you ask Judge Gary to-day if he was one of the raiders, he will tell you, with a burst of irritated regret, "No, I wasn't and I have been mad ever since."

But if he missed the raid he was the center of the fiercest legal battle Wheaton ever fought—a fight to keep itself dry. But let the Judge tell the story:

"It happened when I was president of Wheaton. It was decided to make Wheaton a temperance town. It was a college town—a town of homes. We didn't want saloons there and we had driven them out, but there was one of the saloon-keepers that was fighting. He brought suit, and engaged good lawyers. They wanted me to take the case for the town, but I was very busy, so Noah took it. One night as I got off the train, I found half Wheaton at the station. They told me that those lawyers were twisting things in such a way that the town would surely lose if I didn't take hold, that I must stay and conduct the fight. Of course there wasn't anything else for me to do.

"We had an exciting time. The house was packed every day—on one side the drys, on the other all the saloon interests of DuPage County, as well as some from Chicago. The plaintiff's lawyers grew more and more abusive. Finally one of them, when Noah questioned the truth of something he had said, jumped towards him shouting, 'You are a liar!'

"Noah was excitable and bounded to his feet, as the man came toward him. But Noah was not disposed to fight—he had been shot all to pieces in the war

and never after was quite as strong as I. So I jumped in between them, and as the man rushed at me, I struck him once, just once. The whole court room poured down around us, thinking there was going to be a fight, and I can see now a leading citizen of Wheaton, a pious, dignified-looking man, a spectator in the back of the room, bounding over the seats and, it seemed to me, over the heads of the people, crying out as he landed at my side, 'I don't believe in fighting, but if there's going to be a fight, I'm in it.'

"But there wasn't any fight. The lawyer cooled off, and we went on with the case, and won it. It was appealed to the Supreme Court, and we won it there—Rickert versus The People. It was regarded as a leading case in the state, lawyers everywhere that were fighting the saloon using my argument."

This town activity of his was partly self-protective, for before he was thirty years of age he was one of the largest property owners in Wheaton and its neighborhood. His father's counsel to buy land, run in debt if necessary for its purchase, had been adopted by young Gary, though, as a matter of fact, he had been so thrifty that he never needed to hamper himself seriously with debts. He bought land in and near Wheaton until, at the time that he left, in 1898, he owned some 2500 acres outside and inside the corporate limits. Moreover, when he was about twenty-five years old he had helped members of a National Bank of Chicago to establish a private county bank in Wheaton. The bank did very well for some eighteen months, when its parent failed. A run on the Wheaton branch began immediately and Gary saw that unless confidence could be re-established the results might be very serious. It was he and his father and brother and uncle and cousins that came to the rescue and offered to lend their names to the firm. Such was their standing in their community that the old depositors began immediately to come back and many new ones were added. The bank became, and still is, prosperous, and he remained its president until he left Illinois.

This experience, although costly to young Gary, was also valuable in the future when his legal business brought him frequently into touch with banks. Such was the value of his counsel that in later life he was invited to the board of directors of many banks in Chicago, and afterwards, in New York, served as chairman of one and member of the executive committee of another. Out of this experience he holds that the two most important things for a banker to bear in mind are: First, that it is better to let the funds of the bank remain idle than to loan them on doubtful security or to a dishonest applicant; and second, to learn how to refuse an accommodation in such a way as to keep the respect and friendship of the applicant. He insists that this can be done if a banker is willing to give a man frankly his reasons, at the same time showing that he is sorry that he cannot do what is asked.

Of course a young lawyer, forging ahead in his profession and in his fortunes, particularly a man in whom a whole county believed as thoroughly as DuPage County believed in Elbert Gary, was bound to be regarded as political timber. Indeed, in Illinois at that period, politics were considered an almost inevitable adjunct of the law, but Elbert Gary never seems to have had any inclination toward politics. He loved his profession too well to give it a rival. At the same time he found in his healthy Wheaton life and interests too much satisfaction to wish to share it with politics. So, whenever the game was open to him, he refused. However, in 1882 the lawyers of DuPage County prevailed upon him to run as county judge. It was what might be called a part-time job, since the two annual sessions of the court rarely ran over two or three weeks, so that it did not seriously interfere with his practice. He was elected by a large majority and served two terms of four years each as judge of DuPage County, but refused re-election for a third.

The qualifications he had shown as a lawyer marked him as a judge. Particularly did he insist that the proceedings before him be conducted with courtesy and decorum. The thing in which he was particularly interested was breaking up the too-common practice of brow-beating witnesses. He declares that he never hesitated if necessary to run the risk of making the lawyer before him angry by saying, "You

are not treating that witness fairly, you cannot do those things in this court." It was part of the man's nature—you must be fair. He meant to be fair himself, and wherever he had authority he meant that others should be fair. Courteous as he was as a judge, he could, if necessary, be sarcastic. One of his contemporaries still tells of his saying to an officious young man who, every time a ruling was required, would march up and stand close by the Judge:

"If you have a photograph you might stand it here on my desk this afternoon, just to show you are present."

His work as judge was not confined to DuPage County; frequently he was called upon to serve on the bench in Chicago, because of the absence or illness of a judge or to help clear up the docket, and steadily he seems to have gained in the estimation of the legal fraternity. A tribute paid to him as a lawyer and judge, years later, by U. S. Senator A. J. Hopkins of Illinois, in a public address in Wheaton, expresses the general opinion of his fellows in his profession and gives, too, a fellow-lawyer's opinion as to how he reached the place he held. Senator Hopkins and Judge Gary had started in the law about the same time, around 1871.

"During the period of more than a quarter of a century that we both followed our profession as lawyers," said Senator Hopkins, "I saw much of him, both as an associate in the trial of causes, and as an attorney and advocate opposed to me in the trial of cases. His first efforts in his profession foreshadowed the eminence which he subsequently attained. He was cool, collected, self-confident, and aggressive in the trial of a case. I never saw him disconcerted or apparently surprised by any change in the trial of a case. He seemingly had anticipated any emergency that might arise, and was prepared to protect his client's interest under any and all conditions. . . . . His self-confidence was not tinctured with egotism that makes such a quality sometimes offensive; but it was of that character that leads a client to place implicit confidence in the judgment and ability of his attorney.

"His rise in his profession was neither spectacular nor phenomenal. It was steady and progressive. Every year added to his experience and ability; and long before he abandoned the profession of the law for the business career in which he is now recognized as one of the great captains of industry, he had attained a position in the first rank of his profession in the state of Illinois.

" . . . . Had he remained in his profession he would before this, in my judgment, have been one of the distinguished members of the Supreme Court of this state, or would have held an honorable position on the Federal Bench."

Senator Hopkins' judgment of the judicial honors that were within Gary's reach would have been realized before the Judge left Illinois, if he had not refused the positions on the Bench that he was urged to take. After his refusal of a third term from DuPage County, a movement was set on foot by the lawyers of the district to make him a Circuit Judge of the state and he was nominated unanimously, but he would not undertake the job. He was suggested for the Supreme Court of the state but refused to be the candidate, because of his sympathy for the judge who then held the position and was a candidate for re-election. There was much talk of him once as a Federal judge, but he was too engrossed in important affairs to pay attention to it.

By 1892 Judge Gary had been in general practice for twenty years, engaged in law and chancery cases of large importance. He had made money; his position was secure. He had represented many corporations during this period and had opposed others. He had been president of the Chicago Bar Association. He had more business than he could attend to, when something happened which was to affect his whole future career. He became interested in steel, and it is with his first contacts with steel, which was finally to claim him, that we now turn.

In the July issue of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, in the chapter of The Life of Judge Gary entitled "Gary Goes into Iron and Steel," Miss Tarbell will tell of Judge Gary's first connections with the steel industry.

In the Tennessee Hills

By Roberta McDonald

DOWN behind the Blue Ridge Mountains where the Tennessee River turns northward toward Kentucky, there nestles a little town, whose folks still ardently believe in the regenerating power of the religious revival. New Hope Church is its name, and when late summer comes and crops are laid by, all the little cup-shaped valley prepares for this greatest event of the year. For weeks before the meetings begin a state of prayer prevails through all the countryside; hams are boiled, cakes baked, and new frocks whisked through sewing machines—and then the evangelist, who comes every year, appears, and the spiritual battle is on.

Every night and twice on Sunday, the good man preached in the little graying church, built in pioneer times; healing the soul's sickness in his Master's name, casting out the heart's devils, as it were.

But young love—that first impassioned sweethearting of youth and maid—was also a feature of New Hope's revivals. And here all at once a strange rumor went forth. Brian O'Dell, the young singer who warbled like the cherubim and seraphim at the meetings, had fallen in love with Mary Lee Fenlow. How the good people buzzed! He, a scion of one of the "first families" of the hills—a fine upstanding fellow, with a career before him; the best catch in the countryside. She, the daughter of New Hope's blackest sheep! Moreover, this disgraceful parent—Dave Fenlow had broken most of the Lord's commandments—was even now in jail awaiting the final adjustment of a late and turbulent venture in bootlegging!

Never in the world should they have met, of course, these two—though Mary Lee was a good girl, mark you, with a heart as pure as a drop of crystal water. But there they were, and since the sin was not theirs, may God give His angels watch over them!

Simply enough it began, that young romance upon which fell the shadow of Dave Fenlow and his prison bars.

The choir of New Hope's little church was composed of Brian and whoever else "tuk" a notion to go up front and help sing, and on the day the meetings began, Mary Lee, for the first time, stole up to the corner with a shy offer of help. Since he was always courteous, Brian handed her a chair, and because of the pretty grace with which she accepted it, offered to share his hymn-book. Unaware that these were unusual attentions from the handsome tenor, the girl stood calmly beside him, listening carefully for the opening measures of the hymn. As usual Brian sang finely; and for Mary Lee, as for him, music was a living presence. She took up the hymn with some of his own skill, singing in a clear, joyous young voice which blended perfectly with his own. Brian found the experience delightful; doubly so in that it carried both the zest of a pleasant surprise and the tantalizing provocativeness of some half-buried memory. He had seen Mary Lee Fenlow more or less all of his life, but had never dreamed that she could sing or be in any way pleasing to a fellow. And here she was quite suddenly almost everything a man liked in a girl. She was lovely—in her quiet way. She was musical. She was—*herself!*

"Where did you learn to sing?" he whispered behind his book, as they sat down; and as he spoke he noticed again the quaint line of her unstarched white frock, the soft curve of her young cheek. Her eyes were down—looking at the slim brown hands in her lap—and her lashes made a tender shadow against the dusky white of her satin skin.

"Nowhere," she breathed, a wisp of a smile floating over her averted face. "I just knowed. But my mother used to sing. She died when I was little."

She just *knowed!* What a funny, innocent sort of young thing she was. About eighteen, he would say, or less. Her eyes were dark—a sort of cloud-

weighted, dull black by moments, and yet when she sang they had stars in them—of that he was sure. And they had something to do with him, Brian O'Dell, as if he had created them!

Then somewhere back in the past was another day when her eyes had shone to his liking; when down the leafy aisles of Big Bottom Woods he had found a shy little child, in a red slip, singing to a doll made of sticks and leaves. Again he could feel the road dust squelching between his bare toes, the prickling of the forest debris, the grateful comfort of cool moss by a trickling spring; he could see a slim birch tree and a little girl who was like a part of the woodlands—playing with her make-believe doll as if it were real, with muscle shells and the flat, hollowed pyrites of the hills. She had seemed a wild little soul, that starry-eyed child of the woods. A gypsy. A princess lost from her court.

Again they rose to sing, the Hymn Ninety and Nine. She sang it—as if she were far away from him. No, she hadn't changed. She was still self-reliant—and lonely.

"Do you ever go to Big Bottom Woods now?" he asked as the meeting came to a close. She said something—"sometimes"—and he could see himself gathering woodland treasures for her; shaping wreaths and garlands for her—crowning that sweet dark head of hers with grapes and bright blossoms.

As the young people came out of the church a stout lady with a fine face and a somewhat aristocratic manner accosted them. She was a Mrs. Williams, in whose home Mary Lee had found sanctuary during the period of her father's enforced absence.

"I'm having dinner at your house, Brian," she smiled, after a keen glance at their rapt young faces; and told the girl that she, too, was invited. But her charge, moved by some new sweet shyness, attached herself to other friends, and the boy followed, watchful and silent.

In the afternoon the young folks wandered through the drowsing woods, and somehow Brian and Mary Lee soon found themselves alone. On a high bluff with the river below them they sat at last, and there the girl told him of her dead mother. She had been a Mary Lee, too—one of the good Lees of Virginia, fourth cousin or something to the great Civil War soldier. And she had promised that dead mother to lead her father from the ways of wrong-doing. It wasn't that he was really *bad*, but just easy-going.

"Satan tempts him," said Mary Lee's mournful little voice. "When he comes out of jail—" And in her gentle way, with a piety which made every word seem a holiness, she made it plain to him that she could not look upon a handsome youth with longing, till she had opened the doors of Sin's prison house and brought forth her pappy clean and whole unto his Father!

"You can do it," said Brian, choking a little. For something had begun to ache in his breast, something that would not be comforted. And he lay awake through the night in a world all white with the moon, his senses steeped in the odors of the dew-drenched garden—listening to the far, wild note of the whip-poor-will; dreaming of life's greatest honors—of bliss ineffable; thrilled, exalted, and in torment.

She was the one woman for him—Dave Fenlow's daughter! None other could ever bring him the same hope, the same joy.

Yet he must never tell her he loved her, he told himself.

And he must see her every day, he knew—morning, noon, and night!

And so, though they met and all the lover's heart was read by New Hope, Brian came to another Sunday with his passion still undeclared—a perfect day when the whole world seemed to speak to him of love and fruition. The still air of late summer, the mellow sun, the sheaves of golden corn in the valley, all told it; now was the time for houseless man to build himself a home and put all therein that was dear to him.

Mary Lee had been different with him lately—but only sweetly different. Dave was still in jail, and the meetings which were so important to the saving of New Hope's sinners had reached their moment of supreme importance.

Now every home in the countryside was filled with guests, and mean indeed must be the house which did not accord the pioneer's ready welcome to any stranger.

From the farthest hills the good folk

came, pouring down every road, in mud-bespattered Fords, in mule-drawn wagons and old-fashioned buggies; men and women in course jeans and calico, emerging from by-paths with the swift long-striding walk of the hill-dweller; some coming thirty miles or more afoot, bringing the babies and family dogs and all the news of the little hamlets hidden away in the deeper hills.

Early that morning Brian was called to shoot chickens for his mother, to put white pine tables together, and beat the feather beds to downy mountains; by ten o'clock all in his home was ordered, spotless, filled with a spirit of plenty.

Mary Lee came to dinner, as he had known she would, invested with the simple dignity which crowned her when she sang, so that she shone within the ordered peace of his home, as does the star in the pearl-white brightness of the morning sky. Brian felt an impulse to kneel, to implore the benediction of her slender hands, the exaltation of some deeper look from her eyes. Every convention of his world forbade any such conduct, and so, as a substitute, he invited his lady to inspect the family photographs.

It was at this moment that the rest of the young company entered, collectively thrilled by a piece of news which they were sure neither Brian nor Mary Lee had heard. It was one of Brian's girl cousins who told it.

"I guess Mary Lee will have plenty to do to-morrow," she announced pleasantly. "Her daddy was let out of jail to-day and came home."

The boy rose, shaken at once by anger at the manner of the attack, and by consternation at the new turn in Mary Lee's affairs. If she loved *him* she belonged to him, and there was but one thing to do now—make her his wife. He went toward her, darting a furious look at his tactless relative.

"If pappy has come, I must go," Mary Lee was saying, with a dignity which carried its own rebuke.

Brian picked up her little hat—he wanted to show them all how he felt.

"I'll go with you," he said firmly; and then added, as he saw her hesitate, "if I may."

"Well—if you want to," she acquiesced. But she was grave, preoccupied, still removed from him; and Brian, walking unhappily by her side, found himself completely lost in the worry of his spirit. Practical problems of another sort began to obtrude themselves. In the easy inefficiency of a Southern farm he had grown up, and charged to his father's account at the store whatever he wanted to buy. His lady, of course, could not be maintained in any such slipshod manner. She was not his father's responsibility, but his. And then——

He had been away for two years at County High School, all of sixteen miles from New Hope, and had traveled three times by boat to St. Louis, selling cattle for his father. He knew that the world is a larger place than the space between three hills, and was conscious that a man is responsible to society for the kind of woman he makes the mother of his children. He meant to study law, and a lawyer must have social position.

He turned to the girl, striving to make her see the folly of her sacrifice. Why did she go back to her father? He was not worthy of her great devotion.

"You don't *have* to go," he ended lamely, and then saw her eyes—wide and deep with a piteous reproach.

"I am my father's daughter," said Mary Lee gently, but in a way there was no disputing. And in a poignant silence they came within sight of the river and the ragged gash in the willows which marked the steamboat landing and her own home beyond.

Dave Fenlow's house was a bit of plank boxing perched on the slope of a hill above the landing. A half mile away was one other home almost as poor. Its other neighbors were the store and a shantyboat which was moored at the foot of the crosstie yard. When the young people arrived, the returned bootlegger was down on the deck of the shantyboat, telling jokes to the fisherman and his son, a great hairy brute of a fellow, who sprang up at sight of Mary Lee and came bounding up the hill with her father. The disgraced parent himself, a man of dark and striking type, approached a little slowly, saying with something like mockery as he came up:

"Well, girl, we're home."

"Yes, pappy, we're home."

The girl spoke with all gentleness.

But there was something behind her words—a quiet compelling force—which at once straightened up the returned jailbird into a different man. His sulky head lifted, and into the dark eyes, flashing from one to the other of the young people, there came a look of pride.

He smiled at Mary Lee. "You look good, honey," he said, and then nodded the guest a civil "Howdy."

Brian stood spellbound. He had been away from New Hope so much that he had forgotten how good-looking Dave Fenlow was. And how young he seemed! Not a silver thread in his shock of blue-black hair. No wrinkle in the rich red and bronze of his skin. Yes, a handsome scoundrel, and with something other than mere health and good looks about him, too. Something simple and taking, as if God had loved this clay as he had loved his mold for better men.

No wonder he had won a wife of better class and education than himself. Men of that type——

Mary Lee spoke—Mrs. Williams wanted to see Dave soon—and Brian could feel the young heart of her, feel its strength and its pitifulness.

Then, all at once, his own heart came to anchor. Dave Fenlow had become his own problem, his own disgrace—yes, as much as if he, Brian O'Dell, had inherited him. And now he was aware that not in condemnation, but in love, lay the older man's redemption. But he only stood very still and straight by Mary Lee's side, his intense eyes fixed on Dave with a sternness which brought the recreant father to a sudden and complete recognition of all his remissness toward his child.

That his girl should marry anybody was a new thought to Dave—that she should marry Brian O'Dell was a possibility beyond belief. The O'Dells were "folks." They preached and practiced law and even occasionally went to Congress. Their women held up after forty; their sons grew up into decent lads; their fathers-in-law were invariably men of respectability. Dave's gaze shifted back to Mary Lee, with the mantle of a new duty fallen upon him, a swift resolve in his troubled soul to turn over a new leaf. He had had the feeling before, but never so deeply as now; and the sweat broke out on him at the mere thought of all that he was and all that he should be.

The fisherman's son, impervious to the spiritual battles waged in those forty seconds, guffawed loudly and rumbled forth some supposed wit concerning Mary Lee's cookery as compared to jail fare.

"Maybe Brian will stay to supper," invited Dave, glad that the tension was broken, and using the familiar form of address common in the mountains.

"Thank you, no. But I am coming in for a few minutes."

The girl knew why he was coming, and made the way easy for him.

"You better go to the store, pappy, and get some things," she prompted, and included the fisherman in the same nod of dismissal.

Brian lifted the gate-latch and they came up the weed-grown walk to the steps. The door was not locked and the girl pushed it open, but Brian did not enter—he could not. Too much of dread, of fear, lay beyond that door. Carousals—ah, he had heard of them—drunken men and oaths! It tore his heart to think that Mary Lee knew it all.

It was characteristic of her that she did not pretend to misunderstand his mood.

"When pappy ain't himself I go up there on the hillside. There's a good place under a cedar tree, even when it rains," she told him quietly.

Brian's breath came sharply and he drew up his shoulders, all his being crystallizing into manhood.

"God knows," he faltered, "I hadn't dared dream of anything—we both seemed so young. But now I see—I can't have you go away from me. Mary Lee—oh, my darling, it is my right to take care of you, to help you with Dave! I love you! I love you!"

Mary Lee was standing with her back to the door. She pressed against it, her breast heaving, her eyes closed. Then she opened them, gazing far down the river where the limped water gave back in palest blue the picture of a perfect sky.

"I'm glad you told me, Brian," she said at length, "but I can't marry you—nor anybody."

"You are not to mind what people might think." Brian also refused the

pretense of misunderstanding. "Only you and I——"

"It ain't that. I've always known that nobody I'd have would want me—or ought to take me if he did want me. And now——" And then Mary Lee wept, but only two big tears which stood in her eyes with the cold sparkle of winter stars. Yes, love had touched her too with its magic. But love had strengthened and calmed her. Sacrifice had become an easy thing; of far more moment now than her own happiness.

"But now you are wiser. Now you know—" the boy's pleading voice broke into huskiness. The very world seemed to wait on her answer.

But she would have none of his pleading.

"I don't know anything," she said sharply, "except what I've told you."

"And you don't love me?"

"Would you go if I said yes?"

"I hardly think so."

"Then I won't tell. Good-bye."

She turned abruptly into the house. And Brian went, asking questions of life that he had not known before were ever to be asked.

Wearily the days wore away to another Sunday, the last of the meetings. Dave had been to church several times; but of his daughter Brian had seen nothing. He thought he was never to see her again, until at the last service she appeared—slimmer, paler, more removed from life than ever, a very wraith of the girl whose image he had been cherishing.

His heart pounded at sight of her and then steadied. For something had passed between them—that bright signal which heaven so often flashes to anxious lovers; a meeting of eyes—and lo, a joy, a hope! And now, with this brave promise of her against his heart, Brian felt that he could whip the world.

Mary Lee, who looked only plaintively sweet to other eyes in her little homemade white frock and simple broad-brimmed hat, had come with some neighbors; but as yet her father was nowhere to be seen. When the service had begun Dave came in. Something new in his attitude caused a stir throughout the church and gripped, for an instant, the attention of the evangelist himself as he pounded in full-voiced passion at hesitant youth and reluctant age. The girl clenched her hands tightly, her eyes closed, and Brian knew that she was praying.

Clean as wax and extra good-looking was the ex-bootlegger, and a little bashfully, a bit timidly, he took his seat far back in the church as usual, but in a pew alone, as if he hoped by this sign to prove that he was not ashamed of being there. One by one, in family groups, the good folk piled in; and all looked well for Christian peace—looked well for Dave Fenlow till his enemies came. The boon companions of his lawless past were there, a half dozen big-fisted, whiskey-drinking ruffians, who had got wind that Dave Fenlow was actually in the way of joining the church and meant to put a stop to the foolishness at any cost. With insulting disorder, much shuffling of feet and almost open scoffing, they came in and placed themselves in the very pew occupied by the prospective penitent.

One wanted the window seat that he might eject tobacco juice; another moved over without excuse; and Dave was pushed along to become the center of the group. To their minds he was still one of them. To his own mind he was an outcast, neither as black as he had been, nor yet white enough to shine against darkness. Moreover, he was the type best inspired by a crowd, and the more he tried to be decent, the more readily bitter sayings came bubbling to his tongue. The men thought him in drink—and with sly nudgings urged him on; and Dave, abandoning all hope of benefit from the evangelist, with the native shrewdness of a Patrick Henry, now began a series of satiric compliments to his sermon, which proved far more entertaining to the whole rear of the building than the preacher's own efforts. The uproar became a scandal, and indignant whispers of calling the sheriff were growing louder when the sermon abruptly ended. There was a pause, and the evangelist leaned against the pulpit, every pore oozing perspiration, his thin seersucker coat wet across the shoulders, his collar collapsed, his untidy handkerchief streaming from a moist and shaking hand. It was the moment in which he should have been calling penitents to the altar, and yet there he stood, apparently more helpless than any other soul present.

Uneasiness fell upon the throng. Whispers rose, a shuffling of feet, through which rasped the staccato of the organist changing stops and the snickerings of the hoodlum element. Then, suddenly, out of a clear sky, the man of God leaned forward over the desk, his face glowing with one of those inspirations by which the Lord rewards the faithful in their hours of defeat and, stretching forth a finger, he called sternly:

"Dave Fenlow, come here! God wants you."

Instantly an electric stillness settled over the church. Would Dave Fenlow shoot? Would he curse? Would he merely sneak out of the door? But he did nothing. His soul was swinging in the balances and he knew it. His jaw dropped; he half rose from his seat and sank back, limp and tremulous.

"I ain't good enough," he said weakly. "I ain't good enough yet."

"Shucks," beamed the evangelist, himself again. "God wants you." And he quoted his tender Lord, that good Shepherd who had come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. "Come, Dave, boy. He wants you."

As stricken now as Peter at cock-crow, Dave writhed amid the wreck of his good intentions, worse in his treachery to his quest, he felt, than in all the careless years of his past. And then, amid a breathless silence, he rose and slowly walked down the aisle. No one of the hoodlum crew had dared to stop him.

"Good for you, brother." The evangelist met him with open hand. "Now get down here on your knees and ask these Christians to pray for you."

"Pray for me," choked Dave after a moment, and clumsily sank to his knees. A dozen of the good folk instantly clustered about him. The choir broke into a wild entreaty to "Throw Out The Life Line." The two ministers and half-a-dozen laymen prayed aloud, singly and in chorus. Every effort, now, was concentrated on the salvation of the man who was where nobody had expected to see Dave Fenlow.

Brian glanced at Mary Lee. She alone of all that throng sat still. And yet under her quiet the boy noted a tenseness that made him wince. Her eyes, star-bright with radiant power, were fixed upon her father, and her spirit, like a guardian angel, seemed to hover over him, willing him on. But even as he looked Brian saw the high purpose of her face change to a pitying love, the bright eyes veil behind tear-washed lids. Mary Lee knew Dave's helplessness with the Spirit—and for one moment she had gone down to the depths to him.

The choir changed its vehicle of grace to "O Sinner Come Home." But their leader had ceased to sing. Heedless of everything, he crossed to the girl and spoke her name; and for one startled instant her wet eyes met his—a blinding flash of love's own glory.

"Can't you let me help?" pleaded Brian, sitting down beside her. "That is all I ask. But oh, my dear, you need me, as I need you—not to-morrow, but now."

"Wait," she whispered brokenly. "If pappy gets religion, we'll take it for a sign. And if he don't——" Again her shoulders stiffened. "I've prayed so long," he heard her say.

"If he does, you will marry me?" The question was meet for church, so deep did the current run that had caught these two simple lives.

"I will. And if he don't, I can't." Her eyes opened, looking straight into his, flooding him with tenderness; and yet so clear of purpose were they that Brian found no recourse save in the providence of God. Into her young life again had come the calmness, the sureness, the never-failing strength with which she had first demanded that Dave go seeking after righteousness.

Around them flowed the agony of the meeting, the ministers shouting to high heaven for grace for the sinner, the people kneeling in the aisles, about the altar, in the pews, in tears and anguish—with Dave Fenlow still groveling on the floor, in what Brian began to sense was a very real and honest contrition.

"There stands the Devil!" shouted the evangelist at last. "But there, closer to you still, stands Salvation—your risen Lord! Which will you choose?"

Wonderful was the love of him, as he leaned over the black sheep whom he so longed to gather into the fold. But the powers of darkness must still have had something of a grip on Dave Fenlow. His heart was bursting with the need

to join the church—to show people that he meant to be a better man, but entire grace was denied him.

The evangelist wheedled. He threatened. The people screamed:

"Now! Now! O Lord!" But still the sinner, upon his contrite knees, could only mutter aimlessly,

"I ain't fit yet."

And then the miracle happened.

Up through the clamorous din rose a new voice that filled the church, the golden, glorious voice of a singer, thrilled with a mission, uplifted by faith till her notes seemed tuned to the very harpstrings of angels.

Lead, Kindly Light,
Lead Thou me on —

It was Mary Lee, singing her father home, singing him across the bar, as she had sung to him once when the river, at flood, surged almost to their door, and the man's unsteady steps had come stumbling through the dark.

With a consummate knowledge of the depths of the human heart, the evangelist raised his hand for the rest to keep silent. The murmuring and scuffling ceased and only that single voice, rising to unutterable heights, filled with the very honey of love, went on.

Keep Thou my feet,
I do not ask to see—

And again Dave Fenlow heard. He lifted his head, listening beyond the earth; slowly rose to his feet and, in the deep hush, held forth his hand.

The evangelist grasped it, his voice husky as he stated the formal question:

"Do you, by the help of the living Christ, here and now, renounce the Devil and all his works and take upon yourself your proper garments of truth and manhood?"

"I do, so help me God."

Clear as a trumpet call the words rang out and another Dave Fenlow stood to face the people, unashamed of the tears which flowed down his quivering checks; a heart newborn in truth, as even his late friends, the six emissaries of Satan, could see.

They passed the astounding word down the line:

"He's quit with us all right!"

And like a cloud of evil spirits who had been shown the Cross, they seemed to vanish from the church.

In the choir's corner the two lovers sat, hand in hand, exchanging a shining look—that look of joyous wonder which has been in the world since it first came into love's keeping in Eden's garden.

It said all there was to say.

God had given them to one another!

LOVE

They loved—they were beloved. Oh, happiness!
I have said all that can be said of bliss,
In saying that they loved. The young heart has
Such store of wealth in its own fresh wild pulse;
And it is Love that works the mine, and brings
Its treasure to the light. I did love once,
Loved as youth — woman — Genius loves; though now
My heart is chill'd and sear'd, and taught to wear
That falsest of false things — a mask of smiles;
Yet every pulse throbs at the memory
Of that which has been! Love is like the glass,
That throws its own rich color over all,
And makes all beautiful. The morning looks
Its very loveliest, when the fresh air
Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad red;
And the hot noon flits by most rapidly,
When the dearest eyes gaze with us on the page
Bearing the poet's words of love: and then
The twilight walk, when the link'd arms can feel
The beating of the heart; upon the air
There is a music never heard but once—
A light the eyes can never see again;
Each star has its own prophecy of hope,
And every song and tale that breathe of love
Seem echoes of the heart.

—*Letitia Elizabeth Landon*

GENTLEMEN, THE PRESIDENT!

A Study of Calvin Coolidge

By MYRON M. STEARNS

THE White House at Washington is not particularly conspicuous. Across a park, from the front, you can hardly see it at all. From the rear, where the ground is lower, it seems higher, beyond a low hedge and a wide stretch of lawn. It stands a little in front of the center of grounds the size of four city blocks, surrounded by fine trees. Perhaps the trees, here and there, make the tall pillars of the portico less noticeable. Across the street to the west, the great bulk of the State Department building, a relic of the wooden-gingerbread period of American architecture, rising almost from the sidewalk, is more prominent.

From the White House itself low wings have been built to the west and east, extending like long corridors across the grounds almost to the street. At the very tip of the west wing, right across the street from the big four-or-five story State Department building, the President has his offices.

There was an entirely different quality from an ordinary call in the message, "You're wanted on the phone by the White House." The black call-boy was a shade more deferential. A man within earshot looked quickly around to see who was getting the message. There is an inescapable limelight that surrounds every act, every slight contact, of the President of the United States. The prominence of his position, the potential power of his every act, makes itself felt.

Over the phone the president's Secretary, Mr. Sanders, told me to come around to the regular weekly conference with newspaper correspondents that day, and stay afterward to talk.

There were perhaps forty newspaper men in the vestibule of the executive offices. A good many of them had canes and spats. They piled their coats and hats on the long table, on chairs, on the mantle-shelf, and made themselves familiarly at home. It occurred to me suddenly that it was through these men, Washington correspondents of their papers all over the country, that my impression of the President had come. Of necessity, they stand between the man in the White House and the rest of us at home who ordinarily have no chance to go to Washington, reporting his actions, translating his words, interpreting his often far-reaching decisions or his perhaps equally far-reaching silences.

At exactly four o'clock a door was opened and we all trooped into the President's private office.

The room is round. The carpet is green; comfortable leather lounging chairs are also green. Heavy draped hangings on the windows are still darker green. At one corner of the President's medium-sized desk stands a beautiful American flag, silk, on a standard as high as your shoulders. Mr. Coolidge stood behind the desk, with his back to the curving row of windows, waiting for the newspaper men to group themselves in a semi-circle before him. In his hand he held a thick bunch of papers.

To these correspondents it was all an old story. To me it was full of surprises.

The President was a taller man than I had expected. As tall as I am—about five feet ten. From cartoons and photographs I had gathered the impression of a man of medium height, or below. But he's not; he's above. He's a heavier man than I'd expected. the lower part of his face is quite full. Not a small man, at all. His hair is darker than I had thought it would be; in certain lights it shows the "sandy" quality often mentioned, but for the most part it seems merely light brown.

He began speaking, answering a suggestion written on one of the bunch of yellow pages he held in his hand. His voice was rather low, clear, and easy. He talked without any of the hesitation, or bitten-off sentences, that you would

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Calvin Coolidge.

expect from a man who is supposed to be taciturn almost to the point of absolute silence. He spoke with easy confidence, with a smoothness that gave an impression of mastery, both of what he had to say and of how to say it. It was like a man telling his acquaintances of matters on which he happened to be thoroughly posted. He gestured from time to time as he spoke, and when he did the movements were easy, apparently unconscious, usually only with the hand, or arm below the elbow. When he came to a point where he referred to a suggested action—it was during his set-to with the Senate in the matter of the Warren appointment—as being not worth taking because it would be useful only to "put the Senate in a hole," he smiled, taking the newspaper men into his own humorous slant on the situation. He did not question the right of the Senate to criticize the action of the President of the United States; but it seemed to him that the matter of confirming the selection of his personal associates should not be made material for partisan politics. Stressing the point that this should not be made a partisan matter sounded quite reasonable. So did his other statements. When he came to the matter of calling another Disarmament Conference he spoke with the same easy reasonableness, as though world peace were a simple matter of the nations of the earth getting together and agreeing not to fight. Indeed, from first to last it was hard to find any point where one could either criticize or disagree; the handling of each matter was direct, reasonable and evidently sincere.

Before him the crowd of correspondents shifted slightly, moving from foot to foot, some raising and lowering themselves a trifle on their toes. Many were taking notes. Inside of two hours these quiet sentences would appear in headlines across the afternoon papers: "President Intends to Call Another Arms Conference," "President Will Re-Submit Warren's Name to Senate," "President Believes Cabinet Appointments Should Not Be Matter of Party Politics." At his side a short-hand reporter took down each word as it was spoken, to make sure there would be no garbling or misquoting of what was said by the "Spokesman for the White House"—for in these conferences the President is not directly quoted.

Apparently there was no mental hesitation or doubt in his mind concerning the important things he was saying so simply. It was wholly easy, natural, and confident.

By contrast the newspaper correspondents presented a far greater picture of tension. Used as they were to the situation, inured to listening to the presidential sentences, they had not the relaxed control of the man facing them in an everyday business suit, motionless except for the action of his lips and an occasional very slight rocking backwards and forwards on his toes. To me, having heard of Coolidge only at second hand, it seemed an impressive occasion, an impressive demonstration of fitness to fill a high office.

A question or two was asked, to be answered as readily as the speaking on the written notations, in an easy, simple, direct, and evidently sincere way. The man's confidence, his complete familiarity with his subject, was apparent. It was as though he was so sure of his ground that he could safely walk at random within the confines of his knowledge—even though each word might be quoted far and wide. It was quite reasonable. You felt that even though, from your own point of view, you might disagree with him, there would be always a certain reasonableness on his side—a direct method of approach and attack that would leave many people, at least, convinced, and on exactly the same grounds as he himself was convinced.

The President put the remaining papers on his desk, and nodded slightly. The interview was over. The President of the United States had spoken. The correspondents made their way out, putting their notes in their pockets. When they were gone, Mr. Sanders stepped up and introduced me to the President. His handshake was firm, but rather quick. Shaking hands, with presidents, gets to be a rather formal matter, I imagine, and Mr. Coolidge seems willing to have it over within the least possible time.

"Sit down," he said. He sat down himself, swung around in his swivel chair, crossed his legs, and leaned back. "Well," he said, "What can I do for you?"

The plan was for me to spend enough time with him to tell people about him intelligently. He seemed a little vague about it. What it would require, and what it would result in.

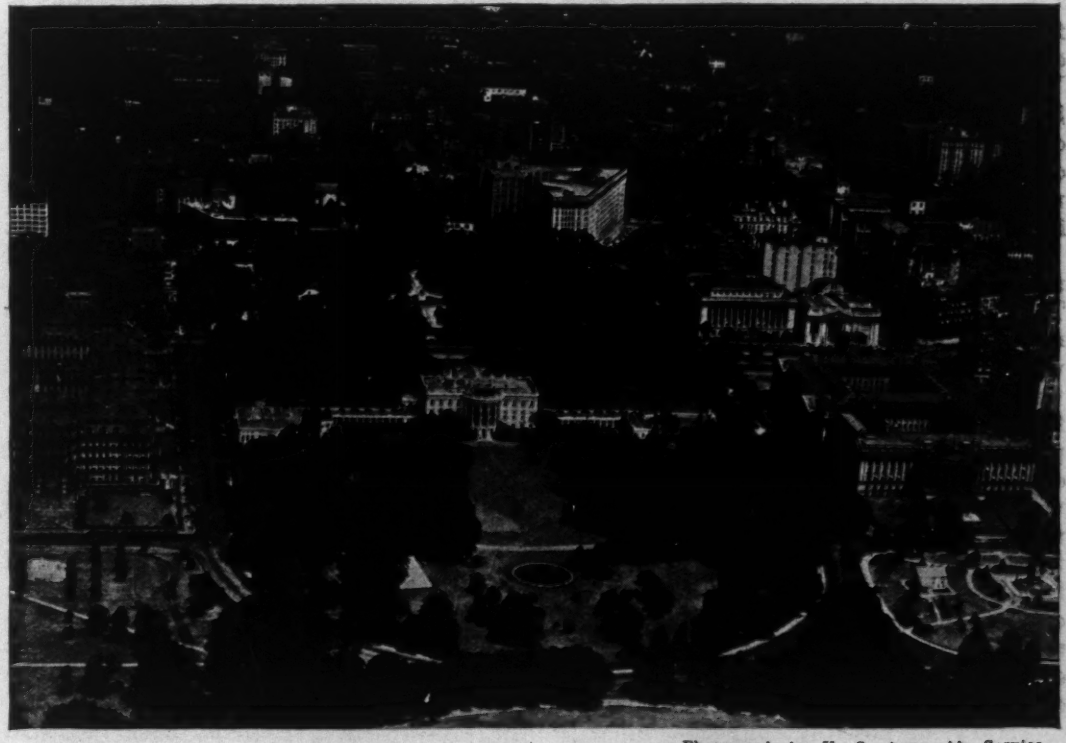
"The idea," I explained, "is for me to make a visit to you here, and tell what I see—just as if whoever reads about it had been here instead. How you look, and how you act, and what you do, and the way you spend your time. How the business of the office is carried on, and what life in the White House is like—possibly even a little about the way your mind works, and how you tackle a problem. Just common details, that will give people a chance to form opinions of their own, instead of having to take what *I* may think." That seemed to clear it up.

I spoke of a slight resemblance that Mr. Coolidge bore to a man I'd met on one of the Atlantic boats a couple of years ago, an assistant of Mr. Frank Stearns, and wondered if the President happened to know him.

"Yes indeed," he said, "I know him well. Why, he's an Amherst man." And he gave the year. He knew my uncle, also an Amherst man, and gave *his* year. And still another. "Do you know," he said, "that in proportion to its size, Amherst has more men in *Who's Who* than any other college in the country?" He's kept a lot better track of his college than I have of mine, and is more interested in it. He was loath to change the subject; one idea would suggest another along the same line. It occurred to me that the action of his mind might be compared to the cutter yachts of thirty years ago, that came about slowly and seemed always loath to change their course—in sharp contrast to the later centerboard boats and "skimming-dish" models, that would spin into a new direction as easily as nothing at all.

It was hard to realize that this simple matter-of-fact man, with his quiet voice, his frequent smile, his eagerness to talk about his college or whatever else was interesting him, was the solemn Coolidge we've been told about, who is supposed to speak only in monosyllables.

"Come around in the morning," he said, "about nine o'clock, or whenever



Photograph by U. S. Army Air Service

A splendid aeroplane view of the White House, showing Lafayette Square, the Department of Justice building—at the left, across the street from the White House offices—and the Treasury building at the opposite end.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

A charming vista through the White House grounds.

you feel like it, and we'll see if we can't fix it up. You can be in and out of the offices and get an idea of how things work."

So imagine yourself given the run, for the time being, of the President's executive offices, in the tip of the White House wing opposite the big State Department building—where decisions are made, and actions are taken, day after day, that affect your prosperity and well-being, and mine, and a hundred million more.

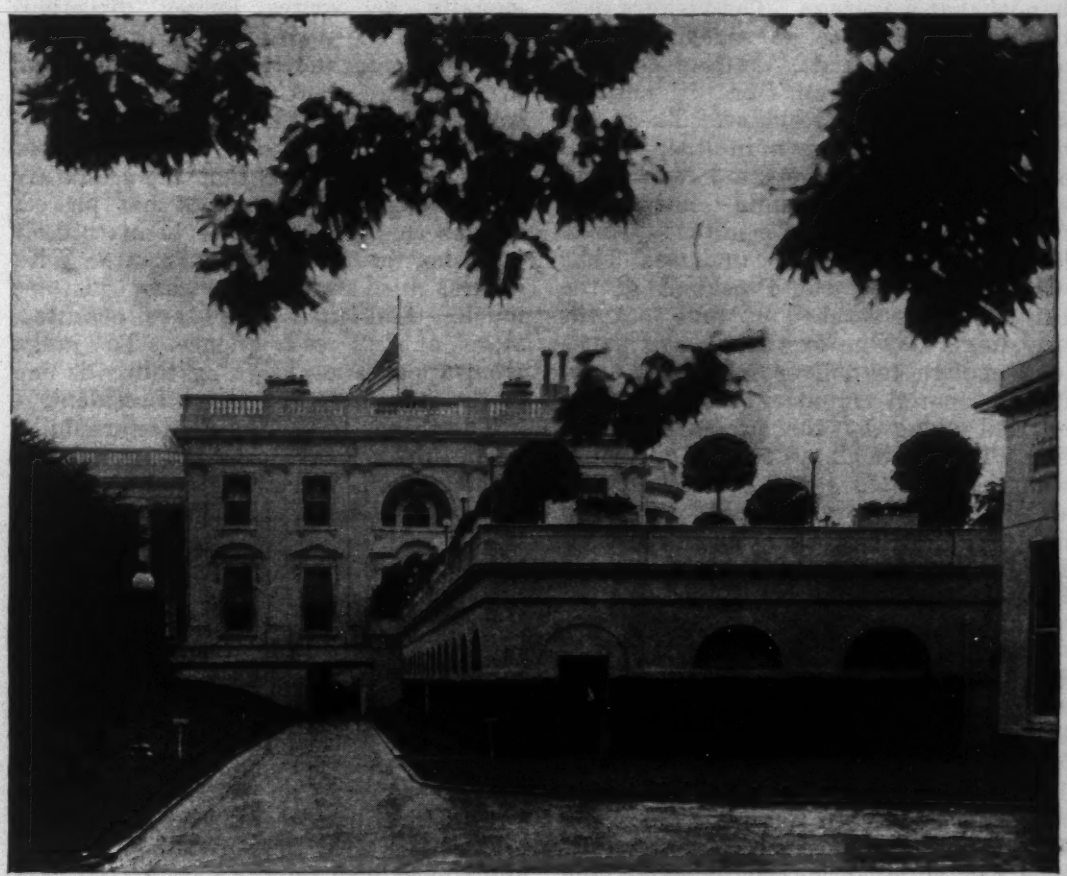
There was a small group of newspaper men outside the executive wing. There were two or three camera men, ready to take a snap of any notables who might be passing in or out. There was a good-natured sergeant in uniform at the door; he has seen newspaper men come and go, one after another—and presidents too. Inside the vestibule there was the desk of the rather important man who passed you further in, or kept you out, whom I hardly know how to describe except as one of the president's secretary's secretaries. He send you in to Mr. Sanders, the President's Secretary, or calls out Mr. Clark, the president's private secretary, or possibly connects you with still another secretary. Then you get in to Mr. Sanders' office.

The President's Secretary, you realize, is a pretty important person. Don't confuse him with any idea of an ordinary secretary. Mr. Sanders was elected to Congress from Indiana in 1916. Mr. Slemp, his predecessor, is perhaps a still more striking example of "President's Secretary." He was also a member of congress, from Virginia. He graduated from college with a higher stand than any other student ever secured in the history of the institution. He is a millionaire. Steering people into the President or steering them away from him, indirectly influencing the whole course of government—the laws that govern us, the armies that defend us, our foreign relations, the taxes we pay—by assisting this contact and preventing that and smoothing out the other, means a good deal.

Mr. Sanders' office is larger than that of the President, square, finished in yellow, and with windows on two sides—one of them on the street. It connects through a corridor with the round green office of the President. On Mr. Sanders' big desk is a tall vase of beautiful roses, worthy of a bank president or motion picture magnate. On the wall opposite the desk is a large photograph of the President, carrying still further the motion picture touch, where the picture of the Big Boss usually hangs in the reception room.

The atmosphere of the big room is one of courteous hospitality. As frequently as practicable the different visitors are introduced to each other, carrying still further the impression of interest and friendliness. Many of the callers—in fact, the great majority—are elderly, gray-haired men. The list of appointments for the morning gives an idea of the scope of the vast influences of the President of the United States. It includes a bishop, several different congressmen, two senators, a foreign ambassador, a distinguished scientist, a high army officer, a financier, and the editorial writer of a Chicago paper, as well as a visiting delegation of women welfare-leaders, and a workman who is to be personally thanked by the President for some service rendered, I think in connection with the inaugural ceremonies. As the morning wears on, one or two of the appointments are canceled. A cabinet minister comes in without an appointment, asks to have a little of the President's time, gets it, and goes away. Most of the interviews are short; a few minutes up to—rarely—half an hour. At times Mr. Sanders' office has eight or ten people waiting, and there is a hum of conversation like an afternoon reception. At other times it empties, until you can hear the clock on the mantel-piece ticking in the silence. Occasionally there are conferences in whispers. They may concern matters of little moment; they may, on the other hand, touch delicate foreign relations that affect the course of nations.

I got into conversation with the visiting banker, to find out what manner of man he was. He had started in, he told me, in railroad work, and was a brakeman for several years. To-day his own boy is following almost in his footsteps, working each vacation to earn money for further study, preferring—as his



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The west end of the White House where the President's office is situated.

father wishes it—also to make his own way. The lad's "Harvard fund" is now around $1,500. A younger brother is still a Boy Scout; the father has himself put in five years as scout-master. If all the President's callers are as good scouts as that, he's lucky.

As the door of the corridor opens to let out departing visitors, Mr. Sanders ushers in the next man or group, introducing each one punctiliously.

Outside, in the vestibule, a crowd gathers as the morning ends. Between fifty and a hundred visitors who have been directed to the White House by their congressmen or Senators or other friends are on hand to look at and greet the most powerful man in the world. At 12:30 two doors opening directly into the President's office from the vestibule are opened and the line of visitors passes through, going in one and out of the other. Standing behind the President in his office, I again notice his height—well above that of the handshaker's average. The visitors pass through rapidly, to an accompaniment of "How do you do," "Glad to meet you," "How are you," or just nothing at all, from the President. There are more women than men in line, two to one. A little girl gets a longer hand shake, and an extra smile. A baby on father's arm is not forgotten. When he gets old enough to understand he will be told how the President of the United States reached up and took his tiny fingers. One or two women pause long enough to deliver rapidly a carefully prepared sentence, before they are hurried along by the pressure in the line. Three schoolboys are the only ones who take a chance and look back. In all, there are seventy-eight people in line this morning. They have averaged a little more than one second apiece. The whole ceremony has taken less than two minutes.

The first morning I was in Mr. Sanders' office when the hand-shaking started, and the whole business was over and the vestibule cleared before I even found out that the thing had begun.

After the hand-shaking there is a breathing spell. In the outer office Mr. Sanders has a chance to dictate, or look over accumulated material, or get the appointment list for the following morning straightened out. In the inner office, the President has a chance to turn to his mail, the letters that have been sorted for him as being of sufficiently commanding importance to warrant taking his personal attention and the nation's time. This and other matters keep him at his desk, except for the short walk to the main body of the White House—he usually takes it outdoors—and lunch, until well into the afternoon.

At his desk, the President is almost motionless. A batch of letters is brought to him to go over. He picks up the one on top, glances through it in from three or four seconds to possibly half a minute, then makes a quick notation on it and puts it to one side. During the process his head, his body, his feet, do not move; where most people would shift in their chairs, turn their head, move about a bit, he does not. It is as though he had schooled his body to be "silent." He conserves energy, and he conserves time. Occasionally he writes longer directions across a page—two or three lines.

Signing documents takes a good deal of the President's time. There are hundreds of bills that require his signature before they are effective; when he vetoes a measure that the lgislature branch of the government has passed, as was the case with the bonus bill, it is a matter of grave moment. With others, his signature means just as much. And then there are countless more of less consequence. To judge from appearances, signing things is one of the reasons for having a President.

The things to be signed—letters, bills, documents of any sort—are brought in by one of the secretaries and presented to the President. Mr. Coolidge comes to a position as definite as "present arms!" or "parade rest"—feet, knees, body, arms just so, pen already dipped in ink and waiting. The signing begins. As each "Calvin Coolidge" is finished, the secretary whisks the document from the top of the pile, and the pen hardly pauses. There is no sound in the room except the scratching of the pen, no motion except the President's hand, and the secretary's arm as it whisks the signed paper away and comes back for the next.

In a different way, it is almost an exact duplication of the hand-shaking

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New Years crowds waiting to shake the President's hand—at the rate of one second each.

ceremony. In each a system has been worked out that saves so many seconds apiece, so many hours a year.

Yet there is no nervious tension—no straining for speed. When the President swings his chair around to talk to you, and crosses his knees, he is at ease, comfortable, relaxed yet alert.

So much for the office.

"At dinner," the President's private secretary told me, "you will wear your dinner jacket." He took no chances.

To be sure, if you will flock with presidents, you have to wear dinner-jackets.

The White House rooms—it is hard to think of them as being under the same roof as the executive offices in the long, distant wing—are large and high. There are great oil paintings—George Washington, Martha Washington, Thomas Jefferson—and heavy curtains, and big pieces of plush furniture. Just the little party of Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, and Mrs. Coolidge's mother, and a couple of guests, seem almost lost in the big rooms. Two dogs help make the environment less formal—Laddie Boy, the boisterous Airdale, and Rob Roy, a white collie.

The dining room is large like the rest. The table is round, with great spaces of green carpet around it, against which the white collie makes a beautiful picture. The White House servants, like the sergeants at the executive offices, in most instances "go with the place." Presidents come and presidents go, but the old darkies who help you off with your coat stay on.

Mrs. Coolidge is not quite so tall as her husband, and darker. Her hair has none of the "sandy" glint that the sun brings out in his. During the past year or so I have done a great deal of writing about schools; the work has brought me in contact with many teachers. Again and again, among the more earnest and enthusiastic and intelligent ones, I have met those who have in no small degree resembled the President's wife. As White House hostess, she takes the lead from her husband, almost as though there were a definite division of duties between them—the executive work and all pertaining to it falling to his exclusive share, while Mrs. Coolidge takes over the social side. Later, the President told me that this is in fact the case;

that he leaves the White House arrangements so entirely to his wife that, except in a general way, he doesn't even know what the plans are or who the guests will be on any particular evening. On the other hand, he keeps to himself, just as definitely, the entire burden of his official duties, the nation's business and his own personal concern. Mrs. Coolidge knows no more of this work than he does of hers. At the table, he most nearly approaches the picture drawn of him as a silent man, leaving his wife, except for an occasional remark, to direct the conversation.

An excellent chowder; the President remarks on how good it is. Ham, sweet potatoes, spinach, and beets, with small home-grown rolls of the kind that my mother used to call "baking-powder biscuits." Then a green salad, excellent again, with cheese. And last, to be sure, true New England apple-pie before the small cups of coffee. A typical family-circle meal, with only the evening dress, the big room, and the fact that guests are usually, instead of only occasionally present, to differentiate it from thousands of others all over the land.

Four tall candlesticks give the table an air of distinction, the little yellow flames reflecting in points of light on the attractive jade ear-rings that Mrs. Coolidge wears. The meal is surprisingly free from formalities. The President eats rather quickly; he is through before the others. Mrs. Coolidge is a pleasant and thoughtful hostess. The servants, even, give an air of taking care of you, of looking out for your comfort rather than of strict attention to the proper form. One time, I remember, the collar of my coat was not turned over smoothly; the old doorman hurried after me to fix it before I got away.

After-dinner cigars are smoked upstairs in the President's study. Mrs. Coolidge and her mother go into another of the big rooms to listen to a radio concert. Usually the President and his guests join them in fifteen or twenty minutes; if the visitors are all men, though, friends of the President, or seeing him on any particular business, this is not the case. Then the study gradually gets bluish with smoke.

The President sits in a comfortable desk chair, tipped back, and occasionally puts his crossed feet on the corner of his desk. It is a position of easy, unconscious comfort. To me it suggests New England chairs, tipped back around the country grocery-store stove. The desk is large, with a good many books and papers on it, in piles. One big bunch of yellow papers is pasted over with newspaper clippings—one batch the general news of the day, another division the political items, another the editorial comment. Mr. Coolidge frequently passes up altogether the general news of the day—crimes and scandals and distressing accidents. He usually skims briefly through the political news and matters of international interest. The editorial comment he runs over more carefully than anything else. It is there that he finds both a running account of current events and their interpretation. The desk is not particularly orderly, as is the one in his office; it has too much on it. It suggests there are a good many things that he'd like to do, if he had the time—books he has decided to read, and so on. As in his office, a flag stands at the corner of the desk—and here there are two, the stars and stripes at one end, the President's flag at the other.

As in his office, the President talks freely, easily, without any of the marks of a silent or taciturn man. The talk runs to this and that, skimming political subjects, and glancing away again. Always he turned from one subject to another slowly, almost reluctantly; frequently, just as some one started to introduce a new topic, he would interrupt with a remark that carried farther some thought on the old one.

The talk turned to the development of children. "In the country," he said, "the contrasts are sharper, and impressions are deeper, than in the city. Why, if a wagon came down the road when I was a boy, we noticed everything about it—what kind of wheels it had, and the horses, and the harness." And following up the same line of thought, he told of his own changing about; how he first went twelve miles away to preparatory school; then down to college; then studied law; then to Northampton; then up to Boston, in the state legislature; then governor; then to Washington, as Vice-President—until it seemed as though it were all just going to school, over and over again.

"The President of the United States"

he refers to not infrequently. So does Mrs. Coolidge. Once, telling of driving an automobile to California with a full carload of family, I was asked if it wasn't pretty hard work. I admitted it was, but qualified it: "Doesn't having a good time usually mean hard work?"

"Now," said Mrs. Coolidge, "you're talking exactly like the President of the United States."

Whenever the dogs came into the room—they were usually together, egging each other on to start something—the President sternly ordered them away. They seemed to be doubtful as to whether he was absolutely in earnest or not, but ended by obeying. It was not until the third day of my acquaintance with him that I saw the reason for their hesitation—although I had guessed it before. Then, instead of ordering them away, he let them come to him, and touseled their heads, and made the white collie sit up and put up both his paws. "He's always wanting attention," the President said; "he's a regular nuisance." And he kept on petting him.

Once, the President turned to his desk during the conversation in his study, and started writing. Mr. Warren was his guest that evening, and kept on talking with me. Presently the President interrupted with a comment; he was following the conversation as closely as before. At the end of the evening he took from his pocket a note that would open certain doors for me.

"You'd better arm yourself with

Photograph by Brown Brothers

President Coolidge outside of his father's home in Plymouth, Vermont. Here the elder Coolidge administered the oath of office to his son.

this," he said. He had thought ahead for my convenience. It was what he had written in the study.

The main hall on the second floor of the White House is twenty feet wide, and so long that it seems almost narrow. It has a red carpet, and at one point four or five stairs that take you to a slightly higher level. An electric elevator that works by push-buttons takes you upstairs or down. Mr. Coolidge pointed out to me the room President Lincoln used as his bedroom, and told me how, when he couldn't sleep, Lincoln had often taken a book and walked down the long hall to where his private secretary slept in the opposite corner of the house, and waked him up and read to him, sitting on the side of the bed.

The Coolidge family, when there are no guests, goes to bed rather early. The hours in the big White House are quiet hours—not like the busy ones during the day at the executive office. The President himself sleeps well, he tells me. "Though sometimes," he adds, "I wake up early, if there is a pressure of things I need to think about."

That is significant. Instead of lying awake and worrying, he wakes up early to attack additional problems.

Frequently the week-end is spent on the *Mayflower*, dropping down the Potomac Saturday afternoon, and coming back Sunday. In that case, church services are held on the boat. If the President stays in Washington, as during the time I was his guest, he goes to the First Congregational Church.

Every seat in the church is filled. Admission is only to pew-holders, or by card. When the President's party comes in, at exactly 11 o'clock, the entire congregation rises, at a signal from the preacher.

It is a big, oblong room, this main body of the church, with a square-cut gallery along three sides—just such a plain, unornamented hall as my own father used to preach in, in New England forty years ago. The form of service, the music, the hymns, the announcements, all sound as familiar to me as during my boyhood. There is a big bouquet in front of the pulpit, red flowers mixed with yellows of different shades, and white, like a mammoth edition of one of the old-fashioned farm nosegays. The sermon is a plain, homely talk that takes for granted the religious verities and assumptions on which it is based. The singing of the choir, the playing of the organ, are also plain, rather pleasing, rather unfinished performances—music such as I again recall from the nineties. The responsive reading is a bit rapid, following words rather than meaning. It is impossible for me to avoid running over, in my mind, the circumstances that have allowed me, gradually, in a different part of the country, to drift away from this particular form of worship, and in the end question even many details of the creed itself. Obviously, the President has never chanced into such circumstances. He sits with an arm extended along the back of the pew, thoroughly at home.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Coolidge talked with me steadily, for four hours—from three until seven. During that time he did most of the talking. Not continuously, to be sure, but as any conversation might run on, with pauses before another addition to the subject, and sometimes slightly longer gaps before a new topic came up. We went back to the days of Greece and Rome, and forward to speculate on the future of the race. During the first three quarters of an hour or so the President was sitting in an ordinary kitchen chair, knees crossed, while a New York sculptor gave corrective touches to a bust that had been brought to the finishing stages from a photograph. During that time the conversation was in measure three-cornered, although Mr. Baker was largely concentrated on his work. Afterwards the President took me for a walk of nearly three miles, and then we came back and talked an hour or two.

Here we have, apparently, a complete contradiction. A man with a reputation for silence such as no man in public life ever possessed, and a perfect willingness to talk freely, easily, for hours at a time. I believe the explanation lies in two things.

First, Mr. Coolidge, at times, "withdraws" into silence almost as a turtle draws back into his shell. I noticed a little of this at the table, and occasionally in his office. Much more marked instances, of course, have come to me second-hand. One story tells of a bet made between two men, one of whom was to sit next to the President at a

large dinner, that he would not say three words during the entire meal. Towards the end of the evening, getting desperate because Mr. Coolidge had not yet spoken at all, the man next him told of the bet, ending: "He bet ten dollars you wouldn't say three words, but I bet you would." Mr. Coolidge, according to the story, considered the matter for some moments, then turned a little towards his companion. "You lose," he said. Two words. I take it the President doesn't feel it is worth while, on such occasions, to make the necessary effort to start a conversation; the smaller conventions get little attention from him, and "small talk" is the last thing you can imagine him bothering about. Or possibly under special circumstances certain small inhibitions become stronger, and do not seem worth overcoming until there is a more compelling purpose to be achieved. The second thing we talked about. The President told me that the newspaper men and other writers he had met were, as a whole, a fine crowd. But to make a story, to draw a picture, they might take some point and develop it, like cartoonists.

"Take economy," said the President. I forget whether the subject came up that Sunday afternoon, or during one of the talks in his office. "Saving money is never popular. If you go in for an economy program, you're almost sure to be held up as a penny-pincher. But it's necessary. Waste just creeps into government. It's easy to run along and just leave it there. It's easy to run an extravagant government. It's lots harder to run an economical one."

As we left the White House two secret service men, in plain clothes, slipped into their overcoats and unostentatiously followed us, a few steps behind. At street crossings, they came up on each side of us, and the four of us waited for a gap in the automobile traffic, just as anybody else would. When the street had been crossed they'd drop behind again. Occasionally some one recognized the President, and he would bow or lift his hat; but for the most part even those who passed close to us didn't notice him. Although it was a chilly day, he wore neither gloves nor overcoat, walking with a short, brisk step, and keeping his hands clasped behind him.

"Walking is about as good exercise as you can get," he explained to me later, when we were talking about his mechanical horse and how the story of it hap-

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The Capitol at Washington. Every bill that is passed by both houses must have the President's signature before it becomes law.

pened to get out. "And it takes less time than anything else. Of course, I'd like to ride a horse, but to do that, or play golf, means changing your clothes when you go out and when you come back. If I just walk, I'm getting the exercise I want as soon as I get outside the door, and in fifteen or twenty minutes I can be back and get to work again, feeling a lot better. Sometimes I simply walk around the White House grounds."

At one time the subject of government forestry, on which I had been doing some writing, came up, and I referred to the total area—157 odd million acres. The President, without questioning my figure, was a little hesitant to accept it.

"I thought it was around a hundred and eighty million," he explained. He was right, at that. The gross area is more than 182,000,000. I had subtracted the amount of privately-owned land within the forest borders.

Once or twice, while talking, I ran against what seemed to me to be strong prejudices. In particular these came up in connection with certain men. Sometimes for, sometimes against. In one case I argued about it a little, but felt as though I had come against something that couldn't be attacked, any more than a phase of religion. Perhaps I was wrong. At any rate, on other things the President's mind seemed to work clearly, easily, accurately.

One other thing requires mention. Repeatedly at and near the White House, I came in contact with those whom the President has chosen to assist him in his work of administrating the government of the United States. He seems to lean towards the type that he represents himself—simple, direct, and extremely able, even if sometimes within certain circumscribed areas. Obviously, he has mastered the great art of organizing brain-power, man-power, effectively. He secures results that would be perhaps impossible for other men by choosing the men he needs, and then putting behind them his own faith, his own simple reliance, his own unwillingness to change, his own outstanding loyalty.

His power is almost unthinkable. When the selection of a new attorney-general came up, the whole matter of law enforcement and justice, our own respect for the government, our own attitude, and that of others towards us, and towards our lives and property, was involved. Matters of taxation, of economy, of tariff, touch the pockets of each of us. Five hundred million dollars annually is spent by the Army and Navy Departments for national defense, to protect us from possible foes; how is that expenditure made—wisely, or foolishly? It is the President, through his selection of the Secretaries of the Army and Navy, and shaping the policies they are to pursue, who, largely, decides. When we commute to the city, when we mail or receive a letter, when we pay the freight on a shipment of household goods, when we tour through the national parks or camp in national forests, we come in contact with the work of the Department of Commerce, or the Department of the Interior, or the Department of Agriculture—all directly affected and guided by the President himself.

He must know about telegraph and telephone and radio and railroads and commission men and motion picture censors, as well as about the government forests, and water power, and everyday morality. Through the State Department our entire future, our relation with other powers, our foreign policy, the likelihood of war or the possibility of peace, is at stake. Read, if you will, any of the messages that President Coolidge has sent to Congress, and see how much is involved—and, incidentally, how complete is the grasp which this quiet man has of his subject.

A kindly man, I found Calvin Coolidge, and considerate. Friendly, and easy to talk to—at least, it seems to me, for any one of similar heritage, understanding the same environment and its results. Above all, a competent man who can cooperate with able assistants, securing with them results that more spectacular men might never achieve. Able to come to the great work of government simply. Able to put a full day's work into every day without fuss or feathers. Accepting the doctrine of human fallibility, keeping himself free from worry and fit for work, attacking the involved and intricate matters of administration directly, with a quiet mind, a step at a time and the nearest one first. Possessing two, at least, of the attributes of true greatness—he is a simple man, and sincere.

Courtesy of Cecil Alden, and William Heinemann, Ltd.

THE MAN WITH THE SCAR ON HIS FACE

By SAPPER

"A WRITING gentleman, are you, sir?" said the landlord. "Well, well—it takes all sorts to make a world. Not that I hold much with it," he went on. "I reckon that it's better to be up and doing than sitting down and spoiling good paper."

Against such an outrageous assault as that I felt I had to defend myself, and I pointed out to him that one had to put in a bit of up and doing oneself before beginning to spoil the paper.

"Not that I should think there's much doing beyond sleep in this village," I added sarcastically.

"That's just where you're wrong," he remarked triumphantly. "Why in that very chair you're sitting in a man was shot through the heart. Plugged as clean as a whistle, and rolled off the

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chair up against that table your beer is standing on, stone dead. And that" —he paused for a moment only to continue ever more triumphantly—"is the man that did it."

He indicated a gray-haired man who was passing—a fine-looking old man who walked with a pronounced limp and leaned heavily on a stick.

"Good evening, Mr. Philimore," he called out.

"Evening, Sam," answered the other, pausing and coming over towards the door of the inn outside which we were sitting.

He stopped for a few moments discussing local affairs, and I studied him covertly. A man of seventy-five, I guessed, with the clear eye of one who has lived in the open. His great frame showed strength beyond the average, and even now it struck me that many a younger man would have found him more than a match physically.

He finished his discussion, and then, with a courteous bow that included me, continued his walk.

"Sleep, indeed!" snorted the worthy Sam. "Thirty years ago, sir, come next month, this village was more exciting than London."

"Look here, Sam," I said, "it strikes me that you'd better tell me all about it."

"You'll understand, sir," he began, lighting his pipe, "that when the thing happened I was just flabbergasted. Couldn't make head nor tail of it, because I didn't know what it was all about. It was only afterwards when I began making inquiries and talking to this person and that, that the whole thing was clear from the beginning. And that's the way I'm going to tell you the story."

"And quite the right way, too," I assured him.

"It starts nigh on fifty-five years ago, when I was a nipper of ten, and John Philimore—him as you've just seen—a man of twenty-one. You can talk of good-looking men—and I've seen a tidy few in my life—but you can take it from me he came first. The girls were fair crazy about him, and well they might be. Tall, upstanding, strong as a giant—they don't breed 'em nowadays. There wasn't a man on the countryside could touch him at any sport, or at swimming. Why, I can remember seeing him swim out with a life-line to a barque in distress in the October gales of 1868. Bit before your time, I reckon—but there's been no gales in these parts like 'em since.

"He lived up at Oastbury Farm, which had been his grandfather's and his great-grandfather's before him. Aye—and longer than that. Traced direct back from father to son for nigh on four hundred years was Oastbury with the Philimores. And John—he lived at home with his father, ready to take on when his time came.

"I've told you that all the girls were fair crazy about him, but John had eyes for only one—Mary Trevenna. And a proper match they were, too, in every way. Old Trevenna had Aldstock Farm,—the place next to Oastbury—and though he wasn't so wealthy as the Philimores, he was quite comfortably off. And Mary was his only daughter; just as John was the only son, though he had a sister. Oh! it was a proper match. Just as John had eyes only for Mary, so she never looked at another man. I remember catching 'em one day when they thought no one was about, kissing and cuddling fine. And then John—he caught me, and I couldn't sit down for a week.

"Well—I must get on with it. When Mary was twenty, they were to get married. That was the arrangement, and that is what happened. John was twenty-two and they were going to live in a small farm near Oastbury which his father had given them.

"It was a great wedding. The squire came—that's his present lordship's father—and every one from the country side. And after it was over they went off to Torquay for the honeymoon. Then they came back to the house where they were going to live, and things settled down normal again.

"Of course, you must remember, sir, that I was only a nipper at the time, helping my father in this very house. Them was the days before these new-fangled schemes of education, when folks held with a boy working and not filling his head with rubbish. But little pitchers have long ears, as they say, and I very soon finds out from what folks said that there was a baby on the way.

"John Philimore came in less and less, and after a while he hardly ever came in at all; and when he did it was only for a moment or two, and then he'd hurry off home. Not that things weren't going well, but a lad is apt to be a bit fazed over his first.

"A boy it would be—of course; for generations now the eldest child born to the Philimores had been a boy. And a rare fine specimen, too—with such parents. John's mother looked out the lace christening robe and all the old fal-lals the women like fiddling round with at such times. And at last Mary's time came, and it was a girl—as fine a child, so I heard tell, as any one would have wished for. But it was a girl.

"Well, sir—I don't profess to account for it; Lord knows there was plenty more time for 'em to have half a dozen boys, but it seemed to prey on Mary's mind that she should be the first for so many generations to have a girl as her first-born.

"I remember old Doctor Taggart coming into the inn here one night, and leaning across the bar for his brandy and water. He and my father were alone, and they paid no attention to me.

"'Sam,' he said—my father was Sam, too—'Sam, that girl don't want to get well. There's nothing the matter with her; at least nothing serious. She just don't want to get well. I tell you I could shake her. Just mazed, she is, because it's a girl, and John near off his head.'

"And sure enough old Taggart was right. Ten days after the child was born, Mary Philimore died. She died in the afternoon at three o'clock, and with her death something must have snapped in John Philimore's brain.

"Never to my dying day shall I forget that evening. There was a bunch of people inside there, and naturally every one was discussing it, when suddenly the door was flung open and John stood there swaying like a drunken man. He'd got no collar on; his eyes were blazing—and his great fists were clenching and unclenching at his sides. He stood there staring round the room, which had fallen silent at his entrance, and then he let out a great bellow of laughter.

"'A murderer!' he roared. 'That's what I am—a murderer. Confound you all! Give me some brandy.'

"'Shame on you, John,' said one of the men. 'With Mary not yet cold.'

"And John hit him on the point of the jaw, and as near as makes no matter broke his neck.

"'Brandy,' he shouted, 'or I'll take it!'

"And take it he did, for there was no stopping him. He tipped half the bottle down his throat, and once again he let out a roar of laughter, as he stood there with his back to the bar. He looked at the men bending over the chap he'd hit, and laughed and laughed and laughed.

"'What's it matter if he's dead?' he cried. 'One or two—what's it matter? I've murdered Mary: what's Peter Widgely to her? I tell you I've murdered her—my little Mary. What did it matter if it was a boy or girl? But she thought it did—and she's dead. And if they hadn't hidden the brat it would be dead too.'

"And then suddenly he grew strangely silent, and stared from one man to another. No one spoke; I guess they were all a bit scared. For maybe a minute you could have heard a pin drop in that room, and then John Philimore spoke again. He didn't shout this time; he spoke quite quiet. And in between his sentences he took great gulps of raw brandy.

"It's burnt on my brain, sir, what he said—and there it will remain. For on that night John Philimore cursed his Maker with blasphemy too hideous to think of. He cursed his Maker: he cursed his child: he cursed his father and, above all, he cursed himself. And when he'd finished he laid the empty bottle on a table, strode across the room looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, opened the door and went out into the night. And from that moment no man in this village saw him again for twenty years."

Mine host stared thoughtfully across the little harbor at two fishing boats beating in.

"A bad sailor, Bill Dennett. Always keeps too long on that tack. However, sir, as I was saying, John Philimore disappeared. From time to time there came news of him in different corners of the earth—and it wasn't good news.

With a wild set he'd got in, and he was the wildest of the lot. From South Africa, from Australia, from over in America we heard of him at intervals—but only indirectly. He never wrote to his father, or to his sister—and it fair broke his mother's heart. For John was just the apple of her eye. She kept on hoping against hope that he'd walk in some day, and when the weeks passed, and the months and the years, she just faded out herself—though she was still a young woman.

"That was seven years after John went, and they buried her along with the rest of the Philimores. And then five years later the old man got thrown from his horse out hunting—and he died too—cursing his son on his deathbed for being the cause of his mother's death, even as John had cursed his father for being in part the cause of Mary's. A hard lot the Philimores—and always have been.

"And so for the first time Oastbury passed into the hands of a woman—John's sister, Ruth; though, of course, it was John's whenever he chose to return. If he'd been able to, the old man would have cut him out, and left it away from him—but he couldn't. But until John did return it was Ruth's, who went on living there with the innocent cause of all the trouble, who had been called Mary after her mother. She was twelve years old when her grandfather died, and even then gave promise of being as lovely as her mother. Of her father she knew nothing; she'd been told simply that he was abroad and no one could tell when he would return.

"On the death of the old man Ruth had written a letter to the last address at which her brother had been heard of, and she had caused advertisements to be put in the papers in Australia and South Africa. But after some months the letter came back to her, and there was no reply to the advertisements. In fact, there were a good many of us who began to think John Philimore was dead, and seeing how he had turned out, no bad riddance either.

"Well, the years went on, and Mary grew from a girl into a woman. And the promise as she'd given as a little 'un became a certainty. She was lovelier even than her mother had been, for there was a touch of the Philimore in her—in the way she stood, and in the way she looked at you. And in addition to her looks Mary stood to be a pretty considerable heiress. Old Trevenna—her grandfather—was ailing, and he had no kith nor kin but her. And if, as most of us thought, John Philimore was dead, then Oastbury became hers on her twenty-first birthday. For Ruth was only just in there as a guardian; Oastbury was John's till they proved him dead and then it passed to his child.

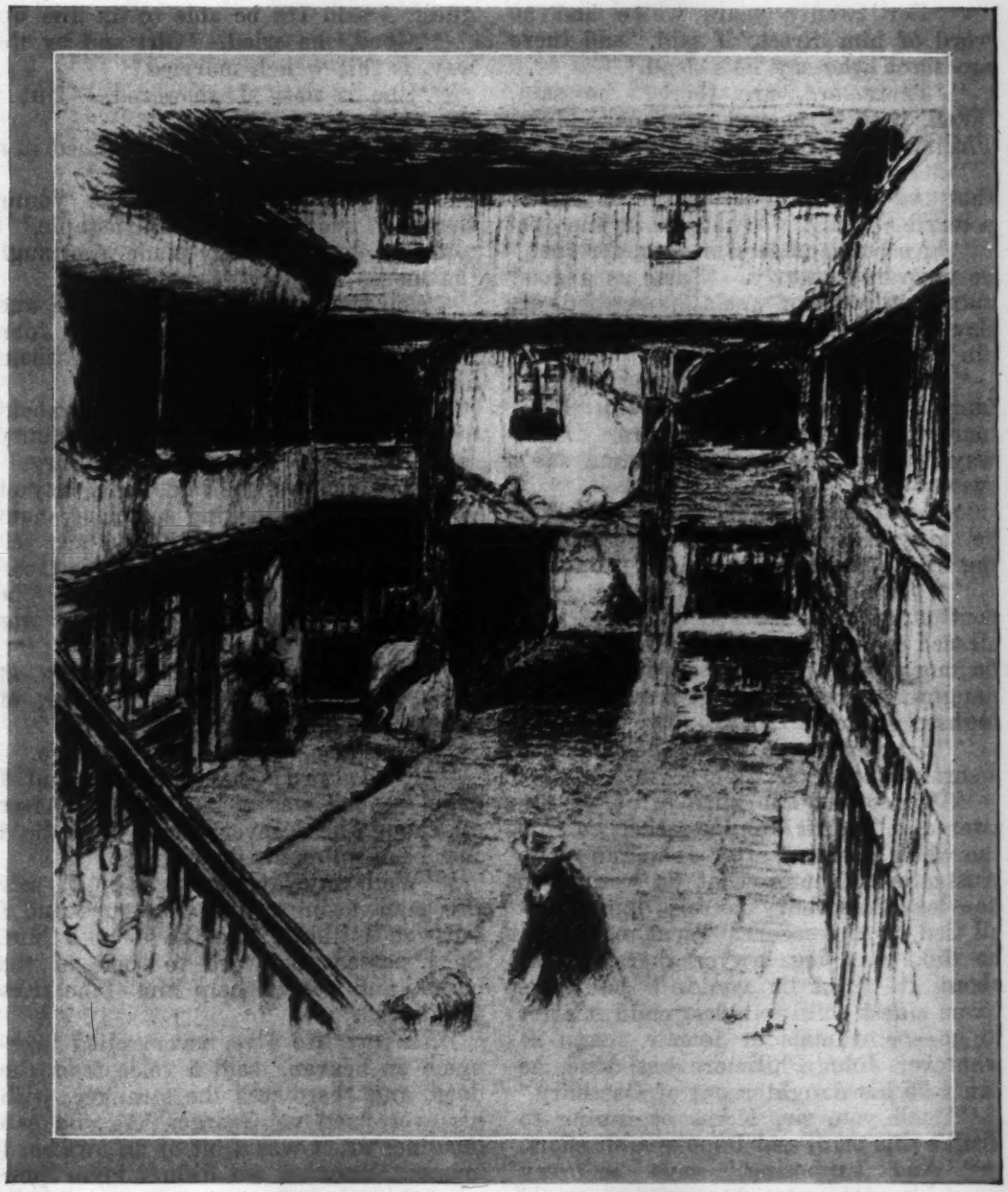
"So you'll see, sir, that Mary was due for Oastbury and Aldstock—and that in the days when farming was farming. It made her the biggest heiress round these parts, and the young fellows weren't exactly blind to the fact. Not that she weren't worth having without anything at all except her sweet self; but with them two farms chucked in like, the boys were fairly sitting up.

"But Mary wasn't going to be in any hurry. No one could say which way her fancy lay—not even her aunt; though it did seem sometimes as if it was towards young George Turnbury, whose father was a big miller in Barnstaple. Not that they were tokened, but when old Gurnet drew him in the sweepstake he stood drinks all round.

"A fine boy—young George—big and upstanding, who would come into a pretty penny of his own in time. And absolutely silly over Mary, as well he might be. And we was all beginning to think as things would be settled soon when the trouble began.

"I was standing at this very door—I'd been landlord then for nigh on two years—when I saw a stranger coming up the street. A great big fellow, he was, with a curious sort of roll in his walk, such as you often see in men who have been a lot at sea. As soon as he seed the sign over the door he made for it like a cat for a plate of fish. And I give you my word, sir, I got a shock when I saw his face. From his left temple, right down his cheek as far as his chin, ran a vivid red scar. It was an old one and quite healed, but it must have been the most fearful wound that caused it. For the rest, his skin was dark brown, his nose was hooked and his eyes a vivid blue.

"'Say, I guess you'll know,' he said, staring at me with those blue eyes of



Courtesy of Cecil Alden, and William Heinemann, Ltd.

"Such a man was he that the women fled at the sight of him."

his. 'Is there a shack called Oastbury in this district?'

"Well, at that I pricked up my ears, for I'd placed him already as a man from foreign parts.

"'There certainly is,' I said. 'If you go round the corner you can see Oastbury Farm upon the hill there.'

"'I guess it will stop there,' says he, without moving. 'Good farm, is it?'

"'It is accounted the best in these parts and one of the best in the whole West Country,' said I, and he nodded his head as if pleased with the news.

"'May I ask, sir,' I went on, 'if you have by any chance news of John Philimore? I can see you come from foreign parts, and since you've asked about Oastbury, I thought you might know something of him.'

"'Then your thoughts are correct,' he answered.

"'For twenty years we've had no word of him direct,' I said, 'and there are those who say he's dead.'

"'There are, are there?' he said. 'Well, they've backed a winner. John Philimore has been dead a year.'

"'Good heavens!' I cried—for now that the news was confirmed it seemed a terrible thing. 'What did he die of?'

"'An ounce of lead in a tender spot,' he answered shortly. 'Same as a good many other poor fools have died of. Say, now, there's a daughter of his alive, ain't there?'

"'There is,' I said. 'Living at Oastbury Farm now. And if John Philimore is dead, the farm is hers. Leastways, it will be in a year, when she's twenty-one.'

"'And what would happen, mister,' he said, 'if John had made a will leaving all he possessed to me?'

"'It wouldn't be worth the paper it's written on,' I answered shortly. 'It's all tied up—see? John Philimore could no more leave Oastbury away from his daughter than he could give away Buckingham Palace.'

"'Are you sure o' that?' he said with a sort of snarl.

"'Of course I'm sure of it,' I answered. 'Didn't John's father go into the whole question after John ran off to Australia? That's what he wanted to do—leave Oastbury to his daughter—all tied up and secure. Went to Exeter, he did, to a big lawyer there, to see about it. But it couldn't be done. From eldest child to eldest child it's got to go—be it male or female. And so whatever John Philimore has done, he can't do his daughter out of Oastbury.'

"I tell you, sir, I was beginning to dislike this man, and I spoke a bit short.

"'And supposing,' says he very quiet-like, 'this daughter of his should die before she's twenty-one?'

"'Then,' I said, 'it would go to her aunt—John's sister.'"

"With that I left him and went indoors. And half an hour later he was still sitting at the table staring across the harbor. Then he gives a shout, and out I goes.

"'Can you give me a room here?' he says. 'I'll pay what you like, and give no trouble.'

"Well, business is business; and though I didn't fancy having him as a guest, I said I'd be able to fix him up.

"'Good,' he cried. 'Oh! and by the way, is this wench married?'

"'She is not,' I answered. 'But I expect she soon will be.'

"'So do I,' he said, and laughed in a funny sort of way.

"'She's all but tokened to young George Turnbury from Barnstaple,' I told him, but that only made him laugh the more.

"And then, what with one thing and another, and telling the news of John Philimore's death, I forgot all about him for a time.

"I reckons it must have been about nine o'clock when George Turnbury came in. He'd been up at Oastbury.

"'Say, fellows,' he said, 'have any of you seen a queer-looking customer about the place? A great big hook-nosed fellow with a huge red scar down his face.'

"'It's the stranger,' I cried. 'The one who told me John Philimore was dead.'

"'Dead?' cried George, staring at me. 'John Philimore dead?' For, of course, he hadn't heard the news.

"'That's so,' I said. 'A year ago.'

"'Good Lord!' he muttered, and I could see he was a bit moved. After all, though he'd never known John, he'd just been up at his daughter's.

"'Well, anyway,' he went on, 'I saw this man nosing round Oastbury, and I tell you I didn't like the look of him. So I passed the word to some of the hands, and heaven help him if he tries any tricks!'

"'In my life I've never relied overmuch on heaven,' said a voice from the door, and there was the stranger, with his eyes fixed on George. As you can imagine, sir, it was a bit of an awkward moment, because we didn't know how much he'd heard.

"'I've found that I'm quite capable of looking after myself, young man,' he continued, crossing the room and standing close to George. 'And now may I ask why you don't like the look of me?'

"George Turnbury got a bit red.

"'I'm sorry you should have heard that,' he said. 'I didn't know you were in the room.'

"'I'm still waiting for an answer to my question, young man,' said the other quietly, though there was a nasty note in his voice.

"Young George, he drew himself up, for he had a temper of his own, and he didn't like the stranger's tone.

"'You'll get the answer in a looking-glass,' he said, and turned his back on him. 'I guess it was a powerful cat you tried petting,' he flung over his shoulder.

"The stranger put out both his hands quite gently, and caught hold of George from behind just above each elbow. Now, George was a powerful lad, used to handling sacks of corn, and I shall never forget the look of blank amazement that spread over his face. It must have been a quarter of a minute they stood there without movement, and the reason was plain to us all. George couldn't move; he was as powerless as a child in that man's grasp. We could see him struggling so that the sweat broke out on his forehead, and there was hardly a tremor in that stranger's hands. And then the stranger laughed.

"'It wasn't a cat, little boy,' he said. 'It was the slash of a cutlass. And the man who did it died as he did it. It was a much stronger man than you, little boy. But as far as you're concerned, don't be rude any more, or I might have to whip you.'

"And with that he let George go and swung out the door.

"For a while after he left no one spoke. George—who had a proper pride in himself—was well-nigh crying with shame and mortification at having been made to look such a fool before us all. And, of course, a thing like that was bound to get around, if only as a measure indicating the stranger's strength. But as the days went on it was forgotten in the much more important affairs that were happening up at Oastbury. It had us all beat; we couldn't make head nor tail of 'em.

"For this stranger pretty well lived up there, and what Mary Philimore or her aunt could see in him was beyond us. He still kept on his room here; but mostly he was at Oastbury.

"George was pretty near off his head about it all; seemed to think he'd got some hold over Mary—this man with the scar. And sure enough two or three times when I seed her, she seemed to have a hunted look in her sweet eyes.

"Then a month after he'd arrived we heard the news. At first no one would believe it; but it was true right enough. Mary had tokened herself to this man, whose name was Henry Gaunt.

"I tell you, sir, it had us all knocked endwise. For Mary, that sweet girl, to marry this bully, who was old enough to be her father, seemed a horrible sin. And once it was settled, what little mark of decency he had kept on to start with disappeared. He took a delight in picking quarrels and insulting people. Such a man was he that women fled at the sight of him. He nearly killed poor old Dick, the policeman, one night—and only just escaped prison by a hair.

"That sobered him up a bit, and he was more careful in future. But even then he was a devil. Chaps as had come to this house for years, and their fathers before them, stayed away because they were afeard of Gaunt. And this was the man Mary was going to marry.

"Time went on and the wedding was due in a fortnight. And then one morning I was standing in the door there thinking things over, when again I seed a stranger coming up the street. The house was empty; Gaunt was up at Oastbury—but this stranger reminded me in a way of him. The same build—the same roll in his walk, and I thought to myself, I thought, 'Good Lord! This ain't another such as Gaunt!'

"And then as he got nearer I began to rub my eyes. I must be wrong, of course, but it surely was a staggering likeness to John Philimore.

"'Hullo, Sam!' he sung out. 'Forgotten me, I suppose. I know it's you; you're so like your father'

"'Great guns!' I said, all mazed-like, 'it's John Philimore!'

"'The very same,' he answered.

"'But we was told you were dead.'

"'And who told you that?' he says.

"'Why, Henry Gaunt,' I answers. 'Him as is staying here now.'

"The smile had left his face, and he stared at me speechless.

"'Do you mean a man with a great red scar down his face?' he said in a terrible voice.

"'That's the one,' I told him. 'And not only is he staying here, but he's tokened to your daughter.'

"'What!' he roared, and I thought he was going to strike me. Then he pulled himself together. 'Come inside and tell me about it. But—wait a moment. Where is he now?'

"'Up at Oastbury,' I said, and I've never seen such a look of rage on a man's face before or since.

"Well, I took him inside, and I told him all I knew.

"'Sam,' he said, 'I rely on you. Not a word to a soul that I'm back. Above all, not a word to that devil incarnate.'

"'You have my word, sir,' I said. 'And if you can get rid of him, I, for one, will be profoundly thankful.'

"'I'll get rid of him all right,' he answered quietly.

"Naturally I was fair bursting with the news, but I kept my word and didn't breathe a hint to a soul. At six Gaunt came in and, sitting down in the chair you're in, he ordered his usual bottle. In a foul temper he was over something or other, and he sat there glowering across the harbor. There were two or three others drinking over at that table, and by this time my knees were shaking under me.

"Five minutes later young George Turnbury passed down the road on the way to the station.

"'Hi, you—you young swab,' sung out Gaunt. 'Come here!'

"George, he took no notice and just walked on, when—would you believe it, sir?—that devil pulled out a revolver and fired. George told us afterwards that he felt the wind of the bullet.

"'Next time I'll hit you,' said Gaunt, 'unless you stop!'

"George stopped.

"'Now, you young cockerel, is it you who has been closeted all the afternoon with the girl I'm going to marry?'

"'It was not,' said a stern voice behind him. 'It was I.'

"And there was John Philimore standing just behind Gaunt with a revolver pressed into the devil's neck.

"'And if you move, Gaunt; if you try any of your foul tricks, I'll blow the top of your head off.'

"Gaunt's face was a study. He'd gone quite white, and the scar looked like a streak of bright red paint, while in his eyes there was the look of an animal at bay, a sort of snarling fear.

"'Is it you, John Philimore?' he said, moistening his lips, for with that gun in his neck he dursn't look round to see.

"'Who else would it be, Gaunt?' said John. 'You see you didn't kill me after all, though it was touch and go, Gaunt—touch and go. If two prospectors hadn't come along soon after you cleared out with what was left of the water, you would have killed me, Gaunt.'

"Young George, he started forward.

"'You foul swine!' he shouted, but Gaunt heeded him not. There was only one thing he could think of at the moment, and that was that his sin had found him out. And ceaselessly he moistened his lips with his tongue.

"'And then, Gaunt,' went on John Philimore in a terrible voice, 'having killed me, as you thought, you came to my home. And when you found it was entailed, and you couldn't get it by forgery—then Henry Gaunt, you went to my daughter, and told her that I wasn't really dead; that you'd lied when you said so—lied on purpose. You said that I was in prison for life for murder and bushranging; that I'd been guilty of unnameable crimes; that you had proof of it. And you blackmailed her into the unthinkable sacrifice of marrying you. Can you tell me, Gaunt, of any single reason why I shouldn't kill you where you sit?'

"Gaunt laughed harshly, though his eyes roved wildly from side to side as if seeking some way of escape.

"'One very good one,' he snarled. 'They'll hang you if you do.'

"'True, answered John Philimore. 'Then I'll flog you, Gaunt—flog you here and now till the blood drips off you.'

"And then, sir, it happened—so quickly that one could scarce see. Of a sudden two shots rang out, and we saw John Philimore sink to the ground. And even as he fell on one side of the chair, Gaunt rolled off on the other.

"We rushed up to them, young George Turnbury first of us all. And John, he looked up at him with a smile.

"'Go up, young George,' he said, 'and tell Mary that the wedding can take place, but the bridegroom will be different.'

"'Are you hurt, sir?' cried George.

"'Not as badly as Henry Gaunt.'

"We looked at the man with the scar on his face, and he was dead. Shot through the heart—plugged clean.

"Well, sir, that's the story. John Philimore was shot through the groin; maybe you noticed he still limps. And young George, he married Mary. That shows we don't always sleep here."

TALES OF THE ROOSEVELT COUNTRY

By WILLIAM THOMPSON DANTZ

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

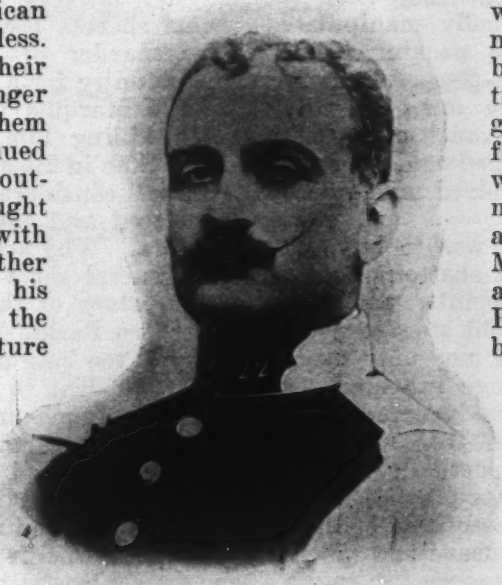
The times; the spirit of the times! *Cicero*

HE WAS a Bourbon—a white lily of France; the Marquis de Mores, eldest son of the Duke of Vallombrosa, whose estates are among the show places near Paris. Restless, stirring, ambitious; resenting the new order of Republican rule and the disposition of the royal Bourbons to make way for what, in his secret heart, he considered potheads and *canaille;* an aristocrat to the bone and willing to fight at any instant to uphold the honor and glory of his dying cause.

For this was in the early 80's and the Bourbons still fiercely resented the fall of their dynasty. The gulf between the old *régime* and Republican rule was yet fathomless. Still clinging to their heritage, the younger aristocrats, among them the Marquis, continued in the army. His outspoken comment brought on frequent duels with his Republican brother officers, and led to his resignation from the army and his departure to America. In the meantime, he had met, loved and married Medora, beautiful daughter of L. A. Van Hoffman, the powerful New York banker, whose fortune was reputed to be fabulous.

It was the era of empire building. Save for its gold, silver and few cattle, the boundless Northwest was yet undeveloped. Hudson Bay factors were still coming down from the north, their fantastic, endless trains of single ox-carts piled high with rich furs. The western plains of the Dakotas, still a single territory, were black with countless buffalo. Backed by huge German capital, the Villards were pushing the Northern Pacific Railroad through this virgin land, on to Portland and the Pacific. The Southwest was equally crude and territorial.

It was in 1883 that the Marquis came to the shack town of Little Missouri, where a population typical of the times foregathered in lazy abandon. Bullwhackers, mule skinners, deserting soldiers, buffalo hunters, beaver trappers and renegades of all sorts—for the Bad Lands was an impenetrable maze of hiding places, and the nearest U. S. Marshal 160 miles away. The Northern Pacific was built on buffalo meat, and what was the use of working when a handful of cartridges would keep a man in meat and drink for weeks? A few ranches, struggling against odds, had been established; otherwise the land was utterly lawless and defiant.



Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

The Marquis de Mores.

De Mores was dark-eyed, tall, slender, alert and graceful, a typical dashing young

officer of the old French *régime*. Like Roosevelt, he was first attracted to the glowing Northwest by the big-game hunting. As became his rank, his hunting outfit was most elaborate; guides, cooks, skinners, and a big *remuda* of hunting ponies. He was a good shot and was very successful, falling in with the main herd of buffalo before their escape across the Yellowstone and into Canada the following year.

He was a born pioneer, but unlike Roosevelt, who was impetuous yet wholly practical, the Marquis was a dreamer. He saw visions of mighty wealth and power in controlling the market and sale of the countless thousands of cattle that were to swarm over the virgin prairies and foot hills of the northwest empire. Backed by the huge Von Hoffman fortune he organized a mammoth company, to buy, slaughter, and ship in iced refrigerator cars all the cattle and sheep whose ranges were tapped by the Northern Pacific, then the only transcontinental railroad north of the Union Pacific. At that time the cattle market was wholly manipulated by the great Chicago packing houses, which were even more powerful than at present. Prices were low, and little mercy was shown the ranch owner with his cattle, gaunt, fagged and shrunken after their fifteen hundred mile ride on slow freights.

The Marquis' plan was to buy, kill, and dress the cattle at abattoirs, located at initial shipping points, and thus, through a chain of cold storage depots and refrigerator cars, not only stimulate further open range ranching, but save the enormous loss incurred in the shrinkage of cattle in transit. As to many Utopian dreams, actuality brought disaster. But our story concerns the Marquis and his subsequent brilliant, but unhappy career; brave and gallant gentleman that he was.

Establishing a chain of cold-storage houses, reaching from Duluth at the head of the Great Lakes, to Portland, Oregon, on the Pacific tidewater, he chose, as his initial abattoir city, the wide flat directly across the river from the town of Little Missouri. Workmen and material were imported and in an incredibly short time for those days, giant abattoirs rose, surrounded by a city of 700 souls.

This was Medora, named for his beautiful young wife, who, fearless like her dominant husband, sought only to be near him whom she idolized. She was small and fair; slender, but vigorous and very beautiful. On a sheer bluff, opposite the turbulent little city, they built their home, and in the near years to follow, two handsome sons, Ethelbert and Athenais, were born. To commemorate their births, the Marquis had built and presented to the town a brick chapel, whose corner-stone bore their names. It is standing to-day.

Ill-advised and wholly unfamiliar with the ethics of feudal America, the Marquis unhappily got into serious trouble at once. The lawless element, the riotous drinking, gambling, quick-shooting fraternity at the old shack town across the river involved him in their intrigues. This faction bitterly opposed and hated Roosevelt.

Territorial government was now established at Bismarck and the Dakotas were filling up with renegades and shyster lawyers, who had found their home sheriffs becoming too inquisitive. The murder of one Luffsy gave the opportunity for a promising shakedown, so the Marquis was arrested, charged with killing him, and confined for a brief time in Bismarck jail. For a substantial consideration, the charge was dismissed and the accused returned to Medora. Who actually killed Luffsy in the general shoot-up was never known.

The story of the rise and fall of the Northern Pacific Refrigerator Car Company is too long and too full of complicated incident to be repeated here. It concerns feuds and hate and gun-fire; stark tragedy and ridiculous humor; lawless men and passions run amuck; turbulence, riot and disorder; abandoned stages and men and horses frozen to death; thrilling valor and rank injustice; all the picturesque incidents that would be natural to establishing a like enterprise in a community that knew not, nor would brook, law.

Four years, and three millions of dollars spent, proved the hopelessness of the Marquis' dream. Little by little, the city at the foot of Graveyard butte, with its more than thirty graves of those who had died violent deaths, shrunk back to sage-brush stillness. One by one the thirty saloons and dance halls folded

Most emphatically I am not your enemy; if I were you would know it, for I would be an open one, and would not have asked you to my house nor gone to yours. As your final words however seem to imply a threat it is due to myself to say that this statement is not made through any fear of possible consequences to me; I too, as you know, am always on hand, and ever ready to hold myself accountable in any way for anything I have said or done.

Yours very truly

Theodore Roosevelt

Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

Theodore Roosevelt's reply to the challenge of the Marquis de Mores

their tents, and departed to more promising fields. Still the Marquis' house, on the brow of the cliff across the river, with its splendid collection of hunting trophies, remained intact, although he and his family had returned to France. So remained the giant abattoirs, the hotels, the Concord stages that ran between Medora and the Black Hills; so remained all that was his and all the things with which he was identified, including the fifty-odd head of hunting ponies that made up the outfits of himself and the Marquise, when off on their frequent hunts. All was left in charge of a custodian, with strict instructions that nothing be sold.

We next heard of the Marquis from China, where he was seeking concessions for French railroads. At this time Anglo-French politics were rampant, and a very well-known Paris journal made an attack on the house of Vallombrosa, incidentally reflecting on the beautiful American wife. Taking the first steamer, the Marquis hurried home, challenged the editor at once, and nearly killed him with a sword-thrust through the lung.

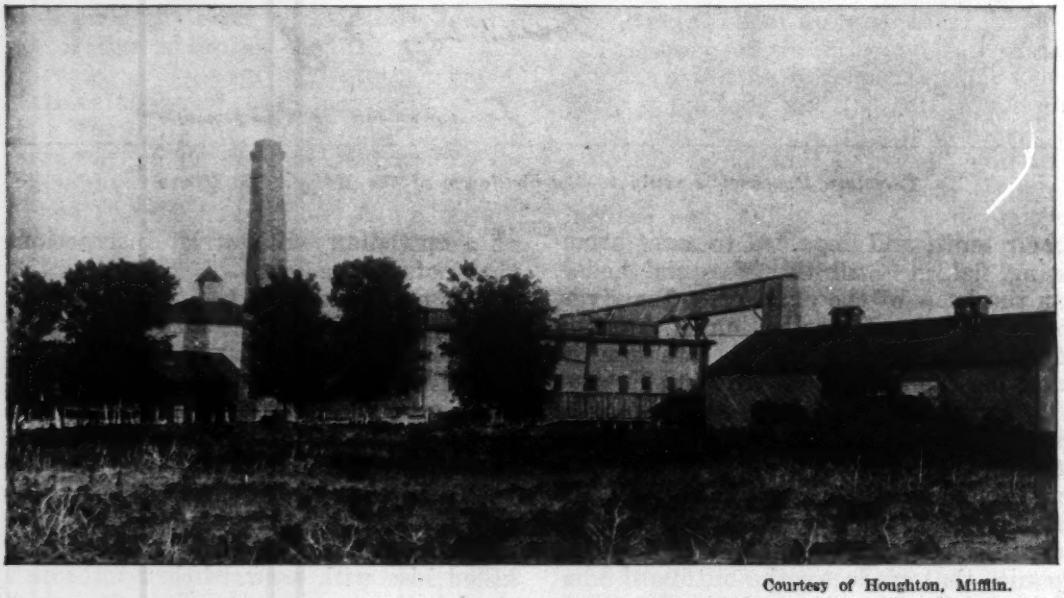
In his northwest career in the Roose-

velt country, the Marquis and that young ranchman were usually more or less at swords' points, but only once were they in serious danger of actual combat. The M. Bar cowboys, the Marquis' outfit, were charged with a cattle theft. Roosevelt sent warning to the titled Frenchman that a repetition of the occurrence would not be overlooked. The latter tartly replied that the matter might well be settled between them with weapons. Roosevelt, thoroughly angry, replied that the suggestion was eminently satisfactory to him, and hinted at Winchester 45's. While the Marquis was a better swordsman than shot, he did not demur. Things were approaching a serious stage when other critical events overshadowed the quarrel and the incident passed.

Throughout the Marquis' picturesque and stirring career, his devotion to his charming wife stood out, and she returned in kind a loyalty and devotion that rival classic ideals of love. He taught her to ride and shoot; to be fearless and unafraid; to be self-reliant and aggressive. Alone, with her own outfit of thirty ponies, hunting-wagon, cook, and guides, she would invade the Big-horn country, then the paradise of giant elk, and the savage grizzly or silver-tip. My ranch, the "Quarter-Circle Diamond," was a favorite hang-out for mountain sheep, and she frequently came there with her hunting party to camp for a few days. She always insisted that I be her guest at evening dinner, eaten before the camp-fire. She made a picture as, fair-haired, slender and graceful, flushed with fatigue and triumph, she presided with all the grace and dignity that became her Bourbon house. Although she always wore knickers, she rode a side-saddle.

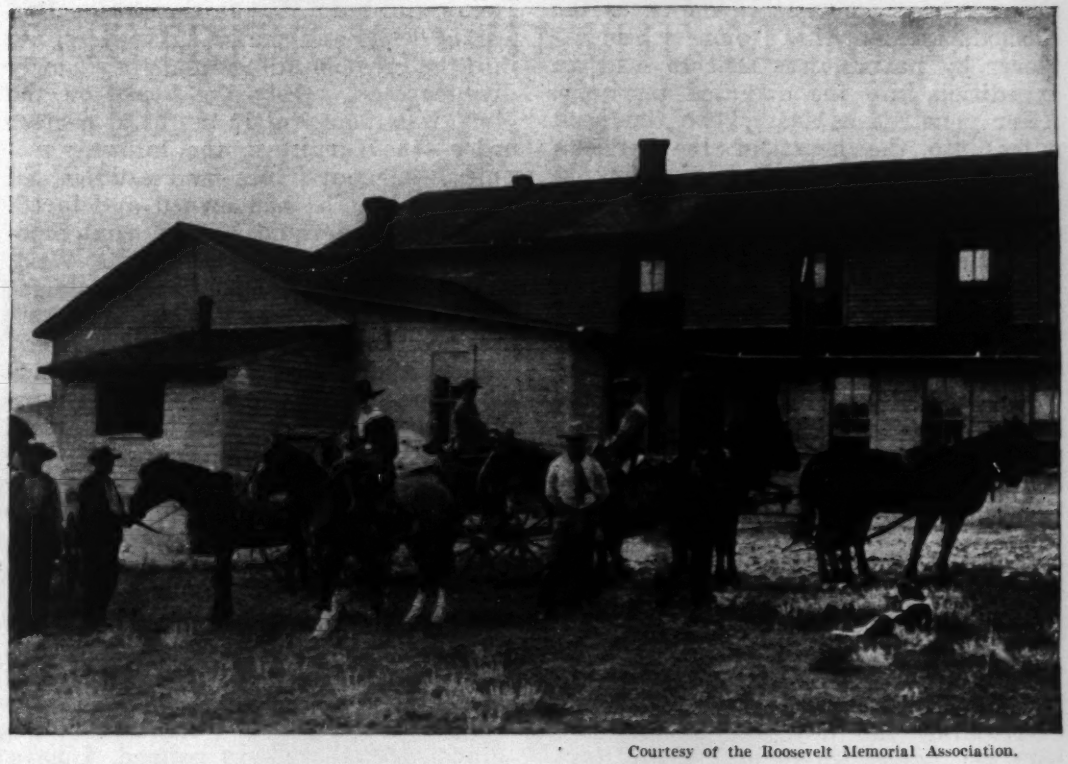
Once, after a long hunt for a stray saddle-horse, night caught me at Sentinel Butte, at the head of Garner Creek. Far off I could see the reflection of a camp-fire, and, pushing on, found it to be the camp of the Marquis and Marquise, who were then on a hunt for the antelope that swarmed the open prairie, which fringed the rim of the Bad Lands. They were entertaining a distinguished French general, whose name I do not recall. The general was insisting on supervising the dinner, to be prepared in a huge pot swung over the fire, and there was much merriment. All insisted that I remain to dine and stay in camp for the night.

The general first sliced off a number of antelope steaks, chopped them fine, and to this added a slab of bacon, also chopped fine. All went into the pot, to be followed by several cans of corn, beans, and tomatoes, some canned chicken and some brisket of antelope. All simmered for hours and smelled



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin.

The abbatoir in Medora in 1884. *It was abandoned long ago and destroyed by fire and flood.*



Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

The Marquis and his wife are the ones on horseback. It will be seen that, although she rode side-saddle, the Marquise wore knickers.

heavenly. He kept adding spices and herbs, until the celestial savor inspired actual tears and ravenous appetites tempted to murder. Just before the heavenly stew was lifted from the fire, he knocked off the head and poured in a whole bottle of Mexican chili sauce. This added the supreme touch, and the memory of that glorious stew, prepared by the famous Egyptian and Algerian soldier, still remains.

It was a brilliant moonlit night, warm and balmy, and the silence of the mighty Northwest brooded peacefully over us, save for the far-off yap of a lone coyote or the whistle and stamp of lusty black-tailed deer Romeos, fighting for the favor of some fair doe—for it was September and in the rutting season. The Marquise had retired for the night, in a deserted sheep-herder's shack close by, while the Marquis, the general, and I spread our blankets close to the edge of the still and deep water, where the creek-bed at this point had broadened.

Too much celestial stew made us all wakeful. At midnight, as I was idly watching the moonlight on the water from my blanket bed, I suddenly saw the V-shaped ripples made by an animal swimming across the still, moonlit water. I heard the Marquis stir and get up. Bang! The whip-like snap of a Winchester was followed by an uproar in the water. It was a full-grown beaver, taking a midnight stroll, and the Marquis, in the moon's deceptive rays, had nailed him at the first shot. There was a rush from the sheep-herder's shack, and the Marquise, in sleeping pajamas, came rushing out, and flung her arms about her husband's neck, in terror lest an accident had befallen. On an isolated ranchman and range-rider, wholly unacquainted with nice women and women's ways, her devotion made an impression that I have never forgotten.

These are but incidents that mirror the ideal early lives of those whom fate had marked for later world-wide events of tragic conclusion. On returning to France the Marquis' distinguished family, as well as his wife's grace and wealth, easily made them national figures. When England and France were struggling for possession of in-

terior Africa, in what is known as the Fashoda incident, he, a pioneer and explorer by nature, was sent to lead an expedition into the disputed territory. After penetrating nearly two thousand miles into the heart of the African jungle, his party was attacked by natives and he was killed. Survivors of the party buried him, and, after months of struggle, returned to the coast.

This did not close the chapter of an idolizing American wife's love and devotion. Backed by her powerful family, she prevailed on the French government to organize an expedition to recover the body. It was led by the Marquise herself, and she brought that body, by carriers and canoes, over the fearsome two thousand mile journey from the heart of the jungle. A special steamer carried it from the coast to France, and now the gallant Marquis lies at peace in the family vault at Vallombrosa.

After many years, no matter what happened, the Marquise still made regular pilgrimages to the house on the bluff, overlooking the deserted village that bore her name, where her happy days had been spent. She would have nothing there sold or touched. The rollicking hunting-ponies and big, gaunt stage-horses had long since died of old age. Decay and ruin, due to the savage Bad Lands floods and perishing winters, ate into the great buildings and they slowly disintegrated. Only the house on the bluff was kept intact and in perfect order—the furniture, the hunting trophies, the spurs, bits, and saddles, all the gear that he had owned and loved.

All the Marquis' early contemporaries, or almost all, have gone West, Roosevelt among them. But the house still stands, and a loyal wife still treasures the shadow of the past.

The writer has made an effort to trace the careers of the two sons, who naturally became officers in the French army. A report was current that they had been killed early in the Great War. A later message states that both served gallantly, but their lives were spared. If this ever reaches their vision, it may serve to tell them that a ranch-companion of their distinguished father still reverently visits that little chapel whose corner-stone bears their names in grateful recognition of their birth.

Since the above was penned, I have learned that the Marquise passed away at her chateau in France, and now lies at Vallombrosa with her husband.

I hear again that both sons are living.

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin.

Still standing to-day—the house built by the Marquis for his beautiful young wife, near the town named after her—Medora. It is surrounded by trees, at the right of the picture.

NUTRITION AND THE MENTAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHILDREN

By WILLIAM R. P. EMERSON

Professor of Medicine, Tufts Medical College, Boston

IN considering the relation of nutrition to mental development, let us first of all define what we mean by the term "nutrition" and also by the term "mind."

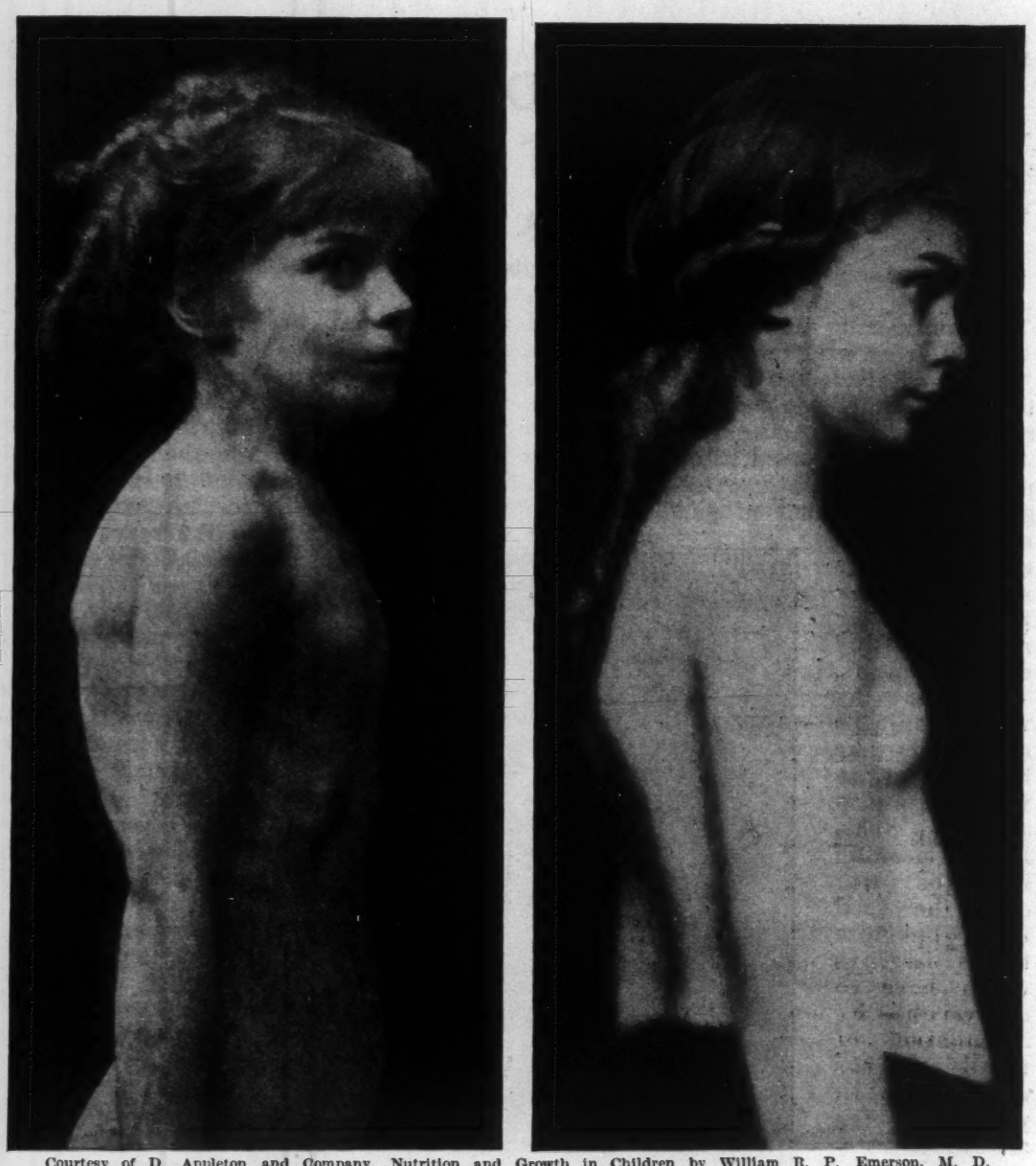
The use of the word nutrition to express two quite distinct meanings has given rise to much confusion. Instead of being merely equivalent to nourishment or food, a better and broader definition is, "the process by which animals and plants take in and utilize food substances." This larger meaning includes not only the food itself, but also those factors which have to do with the assimilation of food and its utilization in promoting the growth and repair of the body. It is in this sense that we shall use the term in the discussion of its relation to mental development.

Still greater confusion exists in regard to the definition of what we call mind. For many years, unfortunately, the mind has been considered as something quite apart from the body, but we are now coming to understand that it is a function of that part of the body called the nervous system, of which the brain is the chief organ. So then, considering mind in its relation to the entire body, and especially to that part called the nervous system, we study it in much the same way that we study other functions in their relation to the special parts of the body through which their behavior is observed.

Courtesy of Child Health

The apathetic appearance of this little boy tells all too plainly of malnutrition.

Using the brain as a symbol for the physical basis of mental activity, we recognize that the better the body, the better the brain, and its power to function as mind is determined by the quality of its tissue, its blood supply, and other physical conditions. Therefore, the child needs a well developed and well nourished nervous system for mental efficiency, just as he needs well developed and well nour-



Courtesy of D. Appleton and Company, Nutrition and Growth in Children by William R. P. Emerson, M. D.

Before *After*

The Case of Dorothea

Dorothea, aged eleven, became tired on slight exertion, so tired that it took her nearly an hour to dress in the morning. She would sit and dream, rarely smiled and her face looked distressed. She passed the school medical inspection but was given a tonic by her family physician. The hospital diagnosis was "No Disease." The nutrition diagnosis was: underweight 21%; nasopharyngeal obstruction; cervical adenitis; carious teeth; spinal curvature; fatigue posture. Nutrition class treatment was begun with the resulting transformation in both mental and physical condition shown above.

ished organs in other parts of his body for physical efficiency.

When attention is thus turned to what the mind *does,* rather than to the more abstract problem of what it *is,* the whole subject of mental development becomes more clear. In a recent discussion Robinson states the new trend of opinion:

"Man is an integral part of the natural order; he and his environment are constantly interacting. Such well-tried old terms as the will, consciousness, selfishness, the instincts, etc., when reinspected in the light of our ancestral background and embryological beginnings, all look very different from what they once did. . . . . .

"Mind and matter can no longer be divorced, but must be studied as different phases of a single vital and incredibly complicated situation. Mind is still in the making. An historical consideration of human intelligence, taking into account its animal and prehistoric foundations, its development in historic times, and the decisive childhood experiences through which each of us individually must pass—all these combine to reveal previously neglected elements in our minds, and untold possibilities in their future growth."

Nutrition in Infancy

The relation between nutrition and mental development is shown in its simplest form in infancy. The well nourished baby crows and laughs; he eats, sleeps and takes interest in the life about him, offering no difficulty in his relations with others beyond the effort to get what he wants. The poorly nourished infant is fretful, irritable, nervous; his sleep is disturbed, and every one associated with him suffers because of his condition. Such an infant is rightly considered a sick child, and is treated accordingly. He needs mental treatment in the way of training and control, but this is futile without physical treatment to bring him into a normal state of nutrition.

Unless this malnutrition is promptly removed, further mental effects appear as the child grows older. Instead of a natural reaching out into the various forms of activity that are essential to his well-being, there appears an attitude of defence and a desire to be let alone which are fatal to normal social relationships. The child's interests are narrowed and his whole attitude becomes negative. Unfortunate personality traits develop, such as self-centeredness, shyness, lack of confidence, selfishness, jealousy, fearfulness, depression, day-dreaming and unusual attachments. As the sentiments and emotions develop, the situation grows more and more complex, and it is difficult to separate cause and effect and say how much the child's physical condition affects his mind, or to what degree his mental condition affects his body.

The close parallel existing between physical and mental development was recognized by Bowditch as early as 1891, and the work of later investigators has served to emphasize his conclusions. In 1893, as a result of a study of St. Louis school children, Porter reported that the brighter children were definitely heavier, and the dull children lighter, than the average child of the same age. A similar observation is made by Baldwin, who has summarized with the results of his own researches data gathered by many other investigators both in this country and in Europe in studies extending from 1836 to 1913.

The following statements from his report are significant as representing a practically unanimous opinion:

"Dull children are shorter than precocious children of the same age, or average children."

"Successful pupils are taller than unsuccessful, and the rate of growth is quicker than in the unsuccessful."

"Dull children are lighter than precocious children."

"The lung capacity was found to be much greater in children whose standing in school is high, and distinctly inferior in a school of laggards."

"The tall, heavy boys and girls with good lung capacity are older physiologically, and further along in their stages toward mental maturity, as evidenced by school progress, than are the short, light boys and girls."

The same correlation between school progress, and the nutrition of the child, as represented by the weight-height index, is shown in a more recent study made in Detroit covering 80,662 children, which reports a clear tendency toward an increase in percentage of

underweight in proportion to the years of retardation in school work, while an equally consistent trend in the opposite direction accompanies each half-yearly step of acceleration in school work.

It has been argued in this connection that these studies merely show that mental superiority accompanies physical superiority, without proving that the physically inferior child, if brought up to normal, would show a corresponding improvement in mental development. At the present time, it is true, we cannot say how much improvement in the brain itself results from improvement in the general physical condition, but we do have conclusive evidence that the mental power of the child is actually increased. It is a change in power to function rather than an increase in native ability that we look for in bringing about improved nutrition.

Clinically, the physical changes that take place in the malnourished infant or older child as he returns to a normal physical condition are often remarkable, so great that the child can hardly be recognized. The mental transformation that accompanies physical recovery is frequently as great, so that it is a customary comment of parents and teachers—"He is a different boy. His whole mental attitude has changed. You would not know him."

One of the common fallacies met with in discussions of the relation between mental and physical growth is due to the tenacity with which we hold to some exceptional case, as, for example, the weak or delicate child who despite physical handicaps has made striking progress in school. That this is not a typical experience, however, is shown by Whipple's study of "gifted" children, in which he reports that of 128 students observed, 90 per cent were healthy themselves, and 83 per cent had healthy parents.

Essentials of Mental Health Necessary

During the first year of life, the child's needs may appear to be met by attention to the physical essentials of health, namely proper food, rest, air, and exercise; yet mental hygiene is also needed even in the first few weeks to ensure both mental and physical growth.

The first requisite is the teaching of obedience. The child's instinctive desires are expressed by crying if he does not immediately get what he wants, and if this method is successful, chaos soon reigns in the home, with the forming of habits that directly interfere with growth. Self-control through obedience is the foundation for all training.

A second need of the child is mothering, or love, which brings with it trust, happiness, and contentment. It is common knowledge that it is undesirable to keep an infant too long in a hospital, however perfect the hygienic conditions may be. Mothering is necessary for growth.

A third factor is regularity, which has to do with habit formation, and gives the child a sense of order and security.

As he grows older, he needs to be taught responsibility, which gives him self-respect and self-confidence.

All these factors in mental training are best brought to bear on the child's development in the environment of a good home, where by the force of example as well as by training, the child develops proper habits of work and play, learns to have consideration for others, and finds out how to adjust himself to parents, servants, neighbors, and other children.

Our greatest accomplishment in child welfare thus far has been in standardizing a program for infant care. This is one of the notable medical achievements of our era, and has resulted in a greatly reduced infant mortality. But when the period of infancy is passed, our record is not so creditable, and the pre-school years have come to be known as the most neglected period of life. In fact, most children pass through the whole growing period without the kind of examination that is needed to determine whether they are developing properly, mentally and physically.

The opportunity afforded for the spread of infection by the massing of great numbers of children in our public schools has led to a certain degree of care with regard to contagious diseases, and we salve our consciences by a formal inspection of children in a hurrying line. But this sort of school examination, with children fully dressed, reveals little about their general nutrition, and anything like a thorough

physical examination is almost unknown until the child becomes acutely ill. A beginning has been made in the wider adoption of the practice of weighing and measuring school children, but it should be followed by the incorporation of a broad nutrition program in the school system.

In a recent report of an orphan asylum, five pages were devoted to the subject of mental tests, while two lines were considered sufficient to sum up the results of the health inspection. Yet in this institution more than a third of the children were suffering from malnutrition. The mental examiners, it is true, call for a physical examination to rule out physical defect before they diagnose defects as mental, but there has been little attempt to see that the physical examination is adequate. Conduct and various mental qualities are graded and marked, but both in the school and in the home the physical condition of the growing child is treated with less intelligence than the farmer applies to his live stock, or the dog fancier to his puppies.

The result is that a third or more of all the children of this country are underweight, undernourished, malnourished; physically, and, therefore, mentally unfit. This neglected third is unrecognized in the home, the school and the community, and we may well be startled by the significant fact that the major part of our discussions and conclusions concerning normal children is based upon observations of this group.

A clear distinction between the well and the sick would clear the way to a better understanding of individual differences and possibilities. A malnourished child who is toxic from focal infection, fatigue, bad air, imperfect digestion or assimilation, or any other cause, is a sick child, and his mental reactions are different from those of a child in normal health. Were this more generally understood, we should be the better able to cope with his difficulties.

These are the children who congest our clinics. They gain a place in open air schools, and remain there, with little progress, until the age limit removes them. Teachers and principals spend profitless hours each year on a discussion of their promotion or demotion. More recently they have come to be a problem in industry when a working certificate is required. They appear in large numbers in the juvenile courts, and charity organizations know them through generation after generation.

In a prominent country day school it was found, after weighing and measuring all the children, that with one exception every problem of promotion and of discipline was in the underweight group.

Hereditary Tendencies

Much time has been spent in discussing the respective influence of heredity and environment in both mental and physical development. We know little about heredity, for, even when there seems to be tangible evidence as to the appearance of certain traits in successive generations, we are unable to state what might have been the development of the ancestor in question had he been placed in a more favorable environment. This is particularly true in the case of malnutrition. Time and again, when a certain child has seemed predestined to be thin because of his unmistakable resemblance to a thin forbear, we have seen him attain normal weight and maintain it, with a decided improvement in physical and mental condition. A practical attitude toward this important question is well stated by Kirkpatrick, as follows:

"From the individual standpoint, heredity should neither be ignored as of no importance, nor yielded to as inevitably fixing one's destiny. Instinctive and hereditary tendencies are roots from which the physical, mental and moral life develops. Some individuals develop more readily and to a greater degree than others. All are of the same human characteristics, but each may make the most of his environment. Some cannot go as far as others in certain directions, nor as easily, but no one has exhausted his possibilities of development. The practical problem is to expend our efforts upon the useful characteristics which we possess in the greatest degree."

Whatever be the child's heredity, he needs the best possible environment to promote the mental, moral, and physical growth which his inheritance affords.

The question is often asked as to the

extent of permanent damage done by malnutrition, and the degree of recovery and compensation possible after the causes have been removed. Animal experiments by Mendel and by Stuart and Jackson show that the organism has wonderful powers of recuperation, and remarkable ability to make adaptation in cases in which recovery is limited; yet if malnutrition continues throughout the normal period of growth there results an actual stunting, the vital organs remain undersized, and the length of the body lessened. In children who remain undernourished throughout the whole period of growth there is little evidence that they ever attain their own normal degree of development; while, on the other hand, undernourished children who are made "free to gain" and put on a good nutrition program respond promptly by an accelerated gain both in weight and in height.

During the World War opportunity was afforded for the observation of malnutrition on a large scale, and Blanton has reported a study made in Trier, Germany, with special consideration of its effect upon mental development. Some of his conclusions are:

1. At least forty per cent of the children in the Volkschulen are suffering from malnutrition to such a degree as to cause a loss of nervous energy.

2. While the percentage of stuttering, stammering and other speech defects did not increase, there was a marked increase in poor, lisping, slurring speech due to retardation or interference of the fine coordination necessary for good speech.

3. Failure to pass grades increased from a pre-war average of 8 per cent to 15 per cent in 1917 and 1918. It is estimated that half of this retardation is due to malnutrition, and half to war conditions.

4. A similar lowering of the whole standard of school work, due in part to the same two causes, is noted. Half the children who in pre-war times did superior work now do average work, and the percentage of children who do inferior work has increased from 20 to more than 30 per cent.

5. Specific changes noted are: a lack of nervous and physical energy; inattention during school hours; poor and slow comprehension; poor memory; a general nervous restlessness while in school.

6. While children of good nervous stock, or superior intelligence, seem to withstand a serious degree of malnutrition extending over more than two years without greater impairment than a lack of nervous energy, children of poor nervous stock or inferior intelligence suffer a general, and sometimes a permanent, lowering of the whole intelligence level from even a moderate degree of malnutrition.

The problem of correcting malnutrition in children is in many instances a simple one, but in others it is one of the most difficult in all medicine.

Beginning work on this special problem in 1908, it was not until 1918 that I was able to demonstrate that every child in an entire group could be brought up to normal. Since then we have been able practically to eliminate malnutrition from ten orphan asylums and in the year 1923 nutrition work carried on according to our program in Rochester, N. Y., demonstrated that approximately 1,000 of the most undernourished children of that city could be made to gain at the rate of 343% in their own homes without seriously interfering with their school work. Similar results have been secured in other cities.

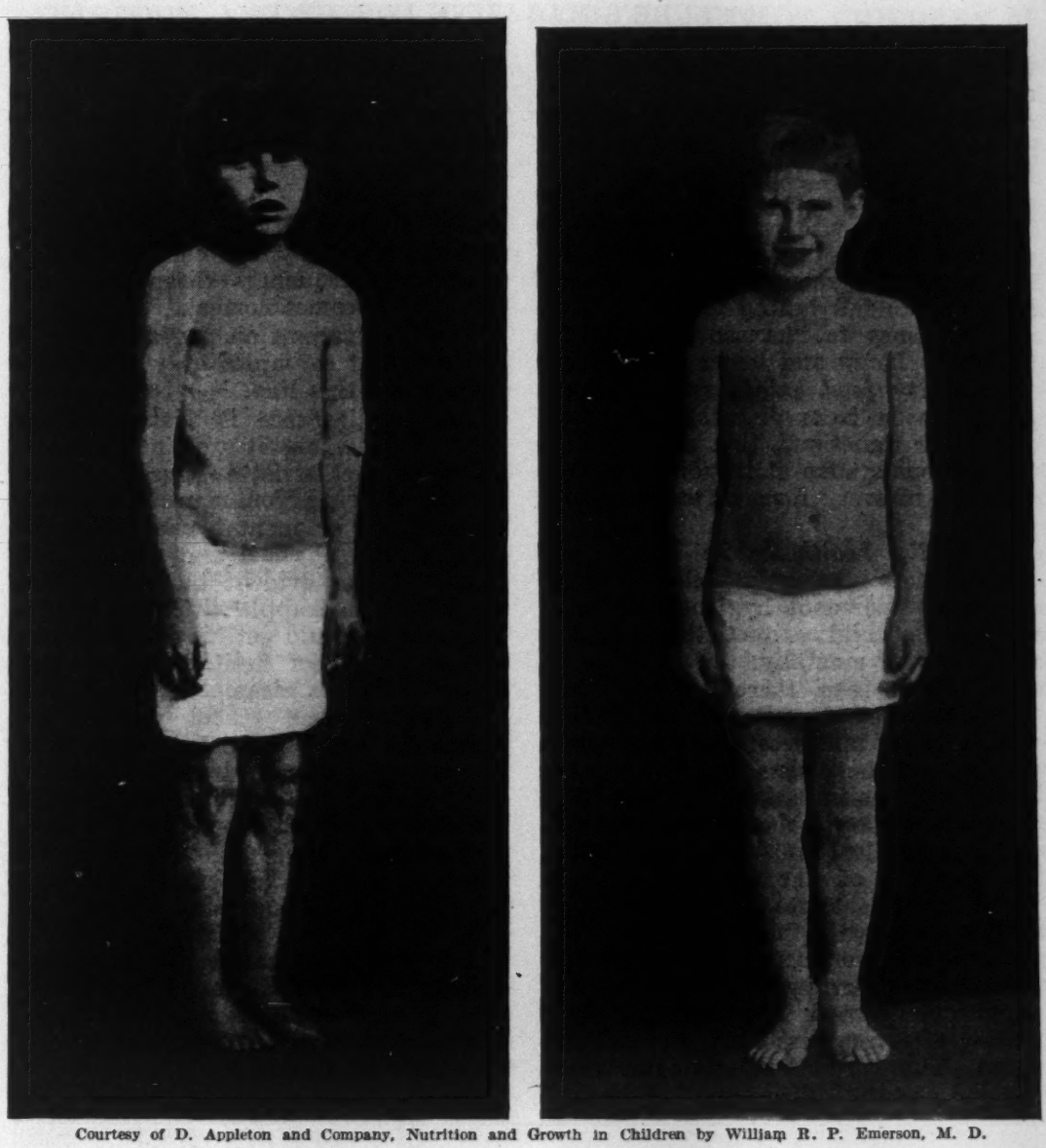
This was accomplished by ascertaining the cause of their malnutrition and removing them in nutrition classes by uniting the forces that control the child's health.

Five Causes of Malnutrition

It is of interest to note that the five chief causes of physical malnutrition, as observed in many thousands of cases, are also fundamental causes of mental unfitness. Taken in order of their importance, they are:

1. *Physical defects,* or inflammatory processes, such as adenoids and diseased tonsils. This cause affects the mental condition by toxemias, clouding the mind, bringing about early fatigue, producing lack of concentration, poor memory, restlessness and unstable nervous reactions.

2. *Lack of home control.* While this cause is essentially mental, its physical results are so conspicuous that



Courtesy of D. Appleton and Company, Nutrition and Growth in Children by William R. P. Emerson, M. D.

Before *After*

Mental Retardation or Mental Deficiency

Tom was 11% underweight, a mouth breather, with round shoulders, flat chest, spinal curvature and flabby muscles. He was considered stupid and kept after school in a vain attempt to hold him up to his grade. The right half of the picture shows him after his diseased adenoids and tonsils had been removed and he had followed directions as to diet and rest. The transformation in his condition can be seen to be mental as well as physical.

we list it second in the causes of malnutrition.

3. *Overfatigue.* This cause is perhaps the one most generally overlooked, although its effects are both physical and mental. The constantly increasing activities and interests of present-day life have added to the burden of the growing child, and when he begins to fall behind in school there is a tendency to increase the pressure by longer hours and home work.

4. *Faulty food habits and improper food.* Aside from disturbed digestion and other functions, this cause affects the nervous system at its source, and is reflected in every form of mental activity.

5. *Faulty health habits* include all those factors commonly included under the term "personal hygiene," without which the child cannot thrive either physically or mentally.

It will be seen, therefore, that most of the features of a program for dealing with mental unfitness are based upon removal of the causes which are associated with malnutrition. In fact, after working on the problem from the standpoint of physical unfitness, I found that the removal of these causes brought about mental changes in the child which corresponded with the aims of the mental hygiene workers. The parallel is sometimes less evident because abnormal conditions caused by sickness often persist after recovery from the original cause. These are the situations in which mental hygiene by itself is especially effective, but it is not effective when applied by itself as a cure for children suffering from such toxic conditions as listed above unless the basic cause is first removed. On the other hand, abnormal mental and social reactions, brought about by the child's physical condition, frequently disappear when nutrition becomes normal.

The illustrations on pages 72 and 77 are eloquent examples of what can be done along this line.

Another instance is that of a boy concerning whom it was not clear to either a psychiatrist or myself whether he was suffering from mental deficiency, retardation, or mental perversion due to abnormal physical and social conditions. It was evident that his mother was unable to grapple with the situation. He knew he could get his own way with her and did not hesitate to use both fists and feet in accomplishing his ends.

A good home school was chosen, where the boy for the first time in his life met with standards of living which did not bend to his whims and fancies. He soon recovered from the first shock and proved to be an example of the depth of inferior behavior to which an intelligent child can sink through indulgence and lack of training. Within a few weeks he had attained average weight, learned self-control and proved that he possessed normal intelligence. His teachers reported him to be a "perfect little gentleman."

These school children have been led into taking an interest in their own weights by keeping charts.

In any group of malnourished children we find lack of home control a factor in a surprisingly large proportion of cases, although its effect may be so conspicuously evident in improper food and health habits, chronic overfatigue, or the failure to have physical defects removed that the child's condition may seem to be due to one of these other causes. These are not only the children from homes which have become disorganized by tuberculosis, by the death or separation of the parents, or where the mother is the bread winner and cannot properly supervise the children's activities; but also in even greater numbers they are the "only child" or "spoiled child" types from well-to-do families or homes of wealth, where the children are over-indulged or left to the care of indifferent servants.

We can discover which of the causes of malnutrition are operating in any given case only by complete social, physical growth, and mental examinations. Each of the three is essential.

The Social Examination

The social examination has been almost unknown in the past, yet it has to do with the child's interests, activities and occupations, and is directly related to the factors of home control, overfatigue, and food and health habits. This record also includes the family history and the child's own health history, which may have valuable information bearing on his present condition.

The mental examination is given to determine mental defect, mental retardation or acceleration, and personality.

The physical growth examination must be thorough, not only to answer the question, "Has the child any physical evidence of disease?" but also the further question, "Is he growing properly?" The first step in this examination is the determination of weight and measurements, because we have as yet found no other items of information that affords so much help in discovering the child's nutrition. We are accustomed to follow the weight chart of an infant as an index of his condition, but the older child's weight line is an almost equally sensitive indicator of the effects of overfatigue, loss of sleep, slight indigestion, school tension, or any of the thousand incidents in his life.

Having, through this series of examinations, ascertained the causes of physical unfitness, the nutrition class brings together the home, the school, medical care and the child's own interest, thus coordinating the various forces that safeguard health. Weekly meetings are held, at which the attendance of the parents and the physician are essential. Home and school which have been "unhappily divorced," as Campbell puts it, are thus united, and the child's own interest is aroused through competition and cooperation. The class method gives the child a health objective. He has his individual weight chart which visualizes his physical condition, so that the mere mention of a habit that interferes with his gaining is often sufficient for its correction.

In scores of communities from Labrador to the Hawaiian Islands these classes are in operation; in the city of Rochester there are some fifteen hundred children enrolled at all times during the school year. As fast as one comes up to average weight and "graduates," another takes his place, and it is found that 70 per cent of the children maintain their new status after leaving the class.

Holt has characterized the class or group method as epochal in the treatment of children. It is a most effective method of health education, and humanizes our child welfare work. It is based on the century-old maxim, *mens sana in corpore sano,* providing instruction as well as treatment, and appealing to the sympathies and affections as well as to the intellect. When a child has come up to the average weight line the improvement he has made is mental as well as physical. During the period in which he has faithfully followed the program of rest periods, diet, and general hygiene he has not only received a health education of the highest value but in the process there has been developed in him something called character.

Reprinted by courtesy of The Childrens Foundation from "The Child: His Nature and His Needs."

A Tune In Court

By Marion Hill

A Story of the Italian Quarter in San Francisco

INASMUCH as little Tinto Trevino, in his daily social and commercial dealings with the San Francisco public, was hailed indifferently as a "dago," "greaser," "Eytalian," or "Portugee" kid, it is evident to any intelligence that the child was a foreigner. It is not so evident, however, why the grubby and solemn-eyed infant should have been considered of enough importance to engage the attention of the municipal government; but he was. Tinto, five-year-old, reticent, hungry Tinto, was arrested for being a public nuisance.

This to the Trevinos was more than a family grief; it was also a financial horror, for Tinto contributed appreciably to an income already miserably insufficient for a family that was outrageous as to numbers. In addition to Tinto and Tinto's father, Luis, and Tinto's mother, Tessa, there were brothers and sisters as follows: Stefano, Senta, Catalina, Rafael, Tonio, Anita, Marta, Jose, Doretta, and Maria—all undersized, underfed, greasy, scowling, garlicky, and clannish. Tessa once, when called upon to reconcile her youth with her indisputable motherhood of the brood, explained that she had had "T'ree-a to one time, two-a to one time, and one-a, oh, ever so many time."

This sentence was given with the villainous scowl of suffering which English brought to every Trevino countenance. They were so ignorant of the language that they dreaded it like a scourge; the scowl, though purely a linguistic manoeuver, prejudiced observers against the Trevino character.

Besides the English language—and luck—another foe to the Trevino peace of mind was an ill-disposed countryman of theirs whose last name was Zanardi. His first names are too holy to write, being those of the Divine Son and the blessed Mother; but Zanardi had them emblazoned in full in red letters on his yellow vegetable cart, and made the offense greater by his own daily life, which was of a nature calculated to bring reproach even upon the name of the Prince of Evil.

Zanardi, who had caused the arrest of baby Tinto, had harassed the Trevinos ever since that frightened bunch first set emigrant foot upon California soil, led by some ill fate to rent a shanty next to his in that unsavory foreign quarter of San Francisco known loosely as "Spanish Town." His only reason for persecution lay in the fact that he was a born bully, and the cowering inoffensiveness of the Trevinos was an irresistible temptation to him; then, too, they were trying to buy their shanty, and such thriftiness offended Zanardi's sense of what was proper in a Trevino.

He was really clever in his enmity, and kept safely out of the reach of the law by making the law itself perform his dirty work for him. The law has peculiar facilities for punishing the unoffender. A garden-hose can be turned upon a weak and thirsty plant so as to wash it into the dirt. For instance, when the Trevinos had gathered together a few sticks of furniture, Zanardi set the tax-collector upon them, and the ignorant wretches assented to so much English that they did not understand that they were assessed five times too much, and were fined for delinquency besides.

Then two little Trevinos, the two-a-to-one-timers, broke out in pimples due to lack of nutrition, and Zanardi promptly herded the whole flock of Trevinos to the new City Hall, and had the Board of Health vaccinate them, resulting from which their arms swelled out and hurt them and kept them helpless for weeks, thus stopping the final payments upon the cottage.

Luckless Rafael's arm communicated

pimples to the rest of his body, so Zanardi once more strenuously raised the cry of small-pox, in consequence of which the mortgaged Trevino shanty was quarantined, and then fumigated to the total destruction of all belongings that had escaped being condemned and burned.

Next, when Zanardi thought that Luis had become enough of an American citizen to vote, he had him vote industriously three or four times at the one election, and upon his information there followed an elegant seance about illegal registration, and Luis was reprimanded and imprisoned and fined and kept in so much hot water that a whole cargo of bananas went bad on his hands, not being sold in time. To ripen those bananas, Tessa and brood had nightly taken the bunches to bed with them, as is the custom of fruit peddlers; and when Tessa was worried into brain fever by Luis' difficulties with the ballot, Zanardi confided to the public the trick of trade in fruit-ripening, had Trevino's stock condemned as infected, and thereby killed the Trevino banana industry forever.

Then the School Board was induced to investigate why the Trevino children were not kept at school, with the result that they were taken from lucrative trades and put into infant classes, where they twined their long legs around desks too small for them, sat all day making queer marks upon slates, scowled darkly at an uncomprehended, uncomprehending teacher, and never by any chance learned anything. When Stefano took a day off to nurse his wrath, and sought the water-front to do it privately, not to worry his parents with his own cares, the truant officer was sent after him; and there followed another dismal seance in still another department of the City Hall.

Tinto was too young to suffer at the hands of any School Board, so Zanardi exercised special ingenuity and hurt him in a child's most vulnerable feelings—through a pet animal. The very rich and the very poor have one blessed privilege in common—both can afford to keep a dog: those in merely comfortable circumstances cannot stand the expense. Tinto had a puppy, a big, rollicking slob, so good-tempered that he got fat on a diet visibly consisting only of sunshine and the affectionate mouthings he gave the children. The puppy made a friendly run at Zanardi one day, catching playfully at his moving boot, and the Italian—after some personal treatment in his own room—came out lacerated around the ankle, showed the "wounds" to the police, and the officer shot the dog before Tinto's eyes. The moan of the pup and the shriek of the child made music acceptable to J. M. Zanardi.

So much cannot be said of the music which came from Tinto's violin. That music was a source of annoyance to the enemy, for from it came many nickels to the small player. Could the law hold out no remedy? It could. Tinto could be arrested for disturbing the peace, and being a nuisance—which brings us back to where we started.

When, in answer to the charge, they all filed into a court-room of the new City Hall on that foggy December morning, the Trevinos presented anything but an engaging appearance. They all came—Luis and Tessa, Senta, Catalina, Anita, Marta, Doretta, Maria, Jose, Stefano, Rafael, Tonio, and, of course, Tinto—and they came shivering and scowling, the skirted members darkly muffled in greasy head-shawls, whence their eyes gleamed like those of cats; the trousered portion with dirty hands deep in frayed pockets and still greasier collars pulled high up around swarthy necks; and they looked like an assassins' chorus in a Tivoli opera. Zanardi, on the contrary, sleek as a panther, was the embodiment of Italian grace. His face was as open as day, and when he smiled it was like sunshine, and his teeth gleamed like pearls.

It is no wonder that the desperate Trevinos had not enough interest in life even to wash. Ruin is ruin, whether the money involved be reckoned in millions of dollars or in a handful of dimes. In losing their shanty and banana trade, the Trevinos were more destitute than the word "bankruptcy" has any power to suggest: they might as well all cut their throats and leave the rest to the coroner. It is beyond the power of onlookers to estimate the horror of tragedy hourly going on in our imported population. Out of the droves of ignorantly hopeful people who come herding over to us, their souls glowing not only with impossible fancies of wealth and power

to come, but with equally preposterous expectation of present welcome, only a rare few gain independence; while the rest slave and suffer, sicken, die, and rot to form an awful human fertilizer for the land they came to share. The animal hunger and desperation shining from their eyes appeal to us merely as an unpleasant, but inalienable, attribute of the "lower classes," not at all as the signs of the death struggle of a lonely brother man. Loneliness fills as many graves as whisky. The loneliness of Italians in California is pitiful: they come with notions of placer mining in their back yards and cultivating grapes in their front yards, with the presidency always hopefully within reach. In San Francisco, the situation is worse on account of the climate. Few people understand how emphatically San Francisco is not California. The confirmed San Franciscan knows less about the Golden State than any Pueblo Indian baby. San Francisco, within an hour's journey of a torried belt, is never hot; San Francisco, within sight of snow-clad peaks, is seldom frigid; San Francisco is cool, breezy, and foggy. To an Eskimo it is Hades; to an Italian it is perpetual winter.

The Trevinos, as they shivered in court on that gray December morning, bore in their gloomy eyes a history of pain—grief for their lost South, suffering for their present predicament, and fear for the hungry, disgraced, and homeless to-morrow. Small wonder that the history expressed itself in scowls and slinking ferocity. The Trevinos hated everything they saw. They especially abominated a eucalyptus tree which grew outside the City Hall and clashed its cruel leaves against the court-room window. An abominable tree is the eucalyptus. Its dark, sickle-shaped leaves saw against each other with the rasping of knives. Moreover, they have the power of condensing mist into rain. On a foggy day every eucalyptus drips an incessant downpour. The tree outside the court-room window was behaving with more than usual nastiness, contorting itself, wringing its arms, clashing its noisy leaves, and weeping with vulgar abandon, throwing the mist from it in a steady shower of cold tears.

Not the Trevinos alone suffered from its depressing influence; with Christmas not a fortnight off, all the court clientele was in an especially holiday humor—this with adults means, of course, discontent, a sneering remembrance of—and sorrowing for—childish dead joys, contempt for the empty present, and disgust for the coming ordeal of taking and giving gifts. God pity the wretches who come before a judge when he is in a holiday humor.

Next to the advent of Christmas, what most soured his honor was the presence in the court-room of a large number of medical students: young men of prevailing pallor of complexion, most of them gone wildly to beard, and all smelling of antiseptic soap, which, though cleanly enough in itself, has unpleasant suggestions in the background. These young men had just come from an examination of some disease corpuscles, beautifully mounted on glass slides and kindly on microscopic view in the rooms of the Board of Health, and they had obtained permission to use the court-room as a means of studying how the exhalations of crime vitate the atmosphere, or something of the sort. At any rate, there they were, and their obtrusion was another prejudicial factor in the Trevino case.

Indeed, as Zanardi cited his wrongs, no sane judge could do anything but believe him to be an injured party.

"All-a time, ever since Trevinos they come next-a door, they have injure my property, and be evil-minded to me, and set on their dog to me," wailed J. M., his handsome eyes flashing eloquently. "From how they look darkly on me, you can see how much-a hate they have of me; but all those things is nothings to me, so long as they leave to me my quiet to sleep, so that I get strong to work next day. But no, no! Me and my wife and all in my house have our heads distracted with fiddle, fiddle, all-a-time fiddle, until we no know nothings no more. My poor wife, my poor Nella, she much-a too sick to come to-day——"

"He lie!" called Tessa, desperately. "Nella, she home iron out a shu't waist. I see her."

"Silence!" thundered his honor, not more to Tessa than to the medicos, who had enjoyed immensely the feminine outburst.

"No lie," softly denied the long-suffering Zanardi, in patient dignity.

"Every day Nella grow weak' and weak'. Fiddle next door all day and all night. Never to sleep makes a very nervous woman, and Nella she so much unsettle she can no longer take in wash, and can only go around hold on to her head, and moan—oh, how she moan for rest! Me myself find it a big burden to have that sound of fiddle all-a time within my head. Many peoples can tell how much that small Tinto can fiddle even in one day and a night."

Which "many peoples" immediately proceeded to do. There was no lack of witnesses to prove how undesirable were the Trevinos as neighbors; how uncleanly, given to accumulating loathsome diseases; how unpatriotic and uneducational, but especially inconsiderate in the persistency with which they incited Tinto to untimely practice of noisome tunes upon a discordant fiddle. They prayed not only for abatement, but for absolute prohibition of the baneful scraping.

"The wonder is, why Luis has this hate of me, who but wish him well," mourned Zanardi, "who have been his friend from the first, but it is a true proverb that who smears himself with honey will be pestered by the flies. I can stand no more, and I pray that Luis will be made not to set Tinto to scrape that fiddle when most Luis thinks I am sick and in need of sleep."

"Have you anything to say?" demanded the judge of Luis.

Knowing well what he had to say, and saying it, Luis did for himself. He expressed a wish that some Jew might spit on the grave of Zanardi's grandmother, and promised that he, Luis, would ere long smash in Zanardi's face. There is an excuse for him. Ignorant as he was of English, he yet divined intuitively that the whole case, against him from the first, was settled irrevocably in the mind of the judge, and would come shortly to a conviction and costs. It was equivalent to a death sentence; and a dying man does not quibble with words. What Luis said he meant. His whole family meant it, too, for, with the same intuition, they divined the situation as well as he, and every Trevino face was one malignant scowl.

No, not every face. Tinto, bored long ago with proceedings which seemed to have nothing to do with him in spite of the frequent occurrence of his name, was examining with placid interest a glass paper-weight upon the judge's desk. The better to do it, he had wandered into the center of the room, where he stood in unconscious prominence, hugging his violin under his arm as a girl might hug a doll.

This unvexed vision gave the judge an idea. "Here, you Tinto, play something! Show us what sort of a nuisance you are. Understand? Fiddle! Scrape! Give us a tune. *Sabe?*"

Tinto turned immense eyes from the judge to his father, much as he would appeal from an idiot and Luis said something in Italian.

The child, looking more like a wee mahogany god than anything human, turned his assenting orbs again upon the judge, and commenced to tune his violin, doing it with what looked like unembarrassed leisure, but was in reality infinite love and patience.

The embryo doctors leaned back with the complacency of those who have front seats at the minstrels. The judge had an angry expectation of being assailed with the strains of a popular song, with a chorus demanding that all who heard should "Bone dat turkey, brudders, bone dat turkey!"

Tinto let his slow gaze wander around the court-room for inspiration. He rejected the sad picture of his kinspeople, the smiling doctors, a curious throng of outsiders at the doors, the unfriendly court, the lonely tree that wept against the window-pane and writhed against a background of sullen sky, and fixing his yearning eyes finally upon the crystal bauble which had chained his fancy—the beautiful, ever-unattainable iridescence of that fairy-like plaything—he sighed deeply, and then took route for fairyland itself upon the bridge-like, golden, vibrating notes of Schumann's "Traumerei," the dream song of dream songs.

Perhaps he looked further than the bit of glass, and saw in his pathetic daydream those other glittering shams for which, in the coming years, he would barter the music of his man's soul—the woman's smile, the crown of fame, the shine of gold, the hearts of his friends. Whatever it was, it spoke with a moving sweetness, and the courtroom was filled

with music of such awful tenderness and strength that it seemed absurd to connect it with so small a performer, who guided a tiny bow with the grimy fingers of a baby.

Like the flight of a bird that reaches high places; like the unexpectedness of an earth-quake shock which reveals God to us; like the fragrance of a flower that steals unbidden upon our senses; like a baby's velvet touch which thrills our beings with divine tenderness, the music of the Dream Song floated through the court-room and held the listeners spell-bound. Sweet as it was, yet hand in hand it went with pain; for what is there for us but sorrow when we dream dreams of what might be and know we must waken to the things which are?

After a first shiver, as from an icy clutch at his heart, the judge leaned back and seemed less to listen to the music than utterly to disregard it. But he too had crossed on that golden bridge, not to the future where Tinto went, but back into a past that he fancied was forgotten. Dreaming, dreaming! Ah, dear God, had not all the ambitions of his youth been dreams! And she—his wife, not the stately woman who now bore his name and showed off his wealth, but that little dead girl who used to bring her violin and play to him when the twilight came and the firelight danced over the bare room that was home to them—had not she in her hopes and prophecies for him been but dreaming, too? This very tune was what she mostly played, and the time came when she played it with her dreams reaching out to fold themselves about a little child that was to be theirs, the little boy who stayed but long enough to deliver God's message that wife and child were both to go back to Him. She was in her grave, and this tune, that surely was hers and hers alone, was going on, beautifully insistent, to waken all the laments of his lonely soul.

But at last the music stopped, and the small player looked inquiringly at the judge.

Now it is undeniable that, had the judge's previous humor been *for* "Bone dat Turkey" instead of against it, the "Traumerei" would have proved Tinto a nuisance of virulent type. It is also undeniable, though regretable, that a dead wife has more effectiveness as a moral force than a living one. And the judge was touched. So touched was he that he dared not look up until he had strangled at their birth the sobs that threatened to come. It would never do to have those prim teachers at the doors surprise him at his emotions.

The teachers were in the building to collect back salaries. In San Francisco, when the opening of a street, or a park road, or the leveling of a sand hill empties the sensitive treasury, the deficit can always be met by docking the school-teachers of a percentage of salary. Then a new administration sets in, and, as a politic move, pays back a dribble, just enough to insure grateful support. One of these celestial reimbursements was being made on the day of Tinto's trial, and his violin had drawn curiously to the court doors a throng of happy spinsters, each with a plethoric chatelaine bag hanging from her belt and further guarded by the clutch of a gloved hand.

When fortified to meet the examination of these sharp feminine eyes, the judge raised his head, and his gaze was very severe. It softened once when it rested on the upturned face of Tinto, but hardened doubly when directed upon Zanardi.

"Is this the music that is driving you distracted?" he demanded in disgust.

Zanardi misinterpreted the source of disgust, and further committed himself.

"Yes, yes; just like-a that. Music like-a that, at all time Tinto plays."

"Then the best thing Tinto can do for you is to keep on playing till you grow able to appreciate it," ordered the judge, and the medical students drowned his further words in a shout of applause. A yong doctor, especially during the growth of his first beard, is invariably a music lover.

"Here, you shaver," called one, "here's a half-dollar to buy yourself a Christmas gift. Make it a cake of soap if you can." As he tossed the silver, the infection caught his comrades, and they all began to search their pockets for small coin.

Tinto thought it his professional duty to go around with his hat, court or no court, and stoically did so, winding up by besieging his honor himself, but giving him a wistful look rather of thanks for past favor than an appeal for alms.

"Isn't he cute?" whispered the

teachers. But they did not give him any of their restored salaries. It had come too hard for that.

"For yourself, Tinto," murmured his honor, dropping a yellow piece among the silver.

But the poor do not own themselves. What they have belongs to the head of the family, that he may make a better fight against the wolf of poverty. Tinto, without even looking at it, wearily carried the money to Luis, and gave it all up. It was no concern of his. His duty was just to work and to hand over what he made like any workhouse drudge. His childhood never knew the delight of spending money.

"Oh, the poor little thing!" cried a teacher. Her eyes moistened and her hand fumbled in her purse. The "cuteness" of Tinto could not touch the teachers, they being too much the martyrs of "cute" infancy, but his unchildness went straight to their womanly hearts, and this time their money freely flowed.

As the Trevinos eagerly watched the shower of silver, they correctly estimated it as sufficient to pay off the last penny owing upon the house, and figured a residuum for the recommencement of trade. They were shrewd enough to realize also that this public tide-turning would make of them people of genteel distinction to their neighbors, and the Trevino faces were as bright with eyes and teeth as an altar with tapers.

Zanardi was sensibly endeavoring to sneak outside, which suggested a *finale* for the judge.

"Get out, everybody!" he ordered. "This is a farce. We have wasted entirely too much time. Clear out."

Thus ended the case, and if the succeeding cases did not suffer horribly from the severity which is the reaction of heart-softening and purse-opening, then is human nature in the city of the Golden Gate beautifully different from human nature in rest of the world.

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THE RIDING SONG OF A FREE COMPANY ABOUT ROCHE D'ARIEN

From Aldebaran

There du Guesclin bites his nails,
Listening to the jongleurs' tales,
Little love, or so they say,
Nourishing for such as they,
Or their newest virelay;
But he must abide his time and wait,
In that little room above the gate,
In that gray place, a chill place,
An old place, an ill place,
A bad place in winter,
In Roche d'Arien.

There du Guesclin sits each day,
Waiting for the word to slay,
Watching for the face he'll know,
Scans the folk who come and go,
Riding, trudging through the snow:
There will be good blows to give
This March or April — if we live!
But 'tis a cold place, a stark place,
A grim place, a dark place
A bad place for waiting,
Is Roche d'Arien.

—*M. St. Clare Byrne*

THE PUBLIC RESPONSIBILITY OF THE BAKER OF BREAD

By GEORGE S. WARD

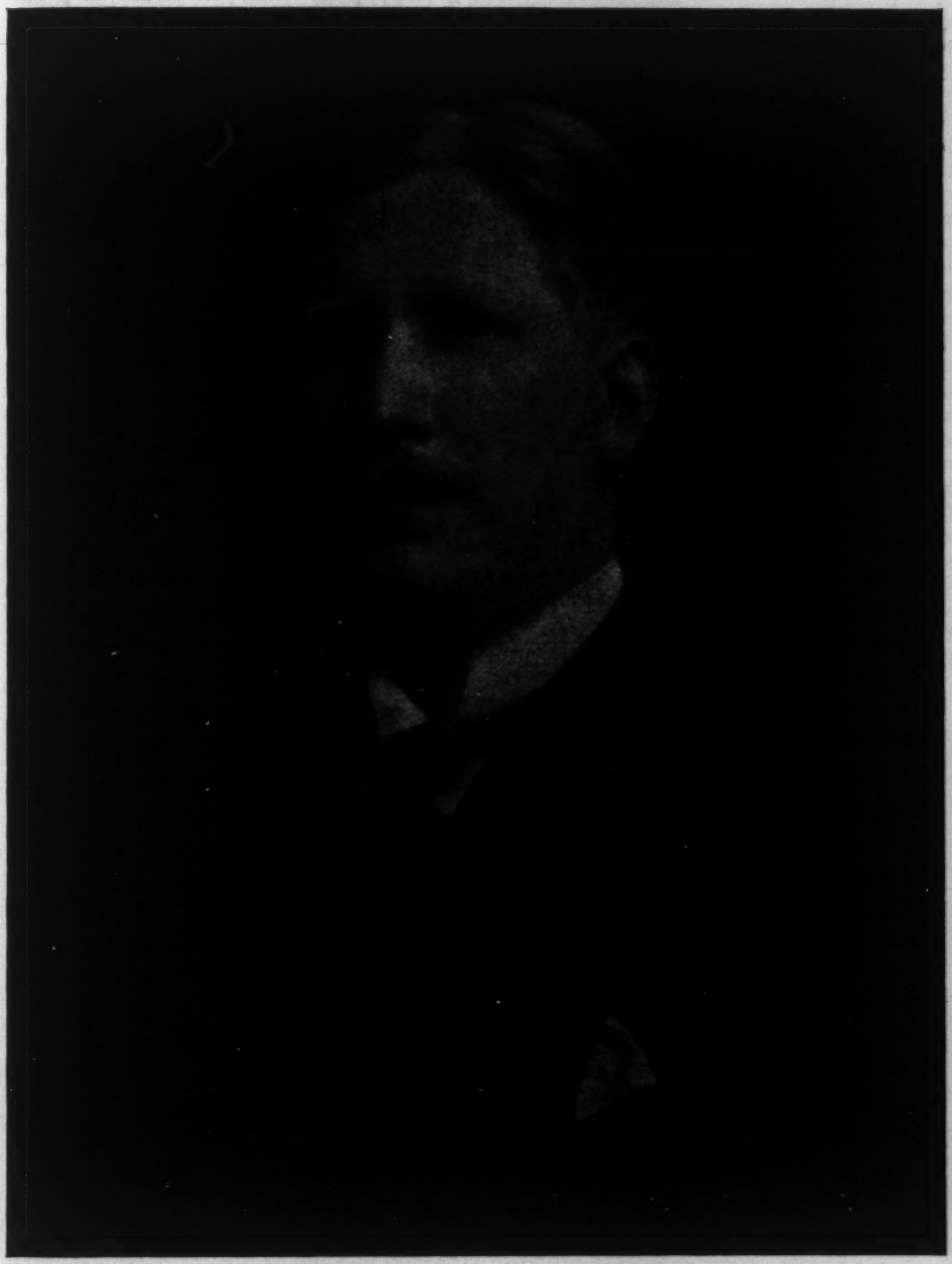
AFTER a lifetime spent in helping to create an industry which removes the baking of bread from millions of homes to outside industrial establishments, I realize the personal responsibility incurred. It may be summarized in a few words. The baker's responsibility can be met by the production of good, wholesome bread, made of pure ingredients, under sanitary conditions, and placed within convenient reach of the public, at a price fair at once to baker and consumer.

Speaking for the baking industry I am glad to say that our responsibility has been met in a very creditable manner, especially during the score of years last gone by, during which period the baking industry has grown in merit by leaps and bounds. It is interesting to review the advancement made in these years because I believe it marks the period during which the baker comes to have *conscious* responsibility.

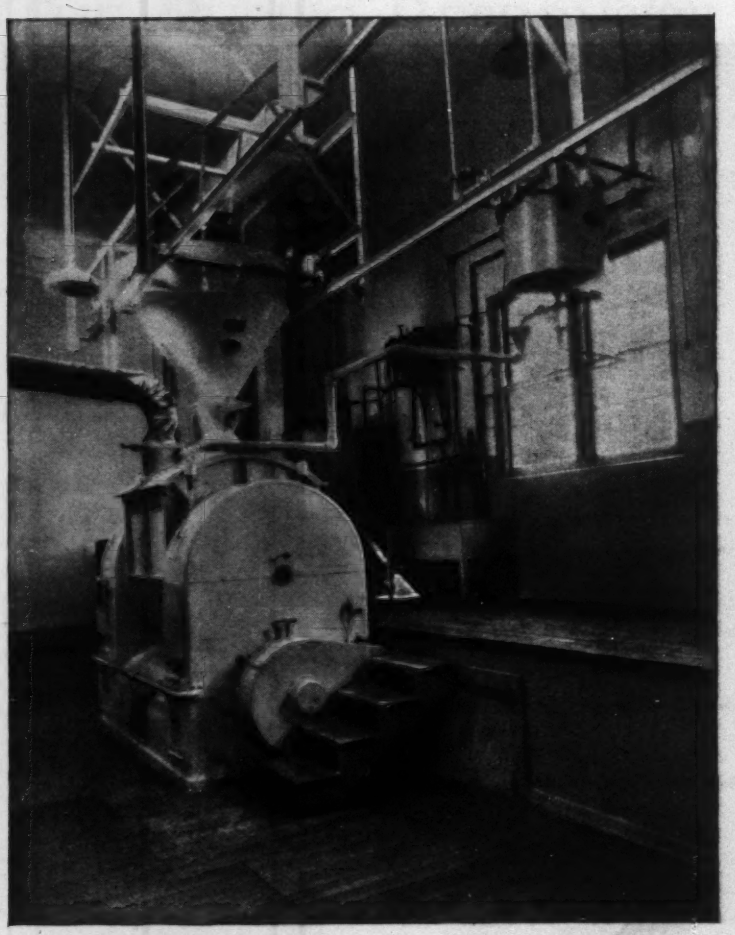
It was in Pittsburgh, in 1905—just twenty years ago—that the first large fireproof, sanitary factory bakery was built. This building was the pioneer effort towards progress, and yet at that time it was laughed to scorn by leaders in the industry. Baking of bread had until then generally been done in more or less inadequate quarters, in buildings unsuited for the purpose, mostly old residences or other adapted structures, with ovens and workrooms in the cellar, altogether unsanitary, and often unspeakably so. The necessary ingredients were selected without proper knowledge of their purity. The work had been carried on in overheated and badly ventilated rooms. The doughs were mixed by the perspiring hands and arms of poorly paid and ignorant workmen—uninstructed alike in the processes of fermentation and the laws of hygiene. Bakers worked exceedingly long hours, and it was almost a general practice for them to sleep and live in the baking rooms. They did all the work of the establishment, procured fuel and prepared it for the ovens, carted the flour and other ingredients, looked after stables and rolling stock, mingling these tasks with the operations of baking—which arrangement, you will agree, prevented any proper attention to sanitation or personal cleanliness.

During the last decade, however, such conditions have practically passed away, and the example has been widely followed of the first modern factory baking plant, with its big, broad windows to let in the sunlight, and its observation of every requirement of sanitation and hygiene. Building has been guided by the new sense of responsibility, and with a new vision towards future possibilities of the baking business.

During the last decade the industry has come into more competent hands, the hands of men who have won away from the housewife the job of providing the American family with its daily bread. Just as the shoemaker is passing from his bench, as electric light has almost sent the candle-maker into oblivion, as the modern packing house has put out of business the old-fashioned butcher and his unsanitary slaughter-house, so has the baker been stepping along in the parade of progress. The old-time jingle of "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker" has become obsolete. To-day the vocation is followed by progressive, wide-awake, alert business men, men who have put capital and brains into their enterprise, and many of whom know the value of science in baking. The new order is the modern baking plant, planned and built by architects and engineers specializing in bakery construction. Raw material is selected for purity and food value. The baker of to-day carries on his production with a scientific selection and clear knowledge of the value of ingredients that go into the dough mass under controlled conditions of humidity and tempera-



George S. Ward. On his retirement, the company he helped to found took the super loaf off the market. "It is my firm resolve," he says, "that this betterment of human nutrition shall be carried on."



This automatic mixer relieves 1600 women from the drudgery of bread-making every fifteen minutes.

ture. The thermometer is the baton with which he measures time and temperature, to the joy and music he finds in his job; and I can think of no enterprise more worthy of a man's best effort than the baking of good bread for the people.

I suggest, as an interesting experience that you might greatly enjoy, a visit to a modern baking plant. Here is a building such as I have described, with large, well-ventilated, white tiled rooms, where cool, clean arms of steel have replaced sweaty arms of flesh in the mixing of the dough, handling barrels of flour at a grasp, where pounds were once the measure, and producing infinitely better results. Here the great steel dough troughs, suspended from overhead tracks, can be seen following one another into the fermentation rooms, where, during the hours of proofing and rising, ventilation, temperature, and humidity are all carefully controlled. When ready for the next step in the process the dough is automatically divided and weighed into loaf pieces by machines and rolled into dough balls. It is then placed, still automatically, into pocket proofers for further rising in the loaf piece, again under controlled temperature and humidity. When ready for their final shaping the loaves are moulded by a machine, which in a short second does what formerly took the hand laborer several minutes. As the loaves leave the moulding machine at the rate of from eighty to ninety a minute, they are gently dropped into baking tins, which go in rotation on conveyors to the very mouth of the ovens, already heated and ready to receive hundreds of loaves in one batch; or else the dough loaves are carried automatically into the heated caverns of immense traveling ovens.

It is interesting to watch them through observation doors as they pass in soldier-like alinement down a hundred feet or more, to the discharging end, where the golden-brown baked loaves, with delicious aroma bespeaking their goodness, are separated from the baking tins, and continue through the cooling chambers, whence, after an hour's time, they emerge to the wrapping machine. Here again they are automatically handled. The wrapping machines turn out each loaf beautifully and hermetically sealed in wax paper, ready to be delivered to the customer. The bread has now passed through an entire process, from raw materials to finished product, without the touch of human hands.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness." The Eleventh Commandment preached and practised among leading bakers of to-day is cleanliness. In the early "forward movement" "Mother's Bread" was advertised, to point the claim that it was the better the more closely it resembled the home-made loaf; whereas the present baker's loaf has grown uniformly better than the house-wife's, by reason of his correct and scientific practise and his better equipment.

During the years when our country was involved in the World War the baking industry suffered a severe set-back. You will remember that we all, housewife and baker alike, volunteered to save wheat to win the war—to save each a slice a day. The baker was put under Government license, and in making bread was required to incorporate with his wheat flour other food elements that were never intended by nature for such use. There was a prescribed 25% of some other cereal than wheat, such as corn meal, barley flour, rolled oats, or even potatoes. None of these materials will stand the leavening process. Used to such excess they so over-burden the gluten of the wheat flour that the loaf breaks and falls, because the leavening gas, carbon dioxide, produced by the yeast in process of fermentation, could not be retained in the envelope or skin of the loaf. Many of you remember the poor quality of bread available during that period.

This was the most trying crisis through which the industry had ever passed; and yet it may be truthfully said, to the baker's credit, that he accepted his responsibility and performed his duty well—so well indeed that, at the close of the war, the industry received the thanks and commendation of the Government for its patriotic co-operation.

Nevertheless, hundreds of thousands of consumers were turned away from use of baker's bread, and the baker was forced to rehabilitate and rebuild his business and win afresh the good-will and confidence of the public, particularly of the house-wife. This situation caused him to study first principles more thoroughly. He turned to science for help as he had never done before. This

A travelling oven of more than a hundred feet in length. The unbaked loaves are put in at this end.

resulted in organization of local, state and national associations, in fact continuing the associations which had been formed during the war for the exchange of knowledge and mutual help. The baker's vision was broadened, and to-day, in Chicago, the American Baker's Association has a splendid building known as the American Institute of Baking. There all materials used in baking can be sent for standardization, so that every element used is certified for purity and baking quality. Here research is carried on for the industry at large, and scientists are employed in finding out the ways of producing better and more nutritious bread. Baking schools are conducted, where young men are taught the science and technique of baking, and are given certificates on graduation. Better and richer materials and more efficient machinery have come into use.

On many other points I might touch in relation to the baker's responsibility to the public, but I feel that I have already given enough time to it. Before leaving the subject, however, I take the liberty to suggest that occasionally in our busy lives we stop to think of what is behind the many conveniences we enjoy. We are so accustomed to service in answer to pressing the button or to the telephone call that we seldom trace our many blessings back to their source; and so let us recall that

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour, the mill,
And back of the mill is the wheat and the shower,
And the sun and the Father's Will.

Permit me to call attention to my own work on nutritious bread, and to my success in producing a super loaf, through use of which, with water alone, animal life, growth and reproduction have been indefinitely sustained beyond the ninth generation. Such a result has never before been recorded for a single food.

In telling this intensely interesting story I hardly know where to begin; and yet because it grew out of my own life, and is indeed my life's work, I feel that I must carry my readers back even beyond the beginning of my own career, for the purpose of emphasizing to young men and women that what we do and think in our early years is the foundation on which rest the will and power to do our best in our coming life's work.

The name Ward had a humble origin. Hugh Ward, my father, introduced it into the baking business in a little one-oven shop in Broome Street, New York City, in 1849. He was born in a small village in Ireland, near Belfast. He was the fifth of seven sons. His father, James Ward, was a cloth weaver, but because of his large family of sons he engaged also in the contracting business of road building. The younger sons were apprenticed to various trades, my father to that of baker. He was bound out to serve and live with his master four years. His father paid a fee for his instruction the first year, and during the following years he earned wages a little over the charges for his board. During this period some time was found for school.

At the close of his apprenticeship, with his journeyman's papers, he went to Belfast, and entered the largest bakery in that city. There his experience broadened. Being ambitious, however, he sailed for America, landing in New York at the age of about nineteen, with little of this world's goods, but with strong courage to face the future. He worked a year in New York, saving his money, and bought the small bakery in Broome Street. He was moderately successful and helped other members of his family to America. His father and brother later joined him in a partnership which continued several years.

The excitement caused by discovery of gold in California was recent, and allured him. He sold his business and started West. Reaching Pittsburgh, he visited a friend, a former fellowworkman of Belfast. Finding him in failing health, he remained with him, bought a partnership, and later took over the entire business. He spent the rest of his days in Pittsburgh, accumulating two separate fortunes, as fortunes were then computed, but lost them both by his generous endorsement of friends in need, so that he died involved. The result was a new family partnership, consisting of my mother, two sisters and myself.

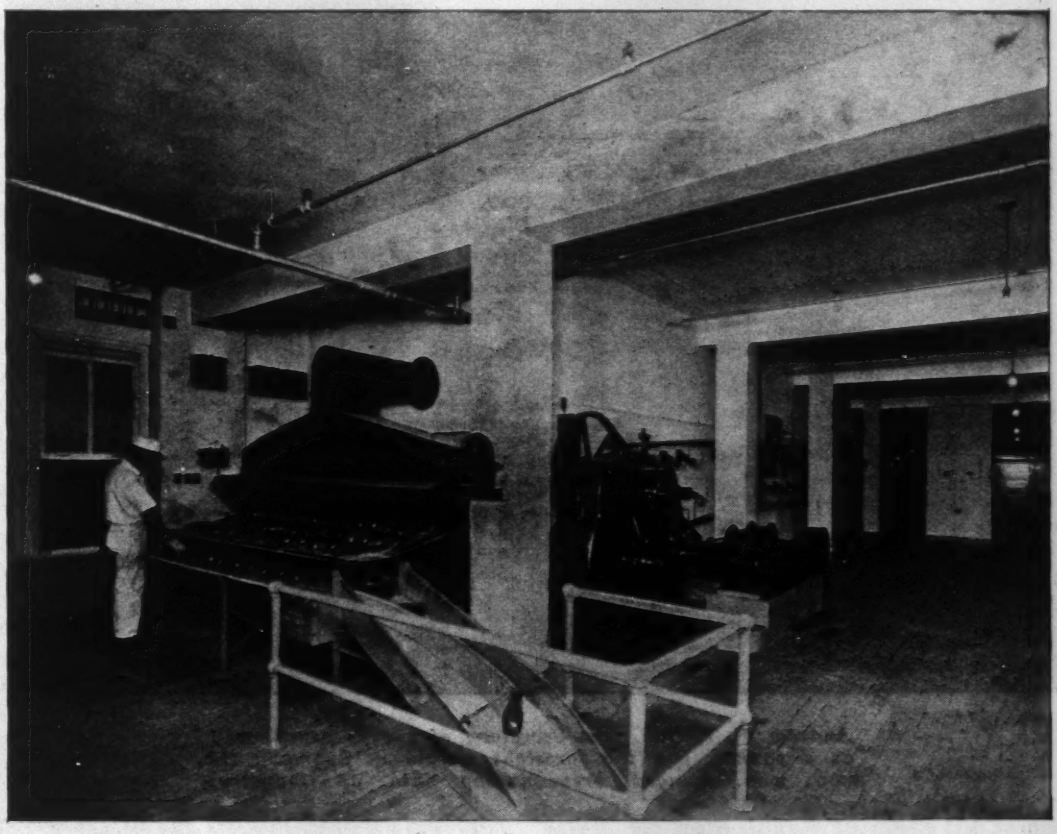
Before my father's death, however, I had been anxious to go to work, as most of my friends were doing. I had a distaste for the baking business, because it involved so much night and Sunday

work. At the age of fourteen, therefore, I secured my parent's consent to leave school and seek outside employment. I engaged for the munificent sum of two dollars per week as stock boy in a large department store. During this period it was often necessary for mother and me to help father turn out the baking during night hours, so that customers might not be disappointed in their daily supply.

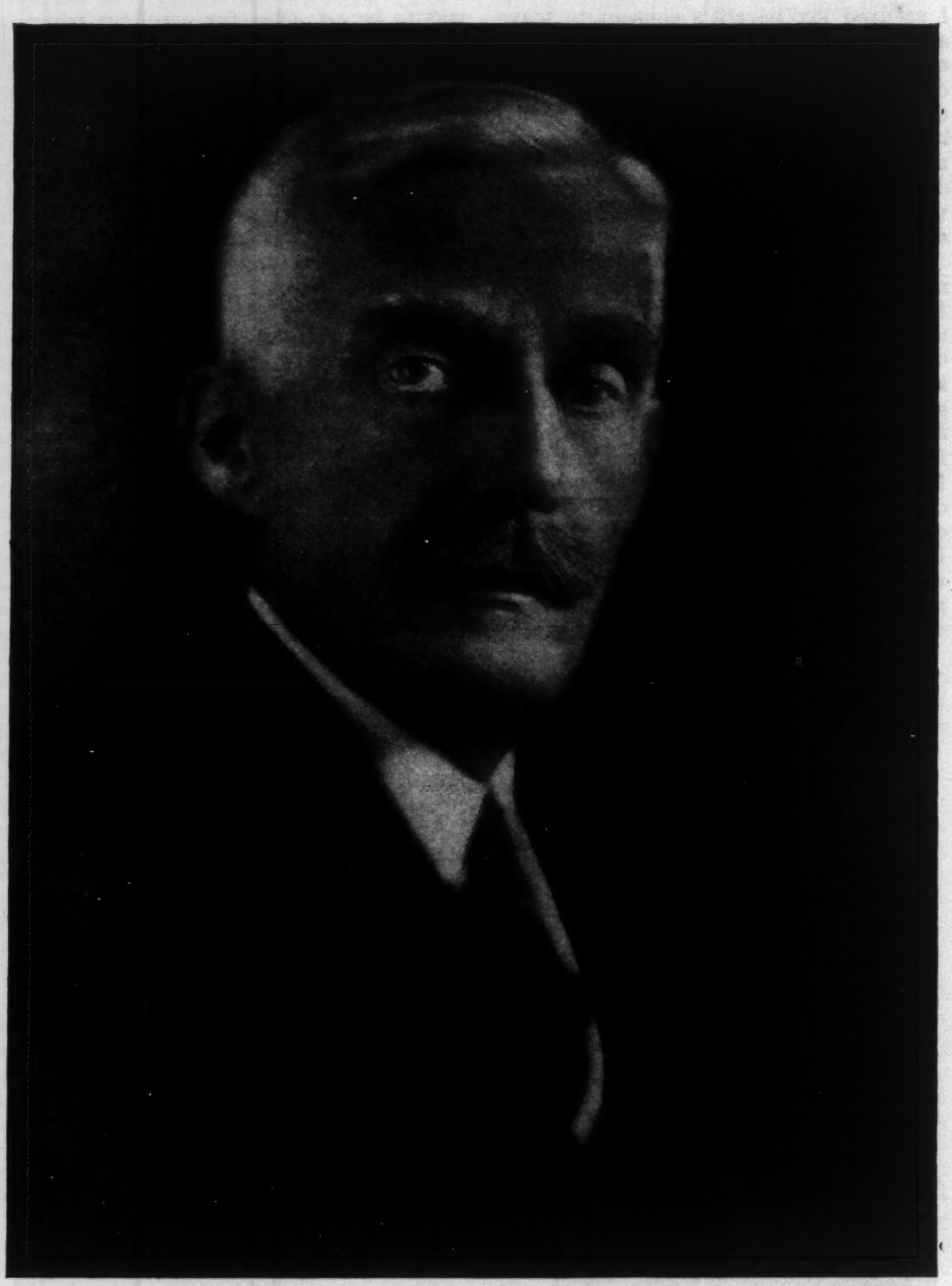
I continued thus employed for about nine months, meanwhile discovering that I had made a very serious mistake. It was terminated by an accident, which brought my father's suggestion that I had probably realized that I ought to be at school. I heartily agreed, but did not for the moment surrender my own plans for the future. I arranged with my father for a horse and wagon to use in distributing bakery products to customers two or more hours each morning before leaving for school. I was to have a commission on sales I made, and a fixed sum for helping in the bakery two or more hours each morning before starting on my route. This money was to be set aside for a college education, it being fully understood that my labors in the baking business at that time were only to serve as a stepping stone to the profession of law. These plans, however, were rudely upset by my father's death, which resulted in the family partnership already referred to.

Our enterprise was launched under an agreement with creditors for deferred payments on an indebtedness amounting to some eight thousand dollars. A public sale was held, and we divested ourselves of all surplus material. We made a new start after the bakery had been closed for three weeks, and my first morning's sales amounted to $5.40. By hard work and perseverance we prospered, so that when I reached my majority we were able to pay off the last one thousand dollars of our indebtedness. From "scratch," as it were, at that date, we made a steady advance to nearly fifty millions in 1923.

I recall that this payment was the last thousand dollars on a mortgage held by



Here the finished loaves, golden-brown and appetisingly fragrant, are taken from the oven.



Andrew W. Mellon, now Secretary of the Treasury, who, as a banker, had the foresight to aid in financing the man who changed bread-making into an industry.

a man who was interested in our struggles, and I was greatly encouraged to find him ready to renew the loan of a thousand dollars without the mortgage as a security. I thanked him, and said, "No, I believe it will be best to struggle along without it. I want to be out of debt."

The partnership with my mother continued another five years. Meanwhile my sisters had gone to homes of their own, and mother, knowing of my ambition to join an elder brother already engaged in the baking business in a distant part of the city, gave me an opportunity so to do. Having disposed of our property, which had grown in value, mother retired, and gave me the raw materials, the rolling stock and portable utensils. With this equipment and a thousand dollars in cash, borrowed from the bank on mother's endorsement, my brother and I created a new partnership and consolidated our baking enterprises which were being carried on separately in different sections of the same city—Pittsburgh.

We continued in partnership from 1891 to 1897, when we incorporated, and added the biscuit or cracker business to the baking of bread. We soon found, however, that the larger venture required more capital than we had to employ. Our business was growing, we were making money, but our capital was spread over the accounts of grocers to whom we had to sell crackers on thirty to sixty days credit. This was a new experience; our bread business had been largely cash. We, therefore, told our story to a banker with whom we thought we had established credit, at least from a moral side. We showed him our financial statement, and proved to his satisfaction that we were making money, but we were advised that we should sell capital rather than borrow. This did not meet our own judgment or desire. We knew that if we were given temporary assistance for a year or so we could stem the tide.

After two unsuccessful attempts, in making the third we had the good fortune to meet a man of vision. I like to tell of this particular experience because it affords an example of the insight and business sense of the man who is now Secretary of the United States Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon. We went to his bank, then known as T. Mellon & Sons, told him the same story, and submitted the same statement. Mr. Mellon said that he could understand why we had been refused and concurred heartily in the advice that had been given us; but he very kindly added that he could see another side of the question, and could appreciate our natural desire to keep this business as a reward of our industry.

"Ten thousand dollars, however, the amount you ask," he said "is not sufficient for your needs. Could you refund a larger loan if it were granted?"

We assured him of our ability to do so, and he then told us, much to our joy and satisfaction, "Well, you need at least $25,000, and this bank will make you that loan."

This solved our financial troubles, and after that we had no trouble in securing loans when needed. We grew and prospered, and later, when our operations extended to other cities, Mr. Mellon became a stockholder in our new company.

This brings me to my first real contact with science in baking. During the years 1905 and 1910 we developed a process for mixing bread by machinery, introducing washed air into the dough mass during a period of violent agitation, so that when it was turned from the machine into dough troughs it was permeated with tiny air cells. The gluten was thus more highly developed than could possibly have been accomplished by hand mixing, and the process seemed to have a maturing effect on the dough, at the same time distributing more quickly and easily the gas created by fermentation of the yeast throughout the dough mass, so that our dough now matured in shorter time and with greater uniformity. This led to an effort toward a standardized loaf, which for the first time was to have a distinctive name or brand, known as Mother's Bread.

We had already discovered the value of scientific control of raw material as being helpful in its selection, and of control of temperature and humidity during fermentation. In spite of this control, however, we were somewhat set back to discover that, using the same raw materials, derived from the same sources, and all tested by careful analysis, we were unable to make the same bread in different places. We were then

operating in Chicago, St. Paul, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Providence and Boston. Since there were no differences in raw materials used, exeept in water content, which in our ignorance we had assumed to be the same in various places, we began to feel that differences in the water of these cities might be responsible for our difficulties.

About this time a man came out of the West, from the University of Kansas, a genius in fact, who possessed one of the keenest minds with which I have ever come in contact. It was Robert Kennedy Duncan, the first director of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research in Pittsburgh. The Mellon brothers, men of large affairs and business interests, having scientific problems of their own, had conceived the idea of establishing an industrial laboratory. They first installed Professor Duncan in a temporary building in the University grounds, to show that the thing could be done. This was later succeeded by the present magnificent buildings of the Mellon Institute, now part of the University of Pittsburgh.

In the early stages of this enterprise I took my problems to Dr. Duncan. I told him that water was the only element uncontrolled in our industry, and that we suspected this to be the point of our difficulty. I also told him that on testing the waters of the different cities we found that they differed very greatly in mineral content.

He thought we had undoubtedly hit on the center of our trouble, and agreed to take up for us, under a fellowship arrangement, the task of investigation. He pointed out that it was well known that the superior quality of the Burton ales, made in England, was undoubtedly due to the high lime content of the waters of the river Trent on the banks of which the breweries were located. After several years of research under Dr. Duncan's direction certain salts were isolated, which, we discovered, when used in proper balance, not only had the effect of standardizing the waters of different cities for the purpose of bread making, but lent themselves besides to either quicker fermentation or the saving of yeast, as we might choose. This discovery was gradually tried out and finally was used in the production of all Ward's bread throughout the different cities. It was later put on a commercial sale and sold to the baking trade generally. During the war it was used by the American as well as by the English, French and Belgian governments. Most of the bread made behind the lines in France and Belgium was made under this process, because it solved fermentation problems where bread was made under such difficulties and also saved the exportation of many shiploads of grain with which to make the great quantities of yeast which would otherwise be required. Because of this scientific contribution I am glad to say that at the close of the war the Ward Baking Company was given an award for meritorious service by the United States government. We had furnished millions of pounds of this material to the government at cost.

Before this time scientists and nutritional workers had been measuring the caloric value of different foods, advising how many calories were required for proper sustenance. We became well instructed concerning carbohydrates, proteins, fats and mineral salts. We then began to hear about vitamins, and how necessary they were as elements of daily food. We came to know that the very growth of children, in fact that the health of man, woman and child depended on pure and adequately balanced food. We were told that the vitamins and mineral salts contained in wheat were discarded from white flour in the modern milling processes, and people were advised to eat whole wheat bread.

My company already made a whole wheat bread, and now set about to improve it by material additions of milk, in order to add milk proteins as well as fats. The consumption of whole wheat bread, however, was small in comparison with the demand for white bread. Strenuous sales efforts and extensive advertising were never able to lift it to a very high public favor. Consumers wanted the more appetizing white loaf. They believed in whole wheat bread to some extent, but did not understand the reason for it. Those who promoted it and most urgently stressed its importance set it forth as a complete food without full knowledge of the facts. Vitamin investigators now tell us that while whole wheat bread contains a large amount

of one of the vitamins and more of the needed mineral salts than white bread, it still needs other vitamins, and different kinds of proteins and lime salts to make it a balanced food. Students of nutrition also pointed out that the value of whole wheat bread was in vitamins and minerals rather than in the roughage. With this newer knowledge established, and backed by food tests of the National Government, a new opportunity and a new duty were presented to me as a baker of bread.

The scientists, Mendel and Osborn of Yale, McCollum and Davis of Wisconsin, Sherman, Hess and Rose of Columbia, Forbes, then of Ohio State, and Hale of Harvard, had published facts which I might have ignored from a standpoint of easier business, but which could not be ignored consistently with my duty to the consumers of bread.

The question was how could this newer knowledge of nutrition be put into a palatable loaf of white bread, the type of bread preferred and insisted upon by the majority of consumers?

The research staff of my company was then asked to work out a formula for a loaf of bread that would be a complete food in itself, that would retain all the elements of white bread, and, at the same time, add to it the additional elements of whole wheat plus the other *needed* vitamin, proteins and mineral salts *needed,* but not found in whole wheat.

The first step was to assemble all existing knowledge which might have a bearing on the problem. We found that scientists in England, Germany and France had described many processes for extracting food valuables from yeast and from the bran and germ of wheat and from other grains for the purpose of adding them to white bread, none of which had proved successful. Nevertheless, we were encouraged to make a new attempt because we saw that former workers did not have our later knowledge.

I had turned to science under Dr. Duncan, when the problem of different fermentation results because of the different water supplies had presented itself, and science had given the answer. I again turned to science in this case, and sought to have it aid industry in putting what we call "the newer knowledge of nutrition" into a palatable loaf of white bread. Again we demonstrated just what benefits result when the theories and abstract facts of science are wrought out in the everyday practices of industry.

Constant temptations are offered the food manufacturer, in his struggle for dollars, to cheapen the quality of his product, and many succumb thereto. The aim presented to me, as head of the largest bread baking organization in the world, was betterment of the loaf up to a point where sales claims made for it would not reflect discredit on all other products of my company upon which we were earning dividends—to say nothing of possible disastrous effects on the entire industry. If we should succeed in producing a super-loaf, we could not hope to revolutionize over night the bread-eating habits and preferences of the public; nor, while offering to the public a super-loaf, could we admit shortcomings in our previously advertised brands. Nutrition workers in college laboratories might attack existing qualities of white bread, and their attacks might be ignored; but it was plain that when a leading baking firm of its own accord, with thousands of feeding tests and undeniable proofs behind it, should come forward with a loaf of bread of super-character, it would have a far reaching effect.

We were reading of the millions of undernourished children throughout our land in schools and in the homes of rich and poor alike, of their suffering from rickets and in other ways from the deficiencies of nursing mothers, of young children's stunted growth and backwardness at school. In Dr. Emmett Holt's book *Food, Health and Growth,* we read that nutrition is "probably the most pressing world problem." We were told by this authority that there is a measurable evidence of malnutrition in about one-third of the total children studied in schools and in other surveys. This is shown in bad teeth, stunted growth, underweight, undersize, eye, ear, blood and skin troubles, in "feeble resistance to disease," and general lack of physical energy.

The selective draft during the World War found thirty per cent of our young men physically unfit for military service. This ratio of unfitness in young

men followed about the same ratio as the malnutrition among the school children. It seemed that while there was plenty of food to satisfy the appetite, young and old alike were not getting properly balanced nourishment. What a wonderful thing, then, would it be if we could produce a loaf of bread which in itself might insure and provide all essentials of full nutrition. Could it be done? We hoped it could, but it required great courage to make the attempt, and there were no volunteers.

Our company, being leader in the industry, seemed to be providentially selected for the task. But how could it be done? We knew that, above all else, we must have the essential vitamins. But where could they be obtained? They were not on the market, they could not be had, and yet we were helpless to proceed without them. Our research had shown that while Nature had made a great vitamin storehouse in the germ of the wheat berry, that germ was being discarded by the miller and turned into the stream of by-products for animal feed. To recover the germ itself was not too difficult, but how should we extract its vitamin, just as essential to our super-loaf as the spark to the automobile, to convert the gas into power. No one had seen or handled vitamins and yet we had undeniable evidence of their existence and potency for good. My organization was earning substantial dividends for its highly satisfied stockholders. They were all sold upon the value of science applied to the baking industry, and some one had to make the venture. "There is a time and place for every man to act his part in life's drama according to his ideals."

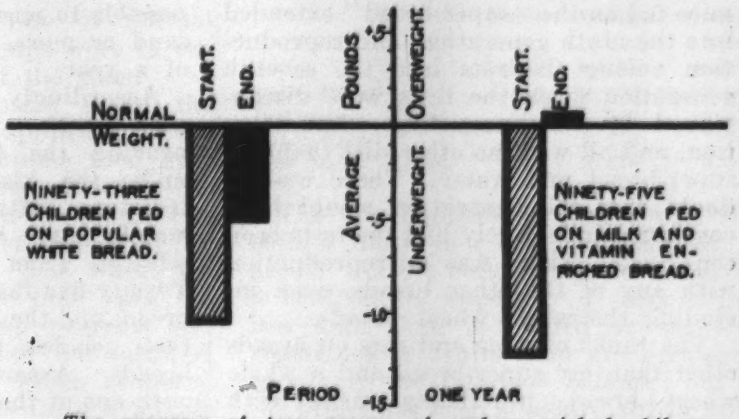
I believe that responsibilities, kindly worn, become part of our better selves that awaken our imagination and help us on to things worth while, both for ourselves and for all mankind. The time for decision had arrived; it needed but little to tilt the scale toward a favorable conclusion, and that little came in a rather unexpected manner. My Irish heart was in it, but my hard Scotch business sense and caution held back.

It was a clear, cold wintry Sunday afternoon in January. I was on edge, nerves were snapping, sleeping and waking, the problem was overpowering me. I wanted to talk with no one who could not discuss the subject intelligently, and had invited the Director of our Research Products Department, Robert M. Allen, for dinner and for discussion. During the afternoon we went out to see some whippet dogs which I had recently imported from England. These live, fast animals, highly nourished, trained to the fraction of a second, were let out to race across the lawn; and as they were running, the picture of undernourished children and their handicaps in the race of life, because of inadequate food, flashed across my vision. The decision was made, the children had won—regardless of the hazards of business.

The first work at my desk the following morning was the issuing of a binding letter of instructions. Orders were given to consolidate all experiments, and start the structure of the super-loaf. We were to build a loaf of bread which in color, texture and flavor should be in accord with the prevailing public taste and preference, which, as a foundation, should include the water-soluble B vitamin of the wheat germ, and as much as possible of the valuable food proteins and organic salts contained in the wheat embryo, bran and middlings. The moisture content was to be entirely of whole milk, with such additions of whole dry milk as might be necessary, with other available and adaptable proteins, vitamins, fats, mineral salts and carbohydrate food elements, to make the loaf of bread into a superfood for maintenance, growth and health equal to a complete normal diet. The stupendous importance of this self-posed task is difficult to realize. All progress was to be checked by feeding experiments in our own laboratories, and rechecked by the laboratories of Mellon Institute under Dr. Weidlein, and at Harvard University under Dr. Hale; and during the work Dr. E. B. Forbes, then of Ohio State, Dr. Lafayette B. Mendel of Yale and Dr. Henry G. Sherman of Columbia were to be consulted.

Work began; and while laboratory workers were extracting sufficient vitamin for the production of laboratory-made bread, we were busy in another direction, namely, building a large com-

mercial plant for the extraction of vitamins from the germ and bran of wheat. We turned to the milling, brewing, sugar-making and malt-extracting industries for parts of their processes and for mechanical installation to hook up in tandem to perform new tasks. Unforeseen difficulties arose to confound and embarrass us, and before we finally produced a highly satisfactory grain sugar, very rich in vitamin, we had invested at Warren, Ohio, in plant alone, over three-quarters of a million dollars; and by the time the first loaf was sold commercially we had invested one and one-quarter million dollars in the enterprise.



The progress of two groups of undernourished children—the only difference in diet beingthat in one case the bread was enriched with milk and vitamins.

Having now established the production of grain sugar, so potent in Vitamin B, we came back to the laboratory, picked up all their established facts and began experimental work in the bakery itself, beginning to pass a small batch a day through the routine processes of the bakery. This bread was first supplied to many experts and individuals for inspection and criticism, and was also supplied to our own laboratories and to the laboratories of Mellon Institute and Harvard University for feeding tests. We eventually made the commercial loaf equal in feeding value and flavor to the laboratory loaf, and at the same time more uniform in color, appearance, quality, and flavor.

This commercial loaf of bread was made of:

(a) Strong patent white wheat flour specially selected for gluten strength.

(b) A grain sugar, rich in Vitamin B, soluble proteins and mineral salts derived from wheat germ, a small mixture of bran and middlings.

(c) Whole milk as the only liquid ingredient of the dough, plus added whole milk solids, which introduced the Vitamin A milk proteins and milk salts.

(d) Soluble lime salts.

(e) And in addition, the usual leavening ingredients including yeast, ordinary table salt, yeast food and shortening rich in Vitamin A.

The nutritional facts established for the loaf at the conference of experts previously mentioned were as follows:

The loaf contains proteins of superior food value for growth and strength. It contains liberal amounts of Vitamins A and B. It provides a well-balanced variety of body-building mineral nutrients for bones and teeth. It is rich in the food elements needed by the expectant and nursing mother and the growing child. It supplies abundant energy, and builds resistance for young and old at low costs. Measured by the elements necessary in food for everybody, this loaf is one of the most perfect single foods ever produced.

Undoubtedly, the most powerful and convincing compilation of fact in favor of the loaf was the number of animals, in all of the three laboratories, that grew and lived and reproduced when fed only on these new loaves and water, in comparison with the number of animals that were stunted, declined in weight, sickened and died when fed on three of the most popular white breads from the market, on one misbranded "vitamin" bread and on water-made whole wheat breads.

All of the laboratories mentioned, namely our own and those of Harvard University and the Mellon Institute, gave special attention to reproduction. Experiments were conducted with three pairs of animals for each kind of bread in each laboratory. Special note should be given to the marked parallels of their results. Reproduction among the

mice fed on the "super-bread" extended into the ninth generation, and reproduction among the rats into the seventh generation when the tests were discontinued by the succeeding administration, and all with no other diet than the super-bread and water. There was no doubt that the generation would have continued indefinitely had the tests been continued. There was no reproduction with any of the other breads, even including the whole wheat breads.

The ranks of mice and rats on breads other than my super-bread and a whole wheat bread, practically made with milk, were eventually so depleted by death and sickness that it seemed useless to carry the experiments further, and at a conference it was decided to change the diet of these animals to the new bread. The recovery was prompt and pronounced.

We had now created a loaf of bread which had reared animals to the ninth generation. What would it do to children? Our plan contemplated selecting a large number of families from various racial groups and supplying them the super-bread with no other change in diet; then, for comparison, taking a similar number of families with children and supplying them with their own choice of the well-advertised breads from the open market. The plan also included supplying our super-bread to one-half of the children in an institution. All of the children were weighed and measured month by month, closely watched by a competent dietitian, under the charge of a physician, and medical examinations were made month by month for a period of one year. The plan was both wide in scope and expensive.

Previous to this experiment in human feeding, we called a conference of the experts who had advised us in building the loaf and had passed upon our public claims in the advertising copy. They discouraged experiment.

"You have demonstrated the superiority of the bread," said one of them, "by extensive and conclusive animal-feeding tests, and there are so many variables in human feeding, that the result may jeopardize the loaf."

The other experts agreed. I felt, however, that if such bread meant anything in human nutrition, it should be possible to measure results with a thousand or more children within a period of a year.

Accordingly arrangements were made with the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, under the Association's dietitian, Miss Gillette. Fifty families, with approximately two hundred children, were selected from various racial groups. Twenty-five families were given the new bread, and the other twenty-five families their choice of the leading market breads. Arrangements were also made with one of the leading Catholic charity organizations to supply the new bread free to an institution for children in charge of the most competent management. This institution fed continuously one hundred and three girls with the super-bread, and one hundred and five girls with the bread baked by the institution. The super-bread was supplied to one hundred and seventy boys, and the institution's bread to one hundred and forty-four boys.

There was much undernourishment among the children of the families selected by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. At the end of the year, the average gains per child in height and weight were as follows:

	Number of children	Gain in height per child per year in.	Gain in weight per child per year lbs.
Negro			
Super-Bread	30	2.6	6.9
Standard Market Breads	17	2.6	3.9
Irish			
Super-Bread	22	2.8	5.8
Standard Market Breads	31	2.7	5.6
Italian			
Super-Bread	25	3.1	7.4
Standard Market Breads	31	2.8	6.4
Jewish			
Super-Bread	16	3.0	7.4
Standard Market Breads	16	2.6	6.2

The average of the children fed on new super-bread was, in weight and height, above the line separating the undernourished from the normally-nourished. The average of the children fed on the standard market breads, in weight and height, was at the end of the

year still below the line of normal nourishment. Both groups were in the undernourished class at the start.

The families who were given the super-bread had been supplied with the cheapest and most complete food ever offered for human consumption. The milk in the loaf went to the families at a cost to them of not over nine cents per quart for whole milk. The wheat extract, the milk and the lime salts not only balanced the cheap proteins and carbohydrates of the flour but supplied the missing substances which rendered these cheap wheat foods fully available in human nutrition.

At the institution mentioned, the very competent dietitian had arranged a series of menus designed to supply a balanced diet, and the children on the whole were in very much better condition than existed among the fifty families. The research department knew that they were going up against a stiff test. At the end of the year, notwithstanding the otherwise good feeding of the children, the results were as follows:

	Number of girls	Average gain height	Average gain weight
Super-Bread	103	2.072	7.047
Institution Bread	105	1.997	6.671
Super-Bread	170	2.412	7.780
Institution Bread	144	2.220	6.559

The one requisite is to get into the child's daily diet the nourishment it needs. As the child grows to maturity it controls its appetite. It may drink less milk than is needed or eat less vegetables or fruits than are necessary to supply the full food balance; but if the bread has been standardized in milk and whole grain there is a regular supply of food substances that helps to make a complete diet, since the child always eats bread.

And so we had met the challenge which the newer knowledge of nutrition had made to the baking industry. We had made the popular every-day white bread into a real staff of life. It is my firm resolve that this life and health contribution to the betterment of human nutrition shall be carried on.

THE SILENCE OF UNLABOURED FIELDS

From the Mountainy Singer

The silence of unlabored fields
Lies like a judgment on the air;
A human voice is never heard:
The sighing grass is everywhere —
The sighing grass, the shadowed sky,
The cattle crying wearily!

Where are the lowland people gone?
Where are the sun-dark faces now?
The love that kept the quiet hearth,
The strength that held the speeding plough?
Grassland and lowing herds are good,
But better human flesh and blood!

—*Seosamh MacCathmhaoil*

WHAT IS A FILIPINO?

By KATHERINE MAYO

WHAT follows here is a plea for a people—a people remote from us, unseen, unknown, unheard by us, yet standing to-day as suppliants for the breath of life before the bar of America.

For over a quarter of a century the American nation has held in its hands the destiny of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands—now somewhere between eleven and twelve million souls. Yet never, at any time, have we recognized an obligation to acquire an accurate working knowledge of the nature and needs of those millions.

On just this ground the people of the Philippine Islands believe that they have an extremely sound case against us.

The Filipino in America is graceful in offering his gratitude and admiration to a nation whose help, he repeats, has enabled his countrymen to achieve the world's record for speed in progress. But that same Filipino, returned to the Philippines, and except when talking for foreign consumption or to entertain short-stop American visitors, spares small energy to such phrase-making.

It would be an amazingly helpful thing if America could see her unflattered portrait, as drawn by these observers. It would be an amazingly useful thing if America, from her own standpoint, could see the whole people of the Philippine Islands. But that latter takes some doing—and a journey about equal to the circumnavigation of the globe.

Considering the number and extent of the insular possessions that we, during the last quarter-century, have accumulated, it is notable that we have no Colonial Department—no permanent service charged to study, build up, and sustain a consistent policy for the administration of these dependencies. Instead, we leave them to one small pigeonhole in the War Department—and to the attention of two ever-changing committees, Senate and House; bodies that labor always at great disadvantage for lack of personal experience, knowledge, and reliable information.

The Chairman of one of the Congressional Committees, on February last, asked for an appropriation to enable his committee to visit the Philippines, to study the subject committed to their hands. This is a step in a good direction. But similar steps have been taken before and with small profit. Parties of American investigators, debarking in Manila, have been met on the wharf by the same pleasant-mannered Filipino politicians who had previously and lavishly entertained them in Washington, and by them have been instantly swept on into a series of days and nights packed full to overflowing with novel amusement. Riding in comfortable American cars, they have visited the many schools of the city—those well-planned, well-built schools, crowded with clean, bright, eager-eyed native children. They have inspected Bilibid, the model city prison of the East and have watched the famous evening drill. They have admired the finely-housed Philippines General Hospital, the university, the Manila Hotel, the green Luneta with its glorious view across the wide, typhoon-protected harbor to the peaks beyond. They have driven through broad, clean, handsome streets to visit the old walled city and the Spanish fortress. Led by their devoted hosts they have made sorties into the open country beyond, over fine highways, through series of landscapes as strange to their eyes as they are piquant and alluring. And in those landscapes, sometimes, they have seen little figures—queer little silent figures creeping about the concerns of primitive life.

But these last were wholly inconsequent as compared to the hosts—themselves so obviously *the* people of the country—so wholly inconsequent that, somehow, the visitors asked few questions about queer little silent fauna, or

were easily content with blanket replies.

Nor did it clearly reach the visitors' minds that in what they were seeing, sanitation, cleanliness, schools, hospital, university, markets, hotel, roads, parks, streets, harbor, docks—all that was wholesome, all that was useful, all that was modern, was entirely the work of American thought and command—pitted, as a rule, against the active opposition of the native political leaders.

Then, each day, came the lunches, the dinners, the meetings and speeches, the receptions, the parades, the picnics, the dances, where the guests became more and more deeply impressed with the frank sincerity, the fine aspiration, the genius for hospitality, the excellent mind of their entertainers. So that when those entertainers asked, "Do not our accomplishments, which you see before you, offer concrete proof of our ability to rule ourselves?" the answer gushed out from responsive hearts: "No other people have accomplished so much in a quarter of a century."

And thus in the end, busily feted till the moment of up-anchor, our kindly Congressmen went their way, having "thoroughly studied the Philippines."

But one man, once among them, handled his errand differently. Congressman Miller of Minnesota early in his visit developed a habit of unexpected absences from parade. Too quietly for any of the entertainment corps to observe and escort him, he would shoot off into by-paths, in unexpected directions, toward unprepared places, hither and yon over the islands.

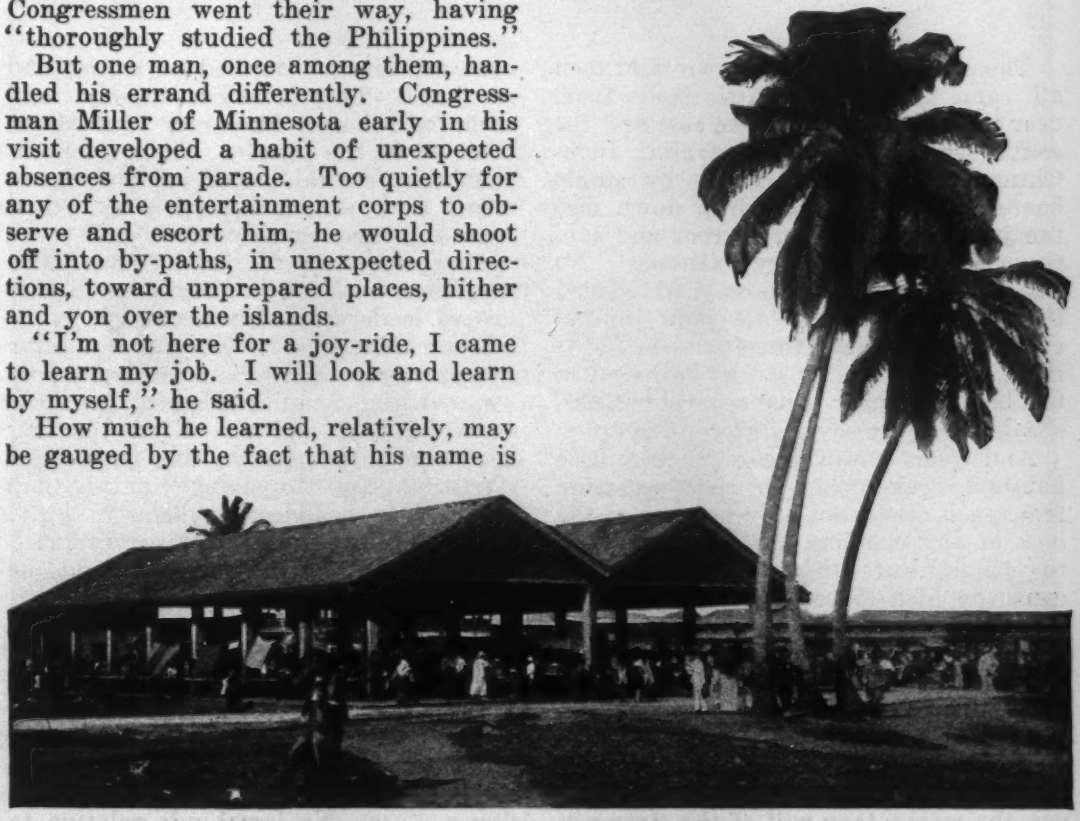
"I'm not here for a joy-ride, I came to learn my job. I will look and learn by myself," he said.

How much he learned, relatively, may be gauged by the fact that his name is yet darkly famous in the Philippines as that of the one recorded visitor difficult to handle.

Unhappily, after a second long trip across the Pacific—a second long journey of study and investigation—Congressman Miller died, to the loss of both countries, who sorely need such first-hand knowledge and judgment in the settlement of their mutual concerns.

Now, as to the polished, frank-mannered and winning Filipino leader and the little brown fauna in the landscape—we cannot get much farther without an excursion into history. Whence came these innocents?

The first known inhabitants of the Philippines were a race of woolly-headed pygmies—little black flitting creatures close to the bottom of the human scale, whose descendents, to the approximate number of 30,000 yet survive unchanged in the Islands. These "negritoes," over two thousand years ago, were frightened back from their foreshore haunts by the appearance, from time to time, of small bodies of strangers.



Jolo market, in the Sulu Province of the Philippines.

Stairway to the plaza in the Culion Leper Colony, showing the theater at the right

The strangers, naked brown wild men all, came skimming in little boats from over the vast hot seas to the east and the south—from Borneo, Australia, Indo-China. And as they came, by single boat-crews, so did they drop down into the jungle, there to strike root and continue their rudimentary existence. No plan, no common purpose, had guided their migration. No tie now united crew to crew. As time passed, forty-three separate Malay stocks gathered to the Islands—forty-three separate stocks, speaking eighty-seven different tongues.

And these, however close their jungle habitats, remained entirely separate from each other, not only because of the lack of any common language in which to communicate thought, but also because no idea of social organization or intercourse belonged to their stage of development. Their religion, but slightly significant, had not passed beyond the point of simplest witchcraft. They had no sense of law, of government, nor of responsibility, even as between individuals. Their only control was the momentary will of the strongest man on the spot. Blood relationship, even the closest, implied no duties and no bans. They existed, merely, and each for himself, like their four-footed brothers of the jungle. Their temperament was excitable and, under excitement, they would fight bravely. But fear and suspicion, each of each, prevented union for warfare, as fear and suspicion, each of each, prevented any sort of leadership in peace.

Upon these primitives, stagnant after some twenty centuries, suddenly descended the Spaniard Legazpi, in the name of God and the King—making haste both to baptize the multitudes Christian, and to plant Spain's flag above their heads. Of them, in July, 1569, Legazpi wrote to his sovereign:

"I believe these natives could be easily subdued by good treatment and the display of kindness; for they have no leaders, are so divided among themselves and have so little dealing with one another."

And again:

"Each man does whatever he pleases, and takes care only of himself and his slaves. . . . No law binds relative to relative, parents to children or brother

to brother. No person favors another unless it is for his own interest; on the other hand, if a man, in some time of need, shelters a relative or a brother in his house and provides him with food for a few days, he will consider that relative his slave from that time on. . . . When these people give or lend anything to one another, the favor must be repaid double, even if between parents and children or between brothers. At times they sell their own children. . . . Whenever the occasion presents they rob one another, even if they be neighbors or relatives; and when they see and meet one another in the open field at nightfall, they rob and seize one another; nor do they have any order or arrangement in anything. All their skill is employed in setting ambuscades, and laying snares to seize and capture one another."

And yet again in April, 1572:

"They have no personality or rank whatever. . . . With regard to their treatment of women they are so vicious and licentious that any race whatever might excel them."

Spain spared a small force to control the population so described, but made slight effort either then or later to colonize or to develop the country. Handling it through Mexico, her only communication for over two hundred years was by a galleon of six to eight hundred tons, sailing but once annually between Mexico and Manila. Few Spaniards, except civil, military, or religious officials, came out. And, as Spain's purpose was largely missionary, the priests, or more particularly the friars, swung great weight in the councils of the Governor-General at Manila, while in the provinces they practically controlled all aspects of the peoples' life.

To the Spaniards, the "Indians," as they called the native stock, were adult infants, about whom wise Providence had thrown the protection of dumbness —since, by reason of their many dialects and their as numerous mutual hatreds and fears, the follies or disaffections of

This shows the most popular means of transportation among the semi-civilized tribes in the Cagayan Valley.

one little tribe could not easily spread to the next. To keep them easy to handle, then, the obvious thing to do was to preserve them dumb.

But those sturdy friars, nevertheless, beat trails into the remote wilderness. They made their Indians build churches, roads, and bridges. They gathered them into villages "under the bells." They lived, themselves, in those far villages. They learned the people's barbarous tongues and in them taught a catechism and a few prayers. They began the taming of savage instincts. They rarely or never imported the Spanish tongue. They gave no schooling or mental training worthy of the name. And they exacted, always, respectful and courteous manners and a humble prostration before the prestige of Spain.

Their Spanish Majesties, however, sitting at home in far Madrid, were solicitous of the missionary purpose. Sixty-three years after Legazpi's conquest, you find Philip IV uneasily adjuring all clerical authorities to look to the education of the Indians in the Christian religion and the Spanish language. And again and yet again, in the passing decades, similar misgivings beset the royal mind.

But Manila was far away. Two hundred years later popular instruction, still literally medieval in character, was conducted almost wholly in dialect. The statement that the Philippines have a university older than Harvard is sometimes offered as proof of ancient cultural advantages enjoyed by the Filipino people. Justice to the people demands, however, that this be qualified. The college of San José was founded in 1601, that of Santo Tomas in 1619, both in Manila. But each was opened for Spaniards only, neither making provision for the education of the native population.

Concrete evidence of the Spaniard's thoroughness in the application of the wet blanket of mental inertia lies in the fact that, to this day, no literature properly so called has been produced by natives in any of the eighty-seven dialects, whose poverty of vocabulary finally shows the limit of thought.

And so, through the three centuries and more of Spain's presence, the mass that she dominated—the Indians—were held at a standstill. The warlike tribes of the high mountains of Luzon, to-day called Igorots, she scarcely touched at all. In the south of the Archipelago, where the islands are inhabited by Mohammedans, called "Moros," she fought without victory. But the docile native of the middle territory was practically Spain's slave.

A wonderful capacity they had just for sitting still, these little brown Indian folk—these "taos." As ages passed they invented nothing, imagined nothing, developed nothing. They built themselves frail huts out of bamboo rods and woven leaves—the same little huts, from century to century, that their remotest emigrant ancestors had built. They evolved no germ of art. Their wants were next to nil. They gambled inveterately, passionately, constantly, as all Malays will. Their birth-rate was high, their death-rate enormous. Their physical strength was slight, due to ages of malnutrition and of preying parasitical and contagious diseases. Their ignorance of any and every part of civilized knowledge was continuous and inclusive. They were governed wholly by fear, and in the darkness of their mind superstition stood in reason's place. They were care-free, kindly, passionate, idle, curious, imitative. Their powers of will and purpose were weak, they rarely exercised continuous effort, and they never imagined either individual endeavor or concerted action for the common good.

All these traits the Spaniards shrewdly appraised and chronicled, cataloging them as assets to Spanish control, not to be disturbed by a wise government.

Meantime, a third element was appearing on the scene—the offspring of Spaniards from Indian women.

Too much has been written of the effects of the hybridizing of opposite human strains to leave need for discussion here. The product—they are known as Eurasians in other parts of the Orient—has been much described.

European students of the subject as seen in the Philippines may fairly be represented by Fray Jose M. Ruiz, who in his *Memoria* (Madrid, 1887), wrote of the Spanish half-breed, or *mestizo:*

> Unfortunately they have all the bad qualities of the Spaniard and the Indian and lack that docility of character observed in the

latter and the nobility and greatness of the former. They are of little heart, coward and mean, beside being arrogant and choleric, and are very rude with the Indios, whom they usually despise and maltreat in word and deed and frequently are stupid and troublesome.

But who that has studied the facts, who that has heard this half-breed himself strip bare the tragedy of his soul, can deny him sympathy? Victim of preposterous circumstance, his very existence was the epitome of unfairness. In the justice of nature, races are given thousands of years to accomplish what he was asked to do in the span of one short life. In him, plucked loose from two extremes of biological history, the weary, out-worn civilization of Spain and the raw stuff of the jungle confronted each other. Their violent primeval passions rushed together for double strength. Their virtues, lying too far apart ever to meet, stultified each other, producing such misbegotten fruit as wit without understanding, envy and greed without vision or character, lust and jealousy without self-control, cunning without moral courage or firmness, mimickry without invention, vanity without pride or shame, cruelty without mercy; while every aspiration aimed at gross material ends.

Nor did the Spaniard concern himself to uplift his irregular offspring. For long he made no provision for their education, beyond the atom meted out to the Indian. The great majority, therefore, remaining unnoticed, merged in the native mass.

By degrees, however, the more aggressive few asserted themselves. A propertied and somewhat educated class arose. And this class, man by man, under the soubriquet of "caciques," began, as best they might, to imitate the Spaniard, their only model. Constituting themselves a sort of minor and piratical oligarchy, they exercised over small groups of Indians the ancient tyranny of the Strong Man on the Spot. Rarely or never did they attain public office; to the end of her day Spain looked well to that. But those same old weapons of usury and enslavement that Legazpi found in the hands of the aborigines, their cacique descendents now used with native skill to fix a death-grip on the mass beneath.

And so generation followed generation down the dull pathway of the years.

A group of high school girls on the steps of one of the dormitories furnished for those who live outside of town.

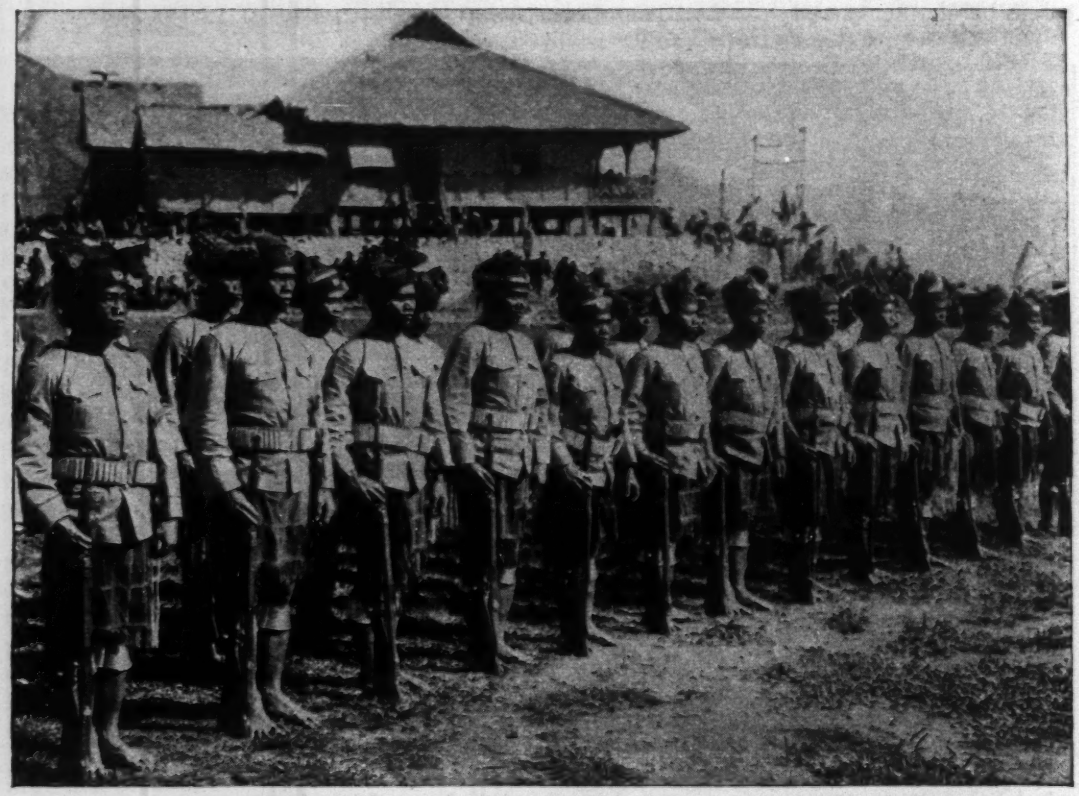
The earliest breath of change came with the opening of the Suez Canal, bringing occasional ships to the Islands. A few young caciques, voyaging by these ships to Spain and France returned with new and disturbing notions. In 1872 a little rebellion broke out, due largely to such young men's resentment of the domination of the friars in public affairs, in family relations and in ownership of the land. A second rebellion, in 1896, sprang from the same root and was severely handled by Spain. But the actual causes of its defeat were internal —inherent in the half-breed character. Personal ambition, individual greed, mutual jealousies, on the part of the leaders, forbade team-work. Meantime to the eternal victim—the prostrate Indian, the tao—no form of suffering was spared. In the end, a few of the insurgent leaders sold peace to the Spanish governor for cash.

Into this picture, medieval always, suddenly flashed America, victor in war. Before her the Spaniard vanished—or withdrew into corners, watching, whispering.

Ignorance, superstition, suspicion, filth, disease, injustice grinned at her from every side. Aided by her military power, she worked fast. Cleanliness and sanitation spread swiftly under her hands. Pestilences she stamped out. Roads and streets she built; hospitals, schools, more schools—a university. Robbers and bandits she put down; order she enforced. Justice she exalted. She established a modern government. And with it all, reversing Spanish practice, she rapidly implanted natives in whatever offices she dared hope they might assume.

The object of these vigorous proceedings was to do away with class tyranny, to proclaim the God-given freedom of man and the right of all to equal opportunity. Yet, as inevitably worked out, whenever America opened the door of opportunity, never a tao, never a man of the people, but always one of the little cacique class stood first on the threshhold, and entered in. For the pure-bred mass was inert and dumb.

In short order, practically every office that could be held by any native was



Ifugao constabulary soldiers, at Kiangan. These men are brave, efficient, and loyal.

A typical Ifugao house at Kiangan, Nueva Vizcaya.

occupied by a half-breed, while the American-instituted Philippine Legislature, named by a cacique-bossed electorate, began as it remains to-day—a half-breed, cacique body.

The constant endeavor of our early administration was to teach to its neophytes in self-government the principle that public office is a trust—that the officer is the servant of the mass.

But to change race-thought in one lifetime is a great undertaking.

As late as the ninth year of American occupation, Chief Justice Taft, then Secretary of War, inspected the Islands and submitted thereon a report to the President of the United States. Of the caciques he wrote that "they still needed as much education in practical civil liberty as their more ignorant fellow-countrymen in reading, writing, and arithmetic." Commenting on their yet intact conviction that public office exists solely for private gain, he cited the incident of a committee of prominent caciques who had filed a written brief to prove the Islands ready for immediate independence from America. Their ground, said Mr. Taft, was that their own number equalled "double that of the offices—central, provincial and municipal—and therefore the country afforded two 'shifts' of persons competent to run the government . . . The ignorance of the remainder of the people, admitted to be dense, made no difference . . . There is reason for believing that were the government of the islands now turned over to the class which likes to call itself the natural ruling class, the movement . . . to educate the ignorant classes would ultimately lose its force. The candor with which some of the representatives of the independista movement have spoken of the advantage for governmental purposes of having eighty per cent of the people in a serving or obedient class indicates this."

The Spanish, as we have seen, had for centuries preserved with care the ignorance of the taos—"for governmental purposes." Now with the Spaniard swept suddenly away, his despised and untrained half-breed offspring could conceive no finer aspiration than to step into the Spaniard's stirrups—to assume the Spaniard's attitude, and with it his privileges.

The half-breed could not be set aside. By the removal of the Spanish master, the cacique's position, now uncovered as overlying the helpless Indian mass, had been almost regularized. Each spoke his tribal dialect, each was born and bred in his tribe's superstitions, prejudices, and habits of life. Each controlled his neighborhood, each had possessed himself of most of the money, labor, and property therein. Therefore, in order to reach and help the mass, it seemed that America must first lift and teach the cacique.

Thus came about the condition existing in the Philippines alone of all the Orient—a condition in which the Eurasian, elsewhere a man without a country, presents himself at the head of the people, demanding to be accepted as the people's representative, so that the responsible government must, in large part, work through the Eurasian in order to serve the main native population.

But it was not the purpose of America to forget the ideals of democracy. Mr. Taft, reporting to President Roosevelt, defined our governmental position.

> The national policy is to govern the Philippine Islands for the benefit and welfare and uplifting of the people of the islands . . . by general education of the densely ignorant masses and by actual practice, in partial self-government, of those whose political capacity is such that practice can benefit it without too great injury to the efficiency of government. What should be emphasized in the statement of our national policy is that we wish to prepare the Filipinos for popular self-government. This is plain from Mr. McKinley's letter of instructions and all of his utterances. It was not at all within his purpose or that of the Congress which made his letter part of the law of the land that we were merely to await the organization of a Philippine oligarchy or aristocracy competent to administer government and then turn the Islands over to it. On the contrary, it is plain, from all of Mr. McKinley's utterances and your own, in interpretation of our national purpose, that we are the trustees and guardians of the whole Filipino people, and peculiarly of the ignorant masses.

Mr. Roosevelt, reviewing all the mass of evidence in his hands, presented the Taft report to Congress with this endorsement:

> I heartily concur . . . It is a subject for just national gratification that such a report as this can be made . . . If we had followed the advice of the misguided persons who wished us to turn the islands loose and let them suffer whatever fate might befall them, they would have already passed through a period of complete and bloody chaos . . . Save only our attitude toward Cuba, I question whether there is a brighter page in the annals of international dealing between the strong and the weak than the page which tells of our days in the Philippines.
>
> Theodore Roosevelt.
>
> The White House
> January 27, 1908

The Philippines were not administered by Washington as a party perquisite. Mr. Roosevelt himself appointed two Democrats to the Governor-Generalcy. And the magnificent series of public servants sent out without regard to party lines to handle the Islands proved in themselves the fineness of our national purpose.

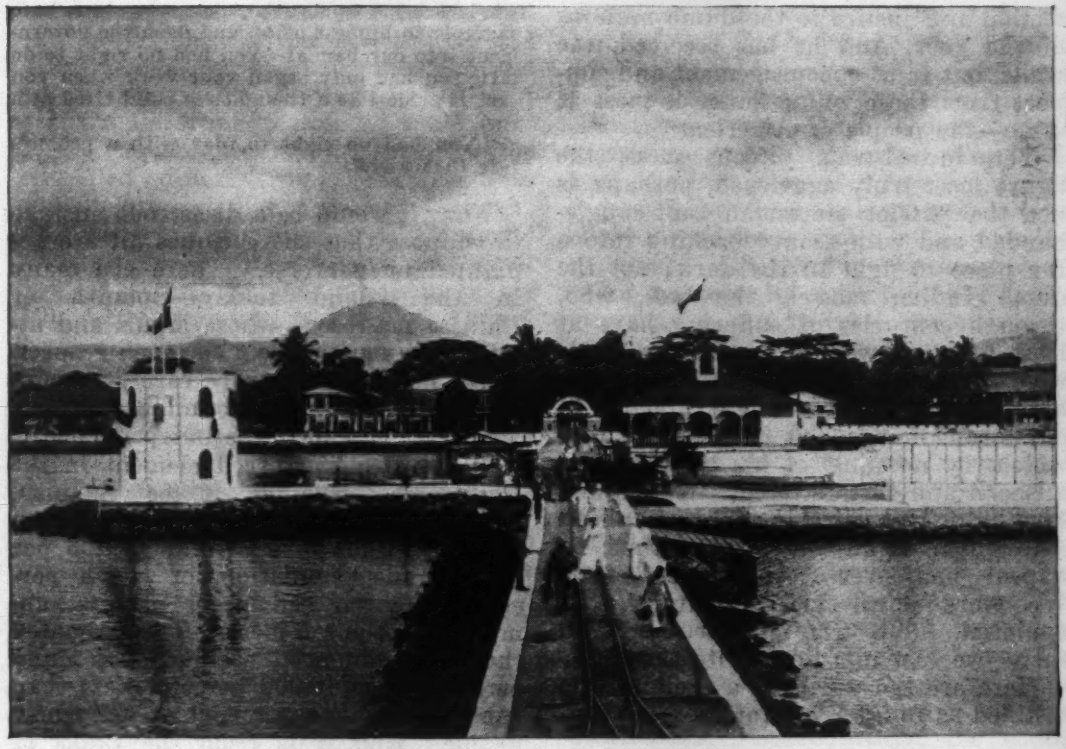
By Governor-General W. Cameron Forbes' time, each department working under American experts had reached so high an *esprit de corps* that every little brown office boy believed the entire administration would crash if he came two minutes late in the morning.

The thing that happened next may be likened to a bad dream. Having toiled for fifteen years at one of the most beautiful labors of love the world has known, we suddenly turned around upon it and destroyed the thing we had created.

American party politics may, in large, measure, be absolved. A Democratic President was now in office—but he had already expressed a conviction at one with those of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft. In 1908 Mr. Woodrow Wilson published these words in *Constitutional Government in the United States:*

> Self-government is not a mere form of institution . . . It is a form of character. It follows upon the long discipline which gives a people self-possession, self-mastery, the habit of order and peace and common counsel . . . and the steadiness and self-control of political maturity. And these things cannot be had without long discipline.
>
> The distinction is of vital concern to us in respect of practical choices of policy which we must make, and make soon. We have dependencies to deal with and must deal with them in the true spirit of our institutions. We can give the Filipinos constitutional government . . . intended for their good and not for our aggrandizement; but we must for the present supply that government. . . . No people can be "given" self-control of maturity. Only a long apprenticeship can secure them the precious possession.

This grave pronouncement Mr. Wilson republished in 1911, 1913, 1914, 1917, and again in 1921.



The pier at Jolo, Mindanao.

It is true that President Wilson, in the year 1913, appointed Mr. Francis Burton Harrison to be Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, and that Mr. Harrison, on the very day of his arrival in Manila, began to strip the various governmental departments of their American chiefs. It is true that, in open collusion with one of the worst of the old cacique type, he flung the offices thus vacated to that cacique's mob of retainers, in complete disregard of fitness or of consequences. As Judge D. R. Williams has put it, in his book, *The United States and the Philippines:*

> Our model structures, by these acts, was now torn to pieces, its highly trained specialist operators scattered to the four winds, and the wreck manned with untried and unexperienced amateurs.

The result was immediate and cataclysmic.

But again, the responsibility cannot be charged to the Democratic party. For, just as that party had contributed to the nation's policy and achievement in the Islands, just as the great Democratic war-President had re-affirmed that policy, so now the party's official spokesman came forward in protest.

On the 18th of August, 1916, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker wrote to Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison a letter of official counsel, transmitting the newly-enacted Jones Law. Had that counsel been obeyed by the Governor-General, instead of being promptly and entirely flouted by him, a great racial tragedy had been averted.

Mr. Harrison, however, did with precision whatever the letter of his chief, the Democratic Secretary of War, told him not to do. And Mr. Harrison's eight years of office fully sufficed to bankrupt the Insular Government, to recall plague, pestilence, and famine to the Islands, to break down the machine of Justice, to destroy the best of the native's faith in higher things.

Since September, 1921, when Mr. Harrison quitted the Islands, a new American executive has been working under a tremendous handicap, to regain lost ground. He has re-created credit, has restored currency values, has beaten back plague and smallpox and cholera, and has fought his way through frantic cacique opposition to the rescue of the leper hordes. He has waged a desperate fight to restore some sort of pro-

tection and justice to the dumb millions of the poor. And he has received, the while, but faint encouragement and support from those whose honor is most at stake—the people of America.

Yet, in all this piteous mess, the figure most truly aggrieved, perhaps, is not the patriot statesman sent single-handed and with scanty backing into a far place to fight in the dark; not the dumb Indian masses, the taos, who, through centuries of suffering have at least been allowed to keep their primitive virtues, but the cacique—the unhappy cacique. We caught him up in our strong hands, out of the mire into which, by no fault of his own, he was misborn and fast fettered. We showed him light. We awakened his manhood—to which, in all the world of time, no appeal had ever been made before. We wore down his incredulity, his cynicism. We won his trust. And then—we cast him down into the pit.

Here are the words of a cacique who testified as follows, in Manila, last year:

"You had started us on a course of constructive training. . . . You were working our boys up, as you said, in order that with time and experience we might develop material and ability to govern ourselves. You told us that the only man fit for any office was the man best able to do its work. That was hard doctrine for us to credit; we who for centuries had been Spanish-trained. But for fourteen years you drilled it into us and practised what you preached. So that we were just beginning to take our tongues out of our cheeks and to believe you meant what you said.

"And than, all in a flash. you snatch your whole scheme up by the roots, elevate a base example to highest office, and dash the government into our hands! You had no right to do it! You had only began your work when you cast it aside like a thoughtless child tired of a toy.

"You had no right to play with a people's fate that way."

Now, it would be a disastrous mistake to suppose that the caciques all are benighted or perverse. There are many in the Island to-day—Spanish or Chinese mestozos—whose minds and attainments entitle them to much respect. These men, however, are rarely in politics, and are rarely found among the advocates of immediate independence.

The entire half-breed element in the Philippines—whether it be Spanish, Chinese or other blood on its foreign side—is reckoned at a total of 7.36 per cent of the population, of which percentage by far the larger part is submerged in the tao mass. It is estimated that the influential cacique class numbers not over 10,000 persons—less than one tenth of one per cent of the whole people. And it is from the ranks of this one tenth of one per cent that come all the political agents, all the Independence Commissioners and their employees, and practically all the Filipino students, who are seen and heard by America. Its concept, its purpose, diametrically opposes the concept and purpose of the democracy of America toward the democracy of the Philippines as inherent in the national conscience and as laid down by five successive American presidents.

THE MOROS

By KATHERINE MAYO

THE population of the Philippine Islands, numbering between eleven and twelve millions, comprises forty-three distinct ethnical groups, speaking eighty-seven different dialects. Of these dialects those most nearly alike resemble each other as Spanish resembles Italian, while those most dissimilar bear a mutual relationship comparable to that of English and German. Between each two of the forty-three groups a certain age-old jealousy and suspicion exists; and opinions differ as to the possibility of ultimately replacing that attitude with one of cooperation welding a national consciousness. As to certain sections of the population, however, such hope is little entertained by competent observers. Between, on the one hand, the mountain peoples of Luzon, commonly included under the term "Igorots," and, on the other, the "Christian Filipino" tribes, the gulf is

exceedingly wide. Between the Mohammedans of the Southern section of the Archipelago and the Christian Filipino no amalgamation is conceivable—and for the following reasons:

The Mohammedan, or "Moro" as he is called, differs from the Filipino in the essentials of life, customs, character, and history. His religion is a tremendous reality to him—the civil and social law, as well as the master-passion of his life. His language, a form of Arabic, resembles no Filipino tongue. He writes in Arabic characters. His history, as to the Filipino, is a history of unbroken warfare up to the time of the American occupation. And in that warfare the Moro was ever the victor, while his name, to this day, is a terror in Filipino ears. While the Filipinos have always been subject to some foreign power and were practically the serfs of Spain, the Moros, until the coming of America, were always a free people.

Spain, though constantly at war with them, never reduced them to vassalage and her last treaty concluded with the Sultan of Sulu affirmed Sulu as a protectorate, not a dependency, of Spain. Not only do the main traits of Moro character, under normal conditions, differ radically from the traits of the Filipino, but the weak points of the Filipino are precisely those most condemnatory in Moro esteem. The result, in part, is that to address a Moro as a Filipino is to send his hand to the hilt of his knife, while the idea of Philippine independence, in so far as it implies a Filipino government imposed upon the Moro people, is the nightmare of the Moro mind. The Moro, with the exception of a few individuals regarded by their own people as purchased renegades, stand as a mass for continued American government.

As matters lie to-day, the Filipino Legislature, a half-caste cacique body, exerts practical control over all the Archipelago. A system like the carpet-bagging system of our own Reconstruction period has filled practically every office, in the Moro country, from school-teacher to provincial governor, with half-caste Filipino incumbents. These officials too commonly use their authority to exasperate and tyrannize over the Moro—in the hope, as many hold, to goad them to such violent outbreaks that American federal troops must be called in to wipe the Moros out and thereby clear the country for Filipino domination. Consequently, the condition of Moro morale, to-day, is exceedingly dangerous. Keenly alive to the possibility of America's withdrawal from the islands leaving their enemy implanted over them, and determined to die rather than to submit to such a fate, they await America's action as a powder-magazine might await the application of a match.

From a Declaration of Rights and Purposes Addressed to the Congress of the United States

The following is taken from Miss Mayo's remarkable and poignant book on the Philippines, *The Isles of Fear,* published by Harcourt, Brace and Company. The romantic story of Alvarez, told in the same book, appears in another part of the magazine.—*Editor's note.*

THEREFORE, we, in representation of nearly half a million Mohammedan residents of Mindanao and Sulu, do solemnly affirm and declare:—

That we are loyal unto death to the United States.

That in proof of this loyalty we have pledged ourselves by the most solemn oath known to Mohammedans to die rather than submit to domination by Christian Filipinos from the north, and, if necessary, to die in order that the United States Congress which heretofore has lent a deaf ear to our petitions may now hear us.

That in the event that the United States grants independence to the Philippine Islands without provision for our retention under the American flag, it is our firm intention and resolve to declare ourselves an independent constitutional sultanate to be known to the world as the Moro nation. It is the duty of the Congress of the United States to make provision at once for the security and protection promised to us when we surrendered our arms to the United States Army. This promise is just as sacred as any alleged promises you may have made to the Christian Filipinos. You have left us defenceless and it is your duty to protect us or return to us the weapons you took from us.

That while it is not our desire to do so, by disregarding our rights and wishes while at the same time conceding political and economic favors to the Christian Filipinos, favors which are in turn used against us, you are forcing us surely and steadily to recourse to desperate and bloody measures which are abhorrent to us, in view of our loyalty to the American flag, our Governor-General, and our gratitude to the United States for the liberty and security of life which we enjoyed until you delegated your power and authority to the Christian Filipinos.

We complain that we have not one representative in the Philippine Legislature elected by direct vote of the people. Our meagre representation is through representatives appointed by the Governor-General who must have the approval of a Senate controlled by Filipinos.

We complain that the Philippine Legislature appropriates one million pesos per annum for pro-independence propaganda, thereby forcing us to contribute through taxation without representation to the efforts of certain Christian Filipinos to sever the bonds between us and the United States, all of which is not in accordance with our wishes.

We complain that when our people, including women and children, have been shot down by the constabulary, or otherwise maltreated, investigations have been conducted in such a manner as to gloss over the truth.

We complain that, in spite of the large volume of evidence of misgovernment of our people presented to the Wood-Forbes Commission, and subsequently to the Governor-General, nothing whatever has been done to assure our people that reforms meeting with our approval would be undertaken, for the reason that the power to institute reforms lies in yourselves and not in the Governor-General, the hands of the latter being tied by the provisions of the Jones Law.

We complain that petitions are being circulated which our people, by means of pressure from official sources, are obliged to sign. These petitions are for the purpose of leading the people of the United States to believe that we are disloyal to the United States and to our Governor-General, when such is not the case. Even provincial governors and other high officials prostitute their offices for this purpose. Therefore we are forced to take concerted and violent action in order to avoid being misrepresented. Even Americans who sympathize with our aspirations and loyalty to the United States are forced to discuss the situation in whispers, if they dare discuss it at all, for fear of reprisals. Surely this is not in accordance with ideals of American justice and fair play.

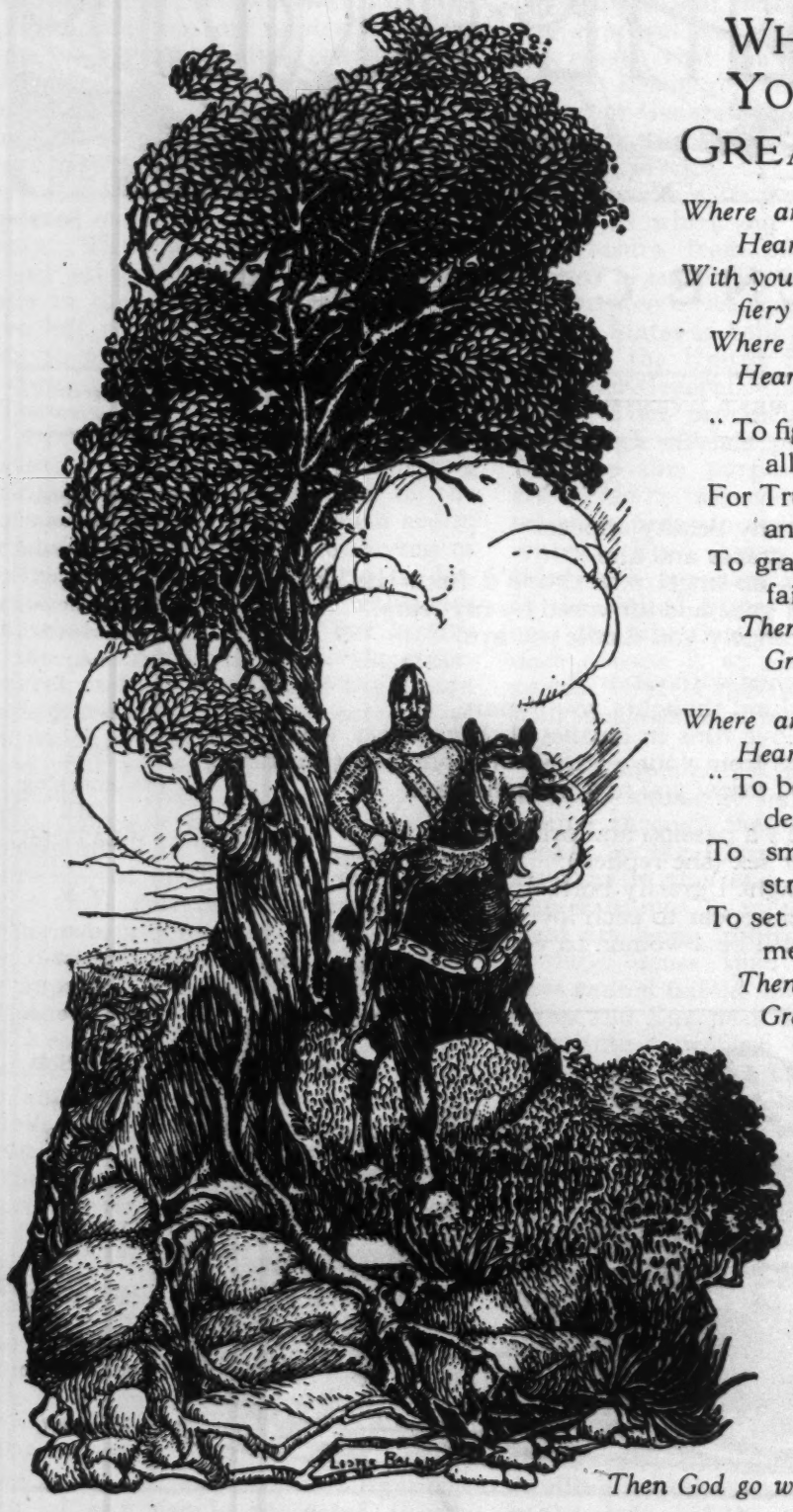
We complain that the effort is being made to submerge our civilization and culture through the assimilation of our people by the Christian Filipinos. As a means to this end colonies of Christian Filipinos financed by the government are being injected into our midst, to later cause such complications as have caused untold misery in the Balkan states and European Turkey, and which constitute a problem to-day.

Had we the machinery of government and taxation in our hands, as have the Christian Filipinos, we could also send missions to Washington.

Therefore, we hereby solemnly and respectfully petition the Congress of the United States for redress and amelioration of our present economic and political situation, and ask you, in the name of your God, and our God, who is one and the same, that you promptly grant us our request, in order that this, the land of our forefathers, may not be again drenched in the blood of Mohammedans and Christians who should be dwelling together in peace and amity in the shelter of the American flag.

JUNE CALENDAR

D.	Great Events and Odd Matters	*Prognostications*
1	SONG	Full moon or conjunction of sun and moon propitious for matrimony.
2	When thy beauty appears	
3	In its graces and airs	
4	All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the sky,	
5	At distance I gaze and am awed by my fears:	
6	So strangely you dazzle my eye!	
7	But when without art	
8	Your kind thoughts you impart,	
9	When your love runs in blushes through every vein;	
10	When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,	
11	Then I know you're a woman again.	♎ ♃ ☿ Then, as touching THE WEATHER
12	There's a passion and pride	
13	In our sex (she replied),	
14	And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:	
15	Still an angel appear to each lover beside,	
16	But still be a woman to you.	♈ ♂ what better index need we of
17	—*Thomas Parnell*	
18		
19		♂ ☉ ♉ ♋ its ever-
20		
21		
22		♊ ♒ ♎ shifting
23		
24		
25		☿ ♐ ♌ ♍ variable variations
26		
27		
28		than the countenance of Spouse?
29		
30		



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GREAT-HEART?

Where are you going, Great-Heart,
With your eager face and your fiery grace?—
Where are you going, Great-Heart?

"To fight a good fight with all my might,
For Truth and Justice, God and Right,
To grace all Life with His fair Light."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
"To beard the Devil in his den;
To smite him with the strength of ten;
To set at large the souls of men."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
"To end the rule of knavery;
To break the yoke of slavery;
To give the world delivery."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
" To hurl high-stationed evil down;
To set the Cross above the crown;
To spread abroad my King's renown."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
" To lift To-day above the Past;
To make To-morrow sure and fast;
To nail God's colors to the mast."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
" To cleanse the earth of noisome things;
To draw from life its poison-stings;
To give free play to Freedom's wings."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
" To break down old dividing-lines;
To carry out My Lord's designs;
To build again His broken shrines."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
" To set all burdened peoples free;
To win for all God's liberty;
To 'stablish His Sweet Sovereignty."
God goeth with you, Great-Heart!

—*John Oxenham*

ANOTHER MOTTO FOR THE LITTLE MAGAZINE

" Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity; bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care can not disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands for our souls to live in."

—*Ruskin*

ALVAREZ

By KATHERINE MAYO

The following article is from Katherine Mayo's book, The Isles of Fear, which deals with the Philippine question. In another part of the magazine will be found a little article by Miss Mayo, discussing the Moro situation, of which the story of Alvarez is a dramatic incident.—*Editor's note.*

THE Moro country, over which our flag flies, yet of which we have scarcely heard, must, during the last three years, have disgraced our name among nations; must have forced itself on the notice of the world by a wholesale madness of carnage, but for one thing.

That one thing was the personal influence, not the official power, of Major-General Wood.

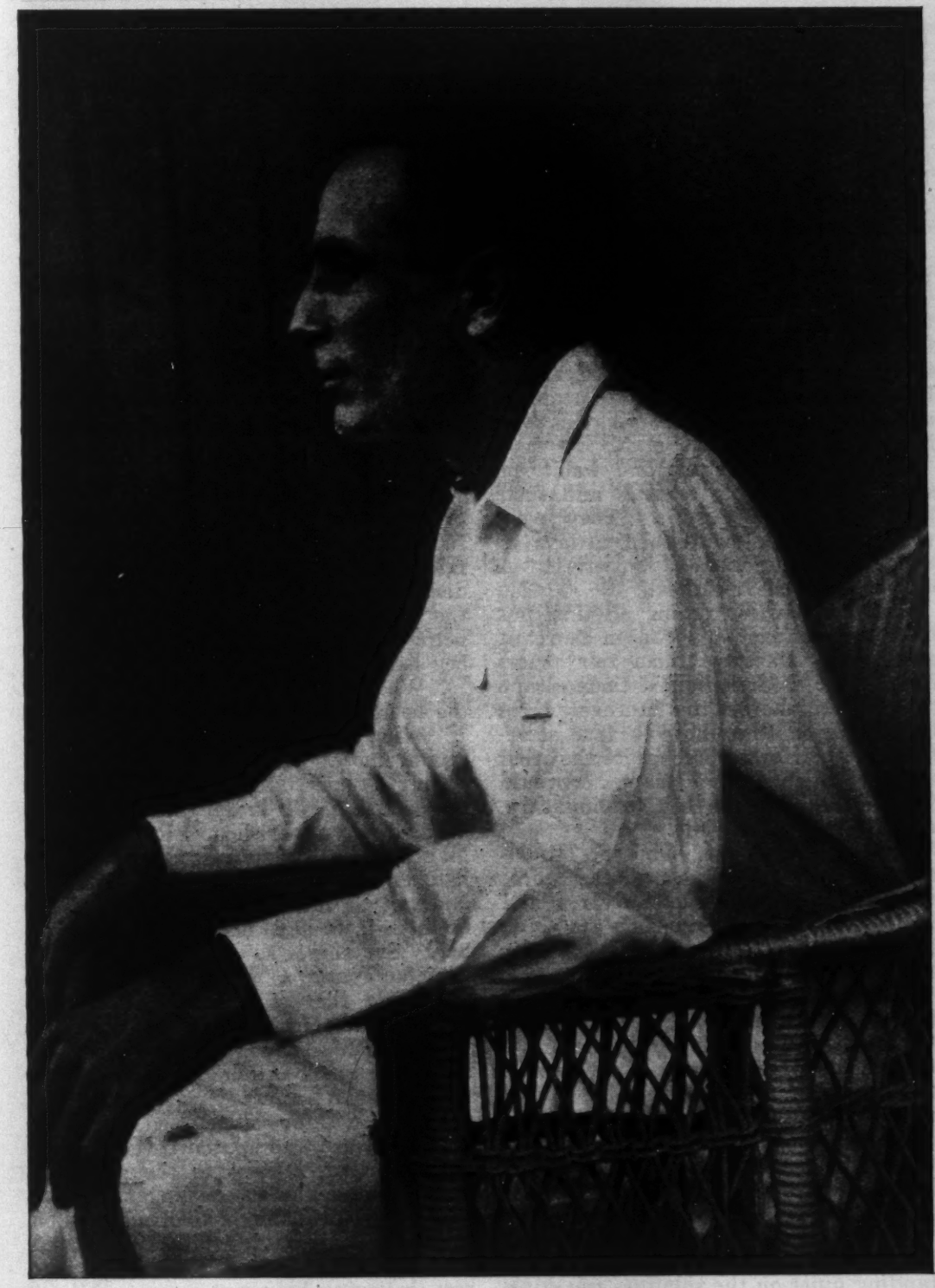
Less and less is it possible for our executive to bring any actual relief to a situation daily more scandalous. For no step that he might take—no appointment that any executive might make with a primary view to serving the interests of the population concerned—would be confirmed by the Filipino Legislature.

Manila, under existing primitive means of transportation, seems as remote from the Moro country as does Constantinople from New York. The little yacht *Apo* makes trips there, carrying the Governor-General, or one of his aides, from time to time to visit the people. But the Governor-General cannot even promise them help—for America's hands are snared from her duty by a tangle of lawless laws. He can only ease their over-burdened minds by listening to their woes. He can only renew their realization of his personal good-will and integrity and, in return, ask for further forebearance. Then he must sail away and leave them to their fears and their destiny.

Without General Wood's name, and the faith the Moros bear him personally, the peace could never have been kept. Yet without some strong lieutenant stationed by the powder-magazine itself, to see and quench at birth each sudden burst of flame, peace had scarcely been possible. Each needed the other. And so, where our American executive was powerless to place a helper, Fate gave him a helper of whose existence, perhaps, he scarcely knew—and with Fate's own scorn of likelihood.

Young Alvarez—Milton Alvarez—was an American. His mother came from Saint Paul, Minnesota, his father from Spain. Young Alvarez was lean and dark and aquiline, with clear and strikingly large gray eyes, a high-bridged, high-bred nose, a Spanish mouth, a leader's jaw, and a free lift of the head that, out of the blue, gave you the word "hidalgo."

Further, the character he happened to have was nationally important. He combined curiously a high, cold courage, physical and moral, with a white-hot blazing devotion; an impersonal tenderness of spirit with a chilled-steel power of purpose; an intense inner solitude with an utter absence of self-concern. He could have loved the comradeship of men—as he did that of books; but he did not need men's approval. He suffered cruelly under the misjudgment of his own kind; yet hugged it close as a fiercer spur to that self-immolation that caused it. He had the face and the mind of a passionate intellectual ascetic. He was proud that he never knew his pride, nor thought concerning it. In earlier days he would have made a great



Milton Alvarez

gentleman and soldier, a great saint and martyr of the Roman Catholic Church. As it was, his star made him an American born, trained him as an engineer, broke him in in Hawaii and in Mexico, and finally dropped him down on Zamboanga, western tip of the island of Mindanao, to run the branch concerns of a firm of American traders.

God knows how it could have happened—what was the meaning of it all. The Moros say God sent him. Meantime, he worked along on his job, opening trading stations, establishing sawmills, planting cocoanut groves, stimulating production among the people—and always, by instinct, living his way into their lives.

A scholar by nature and habit, he soon mastered their tongues and their peculiar written Arabic. They were wild men—poor men—men always in danger and surrounded by wrath. A simple folk and friendless.

And he, Alvarez, seeing all this, put into his dealings an extra measure of good will. He gave them fair prices for their few wares, helped them escape the human sharks that forever beset them, showed them how to save something of their own. Or, where they had already fallen into a trap, he would drive off the enemy, if that might be, and lift the victims out.

So, throughout the island of Mindanao and over the Sulu Sea, the Moros came to know and trust Alvarez and finally to make pilgrimages to him, bringing their mystifications, their troubles and their fears.

As for the man himself, definite orders from his firm required that he "steer clear of politics." For the firm's investments were heavy and they would not jeopardize their fortunes by mixing in the troubles of the day. All firms, all governments, indeed, gave like instruction to their representatives in Moro land.

And all but Alvarez obeyed.

But Alvarez could not compass it—if "steering clear of politics" meant standing quiet on the sidelines watching brave men baited, gagged, and done to death without even a sporting chance.

Not that he used his principal's time for such matters. Not he; he did his firm's work well. But he took no time for himself, cutting his hours of sleep till scarcely enough remained to keep his body and soul in fellowship.

And the Moros sought him always more and more, until it seemed that he had dealt with every phase that trouble could take in those troubled and fear-harried lives.

Yet, in the end of the third year, it chanced that a new plea reached him. The plea of an orphan girl of noble blood, shut away in school and promised in marriage by her old uncle to a man she abhorred.

"I cannot marry him," she said. "My father would never have asked it of me. But my father is dead. My father was the Datu Rajah Muda Mandi, friend of America. And now in my distress, I hear of an American who is the friend of all Moros. Of him, being helpless, and for my father's sake, I beg help."

"Who is this girl?" Alvarez asked of the head men.

"Who, indeed!" they repeated. "We do not know. Speaking of the flesh, she is our great Datu's daughter—Rajah Muda Mandi's little daughter, whom he most dearly cherished. Rajah Muda Mandi was the strongest ruler we ever had, and the wisest. Had he lived we had not so lacked counsel. But since he left us, we have marveled concerning her. For she is so altogether good, so calm, so gentle, so purely loving and so sweet—so full of kindness without a cloud—that none of us has seen her like in a woman's shape. And we question if an angel, for Allah's ends, can have taken woman's form."

On these things all agreed, speaking with a hushed and special reverence.

Then Alvarez went to the guardian uncle, asking him to consider the hardship to his little niece involved in such a match; and, having talked long and patiently, he departed with a mind at rest, believing his point won.

But again, after some weeks, the mes-

senger returned. "My uncle presses harder. He does not relent," ran the girl's entreaty. "I have heard of your intercession, but it has not availed. Again I implore your aid, for I cannot marry that terrible old man."

Once more Alvarez went to the uncle, this time with heat, for he felt himself tricked. And in the course of the argument thus provoked, he perceived with stupefaction an unimaginable thing: The uncle believed that Alvarez wanted the girl for himself. So, clearly, believed all the other Moros present—men of rank and office among their people.

"No!" cried the American. "God is my witness. *No!* I have never once laid eyes on your niece nor spoken to her. I know nothing of her except her distress under your harsh hand. And as for marriage, be sure that I shall take no woman till, after years passed and my work here done, I go to live in my own country."

Through the black, glittering veil of the Moro's eyes the hint of a smile gleamed and was gone. He answered at length—suavely. But under his words still appeared his unchanged mind. In the other's most desperate denials he still saw nothing but awkward manoeuvres to reduce the sum of gifts by Moro law payable to the guardian of the bride.

Baffled, furious, Alvarez flung hot denials back. At last the Moro laughed aloud. As the two men parted, their eyes met like the clashing of drawn knives.

That night Alvarez sat late at his desk. Midnight still found him there, the strong breeze from the ocean teasing his heaped-up papers, and pushing eternal mosquitoes back into the dripping heat. One o'clock—two o'clock. Careless as ever of time, he worked on—till, out of his own immersion, he grew suddenly aware of a small thick scurrying sound—growing—growing—of little hastening feet and sweeping garments—of a presence, a stifled cry, a rush, and a veiled girl's figure crouching at his feet.

In the doorway now stood an older woman—a Moro of rank, as her dress and bearing showed.

"I, too, am a daughter of Rajah Muda Mandi," said she, breaking the breathless hush. "My little sister, there, would come to you, to-night. It was not fitting she should come alone. Our uncle says that he will give her, in the morning, to that man. And our uncle keeps his word.

"If there be no way of escape, then she will go now, and kill herself. I will take her, quietly, where it may be done. But first, she would come to thank you. It was needful to wait long till she could steal out unobserved, while those who watched her slept."

Alvarez stared at the speaker—statuesque, somber, dispassionate. And then he stared down at the little gasping figure at his feet, all swathed and hidden in its veil.

In that one moment his whole life cleared before him. He saw a vision, the purpose and the end.

Brought from the width of the world to this far, hidden place, his soul and brain had heard a voice that no other creature seemed to hear—the call of a wild, strong people in the agony of death. Now alone he stood between them and their persecutors.

In one bleak glare of light, he surveyed the road ahead—barren rock, beset with hatred, lies and violence, crowded with hopeless labors for a friendless cause—as lonely as death and as bitter, with death at the end. As he looked, it was as if a hand pointed out his mortal bonds—his personal desires—his hopes of place or ease of love. In a sort of ecstasy of immolation he seized them all, tore them loose and flung them behind.

From that point on, he was always to know his way, without one shadow of doubt.

As to this child at his feet, because of his championship she had already been named too often in talk. Now, behold her under his roof, and at night.

And his life was pledged to the service of her people.

Therefore, for his part, what yester-

day was madness to-day was a command:

"If your sister consents I shall marry her before the sun is up. So she will be my wife, and safe," said Alvarez to the elder woman. "Then to-night you shall stay here. Myself I will sleep outside, so that no one enters. Now, do not lift her veil till I am gone."

Four years later, Alvarez told me the story, beginning in the small hours of the night, on shipboard in the Sulu Sea. The head of a carabao was dimly visible beyond his shoulder. That half-naked snarl of humanity, our fellow passenger, coiling in the blackness of the deck, occasionally thrust out a leg or an arm, or coughed or groaned in its sleep. Also, the secret service spy then watching us—a long, yellow mestizo with a half-Spanish face—squatted against the deck-house just ahead, listening backward like a cat.

And all this was commonplace enough. But that Alvarez, the detached, the abstract, should speak of himself was startling. Somehow, it stood at once clear that the thing had never happened before and that it had, coming now, an importance—like the signing of a last testament.

He spoke quietly, directly, without self-consciousness and without reserve. He might have been talking of a stranger to us both. And he asked no secrecy—a fact that, at the time, made his confidence inviolable.

Since then, all is changed—so changed that to keep faith means, now, to tell the whole.

"You married, not the woman, but a cause," I said, when his tale was done.

"Yes," he agreed, "I never heard her voice or saw her face till she was my wife. I wanted that memory, for a sign to myself that I *had* 'married a cause.'

"But the people were right in what they said of her. She has indeed the nature of an angel. Not once in the four years of our marriage have I met a frown on her face, or heard a shade of sullenness or anger in her voice. She is sweetness, tenderness, innocent gaiety itself—and as obedient as a good child. When I go on hard journeys into dangerous places, she insists on coming too—to cook my food lest it be poisoned and to care for me if I am sick or hurt; for she knows, as I do, that I am no more likely than her father was to die a natural death. She is as fearless as the bravest man. Several times she has saved my life. My house under her influence is a sure haven of unruffled peace and loving-kindness. Her little brothers, who live with us, treat me with a deference and respect that never fail, and they obey at a hint as though obedience were a happiness. I shall have no children of my own. But no man could have a sweeter home.

"My house has become, meantime, the council-place of the people. And—this, you see, is an imaginative and mystic race—they have discovered in me, they say, some strong physical likeness to the Datu Rajah Muda Mandi, whose name they venerate, and who died—'suddenly'—before I came into their lives. Therefore, because of my relation to them and to their Datu's favorite daughter, they believe that his spirit is somehow reborn in me for their help and guidance. They come from great distances bringing their troubles. I have had to build a place to shelter them. One never knows at what moment or in what numbers they may appear, and they must have such protection and privacy as we can get. The secret service men follow me night and day, as you have seen. . . ."

In those strange councils many an outbreak was forestalled by Alvarez's deciding word—many a flame smothered down that was ready to blaze into hell.

As to the secret service men, it is an amazing sensation, at first, to be constantly tracked about by spies. I, too, became used to the close attention of the round black eye applied through a nearby crack—of the ear yearning thitherward from a carefully averted head, of the presence under the floor, on the stair, in the gallery, at the door, in the opposite window—or even, at some critical moment, and on some queer

pretext, in the very room in which I sat. To a quiet American citizen going openly about legitimate work under the American flag, it has an irritating as well as comic effect to be so intimately watched. At times there came an almost uncontrollable impulse to fling forth the English of it, in words of one syllable. Yet, after all, these human barnacles might develop some power to impede the job on hand—which was not yet finished. So one pretended not to see.

Therefore, what happened all of itself, one day at sea, helped wickedly.

We were heading for Jolo, Sulu's city. I stood by the forward rail, watching the island's profile grow against the sky. Next me stood a young Moro chief. Next him lounged one of my guard of spies, his character, as such, supposedly unknown to each and all.

"What," asked the spy of the Moro, "is likely to happen to strangers who go inland over yonder?"

"Ah," said the Moro, his thin lips curving in a blade-like smile, "'a stranger going inland in Sulu,' you say? Well, much would depend on that stranger, of course. Now if he were a Filipino going to preach independence from America, we should simply cut off his head. But if"—and here the speaker smiled again, radiantly—"if that Filipino agent were also, by any chance, a secret service man—we should first—ah—cut out his tongue—like this," and he pointed his words with the hint of a gesture brittle with live technique.

Then first it was that I grasped this fact: The Moro has often a strong and whimsical sense of humor—the Filipino practically none at all.

Since my return to America word has reached me of the sudden death of Alvarez.

His last letter contained this passage: "What power General Wood has—and it is not one-tenth of what it should be—cannot be used to aid this unhappy country without a storm of protest being raised and much dust thrown in the eyes of America. No power but the United States Congress can now save a people standing on the threshold of extermination. I have done what I could and somehow I feel that my end is near. My hope now is that you—remembering what you have seen here—will tell America."

So the Moros, to-day, are leaderless—friendless—children beset by pitfalls—hunted and betrayed, with no man to save them from the cunning of their mortal enemy.

As for Alvarez—for his memory I bespeak whatever gratitude, whatever respect, a man may earn by choosing a doomed life and dying a myrtyr's death for the honor of his country—for America.

"Those who deliberate on difficult matters ought to free their minds from the influence of hatred, friendship, anger and compassion; for the mind is often blinded to the truth by clouds of passion that arise, and no man has ever followed his true interests and his heated feelings at the same time."

—*Julius Caesar*

CHILD OF MY HEART

Child-heart!
Wild heart!
What can I bring you,
What can I sing you,
You who have come from a glory afar,
Called into Time from a secret star?

Fleet one!
Sweet one!
Whose was the wild hand
Shaped you in child-land,
Pouring the soul as a fearful fire,
Sending you forth at a dream's desire?

Strong child!
Song child!
Who can unravel
All your long travel
Out of the Mystery, birth after birth—
Out of the dim worlds deeper than Earth?

Mad thing!
Glad thing!
How will Life tame you?
How will God name you?
All that I know is that you are to me
Wind over water, star on the sea.

Dear heart!
Near heart!
Long is the journey,
Hard is the tourney:
Would I could be by your side if you fall—
Would that my own heart could suffer it all!

—*Edwin Markham*

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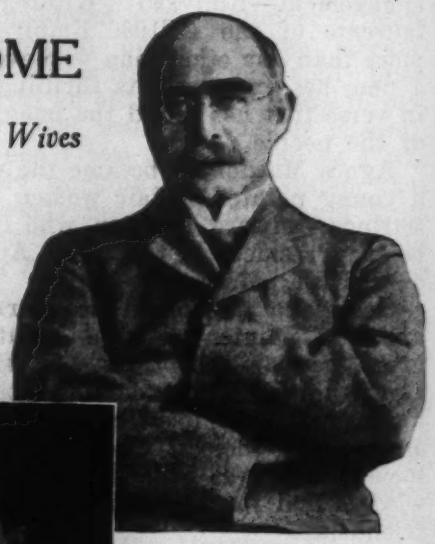
THE WONDERFUL HOME

The Story of Four Girls Who Became the Wives and Mothers of Great Men.

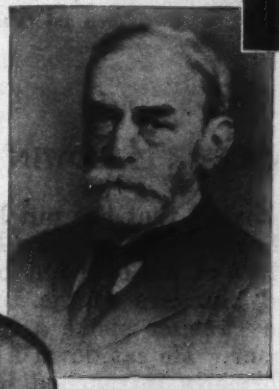


Photograph by Brown Brothers
Rudyard Kipling

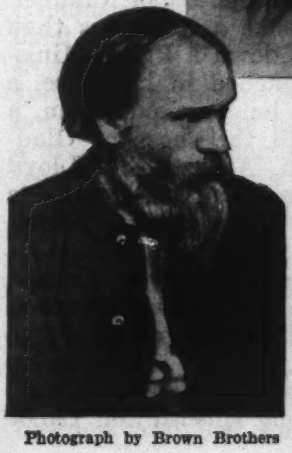
THE spirit of the good home is one of the best things in the world, were the words of Queen Mary in the schools on Empire Day; and on the same day many people were reading of one of the most remarkable homes that have ever made good history. It was a home we should all know of, for it shows how wonderfully a single household may send gracious influences forth throughout the wide world.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood
Stanley Baldwin

Sixty-five years ago there lived in Chelsea, then the London center of British art, a well-known Wesleyan minister, the Reverend George B. Macdonald, one of the most influential preachers of that day, and father of the even more eloquent and popular preacher who is happily still with us, the Reverend F. W. Macdonald, whose voice is well remembered in hundreds of churches and halls throughout the land. The girls of this household were five in number, of whom two still live.



Photograph by Pacific and Atlantic



Above, Sir Edward Poynter; at the left, Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

From that Macdonald home have radiated influences that will long be felt, not only through the sphere of religion, but in the kindred spheres of art and literature and politics and humane business. It is a marvelous story, for it emanates from four beautiful, sweet, and bright girls who acted as helpmates to four equally remarkable men, and four more families were formed, each of which has won a lasting place in British history.

Alice Macdonald fixed her place in life when her father was stationed in the dreary Staffordshire Pottery District, where, by the side of Rudyard Lake, she was asked to be the wife of Lockwood Kipling, a young man bound for India.

There she took the family charms of beauty and brightness, fit accompaniments of her distinguished husband, and there, at Bombay, was born their son, named Rudyard after the lake that had witnessed their

engagement—Rudyard Kipling, the laureate of the British Empire, who, more than any other man who ever used a pen, has expressed its thrilling unity in verse that has seized the imagination of the people.

Agnes Macdonald became the wife of a young painter of fair women in fair settings, Edward Poynter, who lived to be the President of the Royal Academy of British painters.

Georgiana Macdonald also married an artist, a painter of ideal beauty and great poetic conceptions, Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Their marriage started a union that was itself a living poem; and in the choicest circles of London society she was famed for wit and wisdom and for her great gift of noble friendship.

Louisa Macdonald, though she had her full share of the family cleverness and charm, made what may have been supposed to be a less brilliant match on the intellectual side. Her choice was a business man, an engineer.

While her husband was busy building up a great business and a reputation for fair and thoroughly human dealings with his workmen, and rising to well-won wealth, the chairmanship of a great railway company, and a seat in Parliament, she it was who kept up the family record for intellectual interest by writing books—an experimental novel, sketches of country life and joy, and dainty fairy tales.

And now their son, Stanley Baldwin, has been called to take the highest position the British Empire can offer to honorable ambition, the Premiership of the Motherland of the English-speaking race, after he had won the confidence and the heart of the British Parliament by that fine confession of faith:

"There are four words of salvation for this country and the whole world—faith, hope, love, and work."

A noble gospel, worthy of the ancestry and kinship of the man who uttered it! And how inspiring it is to think that this is only a part of the splendid outcome of that Chelsea household of a plain Wesleyan minister, with its bevy of bright girls, fitly mated, and radiating gracious influences through the world, far into the future.

From the Children's Newspaper.

A Single Speech Made Stanley Baldwin Famous

PREMIER Stanley Baldwin spoke to the House of Commons on March 6. John L. Balderston, staff correspondent of the New York *World*, sent this account of the address. He followed it with paragraphs quoted from the Prime Minister's speech.

In England a reputation can be made in a night. This happens, of course, most rarely. It happened last Friday. Stanley Baldwin, for the second time Prime Minister, rose to propose an amendment to the second reading of the Trade Union (Political Fund) Bill. He got up, in the general estimation, a man who attained office as a compromise because his more competent rivals were too well hated; a man to whom fortune was so kind that she put him back into the Premiership a year later through no effort of his own but because of the stupid blunders of the Labor Cabinet.

The Premier spoke a little less than one hour. He sat down a Prime Minister formally intrenched in his office, a statesman and no longer a politician, a man worthy to fill the shoes of Gladstone and Disraeli, Asquith and Lloyd George, by the consent of his opponents no less than of his own supporters. And the verdict of the House, as it always is when unmistakably and unanimously pronounced as on this occasion, was notified by the entire press of the nation.

In the lobbies of the House the general comment among Liberal and Labor

M. P.'s alike was, "Why haven't we got a leader like this?"

Commander J. R. Kenworthy, a veteran Liberal M. P. and wholly opposed to Toryism, one of the politicians whom the Tories most dislike, said to me in the lobby: "It was not only the best speech that Baldwin ever made, it was the best speech I have ever heard in Parliament."

Labor members, extremists and moderates alike, were even more loud in Baldwin's praise than the Liberals.

Praised by the Press

No man in England would have thought it possible that Baldwin could make any speech on the subject which would be approved by the extreme die-hard Right Wing, represented by the *Morning Post*, and the official Labor organ, the *Daily Herald*. But the *Daily Herald* said: "A truly great speech, a wise and profound pronouncement, punctuated throughout by murmurs of approval from the Labor benches." And the *Morning Post* hails the Prime Minister's utterance as "magnanimous and wise."

The text follows, in part:

"I often wonder if all the people in this country realize the inevitable changes that are coming over the industrial system in England. (Labor cheers.) People are apt either to get their knowledge of the industrial system from text-books which must inevitably be half a generation behind, or some circumstances familiar to them at a fixed and static point in their own lives, whereas, ever since the industrial system began in this country, it has been not only in a state of evolution, but in a state of evolution which I think historians in centuries to come will acknowledge to have developed at a far more rapid rate than was visible to the people who lived in those times.

"It happens that I have seen, owing to the peculiar circumstances of my own life, a great deal of this evolution taking place before my own eyes. I worked for many years in an industrial business and had under me what was then considered a large number of men. It happened, owing to the circumstances of this being an old family business, with an old, and, I venture to say, a very good tradition (Labor cheers), that when I was first in business I was probably working under a system that was already passing, and I doubt if its like could have been found in any of the big modern industrial towns in this country, even at that time.

"It was a place where I had known from childhood every man on the ground; where I was able to talk to men, not only about troubles in the works but troubles at home; where strikes and lock-outs were unknown, and where the fathers and grandfathers of the men had worked, and their sons went automatically into the business. It was a place where nobody ever got the sack (laughter) and where we had a natural sympathy for those who were less concerned in efficiency than this generation is.

"There were a large number of old gentlemen who used to spend the day sitting on the handle of a wheelbarrow and smoking their pipes. Oddly enough, it was not an inefficient community. It was the last survivor of that type of works and ultimately was swallowed up in one of those great combinations to which the industries of the country are tending.

Disaster May Come

"We have to see what wise statesmanship can do to steer this country through this time of evolution till we get onto the next stage of our industrial civilization. (Labor cheers.) What I have said shows the importance of organization both of masters and men, or, to use the modern phrase invented by economists, who always invent beastly words, employers and employed.

"To a certain extent both these organizations must on one side be uneconomic. A trade union is uneconomic in one sense of the word when it restricts output and when it levels down the work to a lower level. It is an association for the protection of the

weaker men which has often proved uneconomic, and exactly the same thing happens in an employers' organization. Primarily it is protective but, in effect, very often it is uneconomic because it keeps in existence works which, if left to the process of competition, would be squeezed out and whose prolonged existence is really only a weakness to the country.

"Also it has another very curious effect not at all dissimilar from that of the trade union reaction, which shows that both these organizations are instinct with English tradition. The workmen's organization is formed to see that under certain conditions a workman cannot get his living in a particular trade unless he belongs to that union. An employer's organization is formed in a particular trade for the protection of the trade, and it has the result of effectively preventing any new man starting in that trade. (Opposition cheers.)

"In this great problem which is facing the country in years to come it may be from one side or the other that disaster may come, but surely it shows that the only progress that can be obtained in this country is by those two bodies of men, so similar in their strength and so similar in their weaknesses, learning to understand each other and not to fight each other. (General cheers.)

"We stand for peace. We stand for the removal of suspicion in the country. (Cheers.) We want to create an atmosphere, a new atmosphere, in a new Parliament for a new age in which the people can come together. We abandon what we have laid our hands to. We know we may be called cowards for doing it. We know we may be told that we have gone back on our principles, but at this moment we believe we know what the country wants, and we believe it is for us in our strength to do what no other party can do at this moment, and to say that we, at any rate, stand for peace. (Cheers.)

"I am as confident as I can be of anything that that will be the feeling of all those who sit behind me, and that they will accept the amendment I have put down in the spirit in which I have moved it, and I have equal confidence in my fellow-countrymen throughout the whole of Great Britain. I know that there are those who work for different ends, but I believe that there are many in all ranks and in all parties who will re-echo my prayer, 'Give peace in our time, O Lord.'" (Many members of the Labor Party joined heartily in the cheers which were given to the Prime Minister on resuming his seat.)

THE FLY

How large unto the tiny fly
Must little things appear:
A rosebud like a feather bed,
Its prickle like a spear;
A dewdrop like a looking-glass,
A hair like golden wire;
The smallest grain of mustard seed
As fierce as coals of fire;
A loaf of bread a lofty hill,
A wasp, a cruel leopard;
And specks of salt as bright to see
As lambkins to a shepherd.

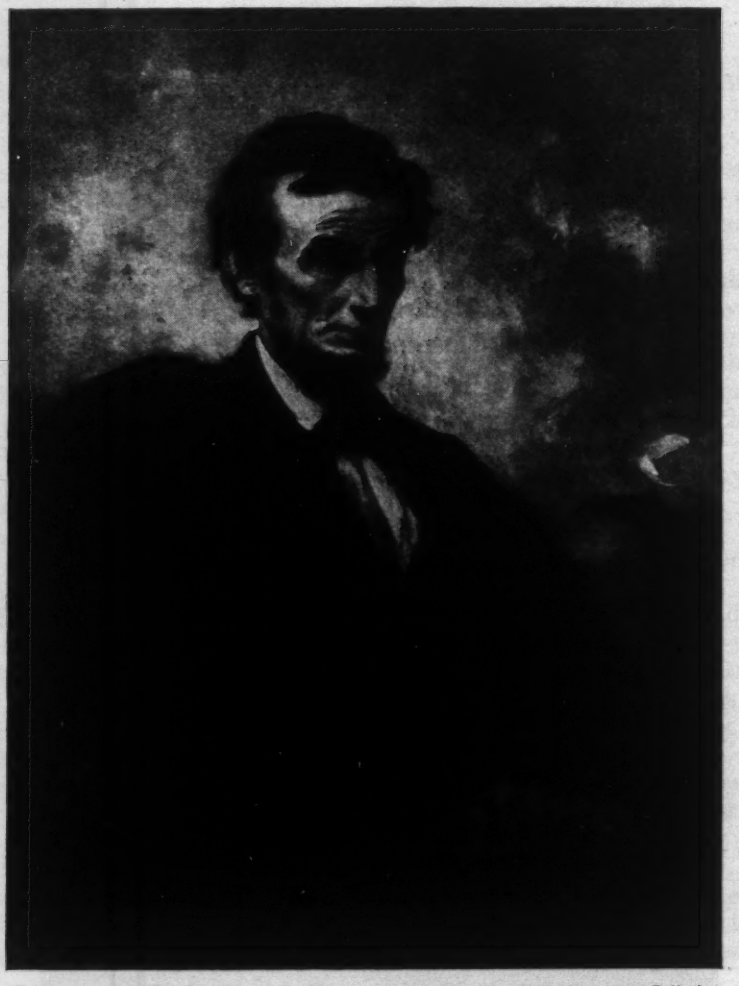
—*Walter de la Mare*

From "Songs of Childhood," published by Longmans, Green and Company.

God be in my head,
And in my understanding;
God be in mine eyes,
And in my looking;
God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;
God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;
God be at mine end,
And at my departing.

This quaintly lovely child's prayer has come down to us through hundreds of years. It is found in a little book printed in 1558.

Photograph by Walter Scott Shinn



From a portrait by Douglas Volk, N. A. Courtesy of Grand Central Art Galleries

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By ANNE CRISWELL SHERWOOD

JOHN DRINKWATER, English author of the drama, *Abraham Lincoln,* paid a visit to the home of America's greatest man. He was deeply impressed by the experience, and felt it a great privilege to talk with the few people remaining there who had known the Emancipator personally, in the days when he was merely a country lawyer.

Walking among these scenes, the fact was borne in upon the student of the life of Lincoln, that soon the generation that knew his bodily presence would have passed away. Mr. Drinkwater, in writing of his visit, urges that everything that could in any way contribute

to the sum total of this man's life story, and insure it a local habitation and a name forever, should be most carefully preserved for future generations. He believes that the more thoroughly these records are kept, the less will be the danger of inaccuracies and arguments in days to come.

It would seem that this has already been done, yet there may be bits of experience, treasured by some of us of the older generation, that will add yet a little to the story as a whole.

As I sit on the porch of my Western ranch home and look upon the great mountain that towers above the surrounding range, as the life of Abraham Lincoln towers above the lives of most of his fellows, my mind goes back to my childhood recollections of this wonder-man. Books have been written about him by people who never saw him, but on the white page of a child's mind images register with crystal clearness, and remain for a lifetime.

To-day, across the lapse of nearly sixty years, I can still close my eyes and see the tall, ungainly figure, his shawl thrown back, alighting from his old buggy to unrein his horse at the watering-trough in front of the country manse, twelve miles from Springfield, which was my childhood home.

I can see myself, a tanned, active, curious little girl, occupying my favorite post of observation, the broad-topped gate-post of the manse fence. There was much to be seen from that gate-post, as the country church, the manse and the Academy all fronted on the road, which was the main highway between Springfield and Petersburg. Mr. Lincoln, as every one knows, rode a circuit, attending to his country law practice, and I often saw him as he passed along this road. There was plenty of travel, even though automobiles had not even been thought of.

Later, along this highway, marched the blue-coated boys going to war. Many of them were from my father's church and the Academy. From my gate-post I watched them drill in the church grounds near the manse. I knew nearly all of them and my hands were often filled with the candy that they gave me. When the time came that brought solemn processions along the road to the church, where the last rites were said over some of these young men who had given their all for their country, I deserted my gate-post, and going into the house hid myself away till the procession had wended its way to the hillside cemetery some distance from the church. It was my father's sad duty to conduct these funerals.

We were in what would now be called a community center. It was three miles from the town of Athens, Illinois, in what was known as the Indian Point neighborhood. My father, Reverend Robert A. Criswell, was for sixteen years pastor of the North Sangamon Presbyterian Church situated there. He, together with other public-spirited men, helped to organize the North Sangamon Academy, and the young people came from many miles around to attend school there. The brick church, the manse, and a boarding-house completed the community buildings.

It was a beautiful spot, shaded by majestic oaks and elms. All the neighborhood gatherings were held there, evening events being announced to begin at "early candle lighting." I can still see the sputtering candles that lighted the church, as kerosene lamps were rarely seen. When the first one was introduced into that locality, a glass one owned by my mother, it was loaned to the church for some evening gathering. I remember the consternation occasioned when it was accidentally knocked off the balcony railing where it had been placed to show off well. It crashed down on the head of a woman below, and her elaborately trimmed straw bonnet was all that saved her. Many years later that lamp was still used in the family, and the story of its fall told.

This otherwise attractive country neighborhood was infested with malaria, and when I recall the quantities of quinine and "blue mass" with which we children were dosed, I wonder that

any of us are alive to-day. I well remember one occasion when the spring Exhibition fell on my regular "chill day." I spoke my piece, burning with fever, and then ran home to bed.

Mr. Lincoln often had occasion to drive between Petersburg and Springfield, past the North Sangamon community center. The watering trough in front of the manse was a convenient stopping-place. He would come clattering across the stones of Indian Creek, fording the stream near the blacksmith shop at the foot of the hill, emerge on our side of the creek, and come rattling along in his rather travel-worn buggy, which had a sloping bed at the back. He would drive up and stop at the trough, and when he unbent his long legs to climb out he looked to my childish eyes to be ten feet tall. If the weather was cold, he wore the heavy gray shawl commonly in use, instead of an overcoat.

We children several times improved the opportunity to climb up and sit in Mr. Lincoln's buggy while his horse drank. This man's kindness to children was unfailing, and his slow smile gave us plenty of assurance that the liberties we took were never resented.

He would sometimes stand watching ball-games or other sports going on in the Academy yard among the students or younger children. Among these games was a very charming one known as "grace-hoops." It was played by the older girls. How I admired these lovely young ladies, in their full skirts, with their hair arranged in "waterfalls," as they gracefully tossed the colored rings back and forth and caught them on slender sticks. I think Mr. Lincoln admired them, also, for he would stand and watch a game while his horse rested. When he was ready to go on, he would reach up his long arms and "jump us out," shake hands with a kindly good-bye, and, climbing in, resume his journey. I shall never forget that wonderful smile. It seemed to enfold us all like warm sunshine.

I often went to Springfield with my father, and more than once we met Mr. Lincoln on the street, sometimes carrying a market basket, and often accompanied by his two little boys. He and my father would sometimes stop to exchange a few words and we children would have a visit, too.

In after years, my father treasured the memory of an incident that occurred about this time. The funeral of an ex-Governor of Illinois was being held in Springfield, at which the professional men of the locality were present. These men walked two together in the procession to the cemetery, and as my father was the nearest in height to Mr. Lincoln they walked together. To the end of his long life my father liked to recall this occurrence.

When I think of the social side of our community life, I recall the old-time Christmas. The wild turkey came from the woods and sometimes weighed as much as twenty-five pounds. The wash-boiler had to be scrubbed and scoured to cook it in, and then it was finished off and browned in the outside brick oven, as the oven of the little wood-burning cook-stove was far too small. There were extra back-logs for the fireplace, fresh moulded candles for the mantle-piece, and company to dinner. Sometimes there would be several families, including the new baby, the old baby, and the grandparents, if there were any. Toys were scarce, but we were satisfied with a general present, such as a dancing darkey to put up over the stove where the ascending heat would make it dance, or a Noah's Ark, with "animals that went in two by two, the elephant and the kangaroo."

I remember, too, another great event of those days, the donation party at the manse, when people came and brought pies and doughnuts and biscuits and then stayed to supper and ate nearly everything up. Maybe it was just as well that they did, or the "children of the manse" might have been made sick.

A few years sped by, and the time came when Abraham Lincoln was no longer an obscure country lawyer, but the President of the United States. I well remember the excitement of the voting,

and the great surprise of many when the result became known.

Then came the terrible war of '61. In those days we went to the church to scrape lint for the wounded soldiers. How unsanitary that would be considered now. I remember taking my mother's silver butterknife to scrape the lint from a piece of old tablecloth. My mother was making a beautiful "tulip quilt" when the war broke out. She laid it aside for this other work, and the associations were so painful that she never cared to work on it again. It still remains unfinished, as she left it, a family heirloom.

An atmosphere of dread and gloom pervaded everything. A company was raised from the neighborhood boys and young men, and drilling went on in the church grounds. I was always on hand to watch. Excitement ran as high in that country community as it did in the cities. News came slowly, there being no telephones, automobiles or swift news carriers, such as we have now. The neighbors brought each other's mail, and every passer-by was welcomed if he could tell any late war news.

One day, going home from school, I found my mother crying, just after some people had left the house. She told me that they had come to warn my father not to pray for the success of the North, or for the freeing of the slaves. There was a strong division of opinion in the neighborhood, and the country pastor was placed in a difficult position. But he was a man of firm convictions, and went on his way fearlessly, even though his life was threatened.

But life at the manse was different. My father seldom joked with us children now, and sometimes in the night I heard him pacing the floor of his study. He and my mother held low-toned conversations from which we children were excluded. The war cloud hung heavy over the country manse, as it did over the whole nation. Several times my father journeyed south, carrying letters and comforts from home to the boys of the church and Academy, and brought back messages from them to their families. More than once he had to break bad news to fathers and mothers and sweethearts and wives.

No longer the old buggy, carrying Mr. Lincoln, clattered over the stones in Indian Creek, or stopped at the watering-trough in front of the manse. Those pleasant days were gone. Abraham Lincoln was far away in Washington, burdened with a terrible load of responsibility. Perhaps he sometimes thought of the summer days when he jogged along the country road.

On a mild April day, when the early southern Illinois spring had brought out the catkins on the willows and the violets were in bloom in our woods, I was sent to the home of a neighbor, Mr. Johnson, for milk. When I reached the house little attention was paid to me or to my errand, for some one had just brought word that Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated. My heart stood still, as I remembered the great kindly man who had so often stopped at our gate. I remember leaving my milk pail and running home across the church grounds. I burst into my father's study, crying out,

"Father! Mr. Johnson says to tell you that the President has been shot!"

My father jumped up from his desk, exclaiming, "What do you mean?"

I repeated my message as my mother came in, and my father hurried away at once to see if I could have been mistaken in the message I brought.

If things had been gloomy before, they were doubly so now. Even the sun seemed dimmed, and we children found little pleasure for a time in our usual amusements. Our wonderful woods, where we had always spent so many happy hours, seemed almost haunted, after we listened to the tragic story on every one's lips. We stayed around home, awed and oppressed by the serious faces of our elders. We felt that we had lost a valued friend, but we had only a vague conception of the great issues at stake.

But the most vivid picture of all was still to be photographed on my memory. I begged to be allowed to accompany

my father to Springfield to the funeral of the President. As my mother could not go, I was given permission.

We started early to drive the twelve miles to the capital. It was a fine May morning, with the air filled with bird song and the early flowers in bloom. But, oh, those old Illinois roads! They were bottomless. The Sangamon River lands were a swamp. The farmers had hauled logs and straw and brush in an effort to make them passable for the people who wanted to go to Springfield.

I remember it all so clearly, even to just how I was dressed on that memorable day. I had on a pair of new, shiny black shoes, and they were laced up with red strings. I wore what was called a "water-fall" hat with long green ribbon streamers on it. My dress was my very best one, and was of green and blue plaid. Even with all the sadness and solemnity of the occasion, I had a proper pride in my appearance. As I look back now it seems an absurd outfit for a little girl, but I suppose I was quite in the style.

I stayed with some friends while the funeral procession was being formed, as my father was to go with the ministers of the city and community.

When the hearse passed slowly along the street, bearing the body of Mr. Lincoln, I did not mourn him as the President of the United States, but as the kind friend who had stopped at the water-trough in front of the manse, the man with the big, kind hands and the warm smile, who never reproved us for climbing into his buggy, but who helped us out when he was ready to go and said good-bye so pleasantly. I knew that he would never pass that way again and I was very sorry.

I remember that several pairs of black horses drew the hearse, and that they had plumes on their heads. A long line of carriages followed the hearse, and after them came buggies and farm wagons filled with people.

So all that was mortal of Abraham Lincoln was carried slowly along, through scenes that had only a short time ago known his familiar presence. As I think of that day, I like to re-read Vachel Lindsay's fine poem, "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," as his description of the martyred president tallies so well with my memories:

> "A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
> A famous high-top hat, and plain, worn shawl
> Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
> The prairie lawyer, master of them all!"

Almost fifty years later I visited at Oak Ridge, and stood beside the mausoleum surmounted by the statue of the President. Still I thought of him most as the man who was kind to us children long ago.

Then I went to the home which is kept as nearly as possible as it was in the days of his home life there. There was the old-fashioned red and green flowered carpet on the parlor floor, the canbles on the mantle-piece, and near the fireplace a child's chair. And I thought of the sorrow in that father's heart when he lost his boy, this man who was so kind to children.

My favorite statue of Abraham Lincoln is the one in Lincoln Park, Chicago. How gentle he looks, and yet sadness dwells in the lines of his face, reminding us of all he suffered. His brooding manner seems to say, "I do the very best I know how, the very best I can. I mean to keep on doing so until the end. If the end brings me out right, what is said against me will not amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing that I was right would make no difference."

This was his philosophy of life, and who shall say that it was not the right one? Surely his life, lived by such a rule, towers above others as my mountain towers above the range of which it is a part.

The people in this sunny valley come and go, move in and move out, but the mountain remains and does not change.

So the life of Abraham Lincoln stands apart, a thing of wonder and beauty, the symbol of true greatness.

THE OLDEST STORY IN THE WORLD

THE trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, "Reign thou over us."

But the olive tree said unto them, "Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?"

And the trees said unto the fig tree, "Come thou, and reign over us."

But the fig tree said unto them, "Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?"

Then said the trees unto the vine, "Come thou, and reign over us."

And the vine said unto them, "Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?"

Then said all the trees unto the bramble, "Come thou, and reign over us."

And the bramble said unto the trees, "If in truth ye anoint me king, then come and put your trust in my shadow: and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.

Judges 9:8-15.

THE OLDEST TREE IN THE WORLD

The oldest living thing in the world is a tree in the Sequoia National Park. Scientists think it may be over five thousand years old. If this is true, it was a sapling in the days of the Flood. It is 280 feet high and over 36 feet in diameter.

The oldest and largest living thing.

EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT

AS we look back, the human gaps the war has left behind impress us more and more. How many hundreds fell who would have lived to win the applause of their fellows, no man can say, but many there were. May we not remember one or two of those who laid aside the promise of a great career to offer all they had for you and me?

Edward Wyndham Tennant fell on the Somme, stone dead from a sniper's bullet, the "Boy Wonder" of the 4th Grenadier Guards, most beloved of all his regiment.

When the war broke out he was the youngest of recruits, a lad from Winchester School, just turned seventeen, tall, handsome, brimming with high spirits, and in love with all things fair and good. He had published a book of verse of high promise, and his personality impressed all who knew him.

When he was a small child, with all the toys and pleasures a child could have, he was taken to see poor children in mean streets who had no similar advantages, and he asked:

"But does God know about it?" Hearing people blamed for building ugly houses, he excused them by saying, "If they don't know it is so ugly, it isn't so bad of them, is it?"

This was the child who grew up full of "the sunshine of the mind," with "the manners of the heart" that never go wrong, of whom it was said "when he comes in, the room throbs with him." He had the gift of banishing from life everything that is commonplace, dreary, and heavy.

More than ten years ago in My Magazine I reproduced some charming lines about a mother's face, written as a Christmas card by a boy to his mother; and it was stated then that the poem was to be reproduced in a book about the sayings and doings of this boy. But none who saw this fine little poet grow up could have imagined the sadness of the world in which the book was actually to appear, for it appeared at last as the record of Edward Wyndham Tennant, one of the rarest and fairest of all that host who fell in France. It was written by his mother, Lady Glenconner, and in it are these lines:

I know a face, a lovely face,
As full of beauty as of grace,
A face of pleasure, ever bright,
In utter darkness it gives light.
A face that is itself like joy,
To have seen it I'm a lucky boy;
But I've a joy that have few other,
This lovely woman is my mother.

From Heroes of the Flag, by Arthur Mee

FROM AN ODE TO DAVID

As the heart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
When shall I come and appear before God?

The Lord will command his loving kindness
In the daytime,
And in the night his song shall be with me,
And my prayer unto the God of my life.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

WALTER GREENWAY

By ARTHUR MEE

The sand of the desert is sodden red,
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke,
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name;
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
Play up, play up, and play the game!

Henry Newbolt

HERE is the tale of a Yorkshire boy who began his life as a good-for-nothing, and ended it fit to stand in history with Captain Cook and Francis Drake. Through all the thousand years of our country's heroes has been nothing more stirring than the life of Walter Greenway.

We meet him in mystery, we leave him in mystery, and most of what we know of him is gleaned from prison cells or from scraps of torn-up paper. Walter Greenway of England was one of twenty thousand miserable cases that have passed through the hands of Mr. Robert Holmes, police-court missionary of Sheffield. But for Mr. Holmes we should never have heard of Walter Greenway, and English history would have lost a wondrous story, incredible if we did not know that every word of it is true.

Sometime in the year 1907 there was locked up in a police cell in Sheffield a little man with big dark eyes, who would not speak a word. They brought a deaf and dumb interpreter to him, but not a sign could the little man comprehend. They called in Mr. Holmes, but, beyond discovering that the prisoner seemed intelligent, wore decent clothes, and seemed to be about thirty, the police-court missionary left the cell no wiser than he had entered it.

They left him to the warders, and somehow the warders forgot to give him his dinner. They forgot to give him his tea, and again they forgot him at supper time; and great was the noise in that cell. As if suddenly remembering the poor man, the warders hurried to his cell with two gallons of water in a bucket, and a tin mug to drink it with. By every means he could devise, waving his arms about and opening his mouth, the prisoner sought to indicate to these dull folk that what he wanted was something to eat; but how dull these warders were! It occurred to one of them that the prisoner was pointing his arms to his bed, wanting it removed, and the warder picked up the rugs to take them from the cell. It was enough to make a dumb man speak, and the dumb did speak. He shouted out that he would be starved to death if somebody did not bring him something.

So they brought him back his rugs, they brought him some supper, and they found out that this was Walter Greenway, twenty-nine years old, a clerk, not married, living with his father, a retired chemist in a neighboring town. He had been well educated, and spoke several languages. He was a teetotaler and a nonsmoker, he had never gambled, and there was nothing at all against his character except that he had been convicted as a burglar nine times in four years. He could climb like a cat, the detectives said, and could run along housetops as if they were curbstones. He would climb up a pipe and get through a top window—always he would get in at the top.

He could do most things and do them well. He could bind a book or keep accounts; in prison he had been a printer and a painter and a steeple-

jack; and he could play cricket like an Australian. But somehow, at twenty-five, he became the family ne'er-do-well, and started getting through attic windows.

"I can't resist an attic window," he said to Mr. Holmes. "Wherever I go my eyes turn upwards, and I see how careless people are with their top windows. I shall never do any good where there are houses with attics. Put me on a sailing ship where I can climb the rigging, or in an Indian wigwam village, or in a Bedouin camp." The chaplain pleaded for him—but that, said Walter Greenway, was only because he translated some theological stuff for him. The poor father, tired of his burglar son, gave him up at last; so it was left for Mr. Holmes to deal with him, and Mr. Holmes put him on a ship that was going to Colombo. A year passed away and he heard no more; one more ne'er-do-well, he thought, and he seemed to be right, for news came a year after that Greenway had gone ashore and not come back to the ship. More years passed, the Great War broke out, and in the second winter of the war there came to Mr. Holmes one day a letter from Mesopotamia, written in pencil on twenty-five scraps of faded paper.

It was from Walter Greenway, and it told of a poor deaf and dumb Bedouin about Greenway's own age, and so like him as to be a twin brother, wandering aimlessly about among his Mohammedan countrymen, in and out of Turkish camps. Afflicted by Allah as he was, they let him roam about, half amused, half pitying him, as he looked on in childlike wonder at the great guns, the maze of trenches, and all the hidden engines of destruction. They gave him food, throwing their scraps to him as they talked over their plans; Turkish commanders freely talked over the orders of their German masters as the Bedouin mute sat there—"for he is deaf, he cannot hear; he is dumb and illiterate, he cannot tell. What was there to fear from him? He must be pitied, lest any tormenting him should be likewise smitten by Allah, or perish."

So the poor Bedouin, "like enough to Walter Greenway to be his brother," wandered from camp to camp, and at times he would hover about the British lines, eating ravenously when they brought him food, but speaking not a word; and at length "mooning off to headquarters." It took Mr. Holmes' breath away to realize that Walter Greenway was at his old game again, doing a good day's work for England as a spy. He felt so proud of his ne'er-do-well that he sought out his father and mother. But both were dead, and as Walter Greenway was an only child not a relative could be found. The only thing Mr. Holmes could do was to write to the curious address from which the letter came, and in three months a second letter arrived in Sheffield.

It told how the Turks had got to know that the Bedouin had been in the British camp, and how they were filled with suspicion when he came back. They fired rifles close to his ears to see if he would start at the sound; they marched him to a big gun and made him stand beside it till the vibration of twenty explosions made his ears and nostrils bleed; but he was deaf as a stone. Still, he might speak. They touched him with hot irons and scarred his flesh; but, though tears rained down his cheeks, he gave no sound. He was as deaf as an adder and as dumb as a stone, and his torturers prayed to Allah lest vengeance should fall upon them for adding to this poor man's sorrow.

Now, in their pity they treated him with kindness, and he wandered up and down the camp recovering from his wounds. Once more he appeared in the British camp, with gangrene setting in from his ill-treatment, and the British doctors took off his left arm. After that a strange thing happened; *the dumb began to speak.* He spoke about the plans of the Turk. He described the positions and batteries in the enemy's camp. Clearly, what he knew was precious to British headquarters, and worth many British lives. But his life was ebbing out. He had drunk foul water, and dysentery followed the

trouble with his arm, and it was all the doctors could do to pull him through. He talked about a little place of his own that he had not far from Aden. Once he got there he would do nicely, he said, with his wife and his three bonnie children. If he took his wife to England they would turn up their noses because she was not white, but "she was pure as a lily, and her heart was like gold." She could not read or write, but how he longed to see her once again, "as pretty a mother of as pretty a couple of girls and as bonnie a lad as ever were born."

So one day this poor Bedouin slipped away from the British camp in Mesopotamia, a bit of a wreck physically, feeling that his work was done. "But somebody is waiting for me at home, thank God," this letter ended. "I wish everybody could be sure of such a welcome as I shall get. It will pay for all. Good luck to you, sir; good-bye."

The waves of war rolled over the site of Old Babylon, and one day there was posted in Mesopotamia a little packet of botanical specimens—coarse grasses and dry leaves, which the censor had readily passed, but which greatly bewildered our friend Mr. Holmes when the postman delivered them in Sheffield. Unrolling the leaves with great care, he found hidden away in them more scraps of faded paper, which he pasted together until they made up three letters worth many times their weight in gold.

Walter Greenway was still writing as if the Bedouin was his friend and not himself, and he told how the Bedouin, having slipped away from Mesopotamia a physical wreck with only one arm, arrived at Aden as the sun was setting on the palms. He was weak and ill, but, once in Aden, he set out for the place that was home to him. Resting by the way, he neared his home as the moon began to rise, and then he crawled through the trees to within a few paces of the old home, with the beautiful wife as pure as a lily, and the three bonnie children. The thought of them gave him new life, and he began to run, but the sight that met his gaze as he came through the trees brought a cry of terror from his heart. A heap of ashes was all that was left of what had been his home. Let Greenway himself tell what this sufferer suffered then.

"Down he went like the most ancient of human sufferers, upon his heap of ashes, in an agony of grief. Surely he had died of a broken heart, but merciful Nature, refusing to endure more, wrapped him in a swoon. He woke presently in a drowsy fashion. A tender arm supported his head. A gentle voice coaxed him. Sitting beside him, holding his head upon her breast, her face now gazing upward in devout thanksgiving, now cast down to sprinkle his own with tears falling from those wondrous eyes, her soft arms clasped about him as they might have clasped a little child, was she whose spirit had accompanied him in all his wanderings—his precious, womanly wife."

Walter Greenway was home at last with the wife who was all the world to him. But she kept him dumb, not letting him speak a word, while they carried him by easy stages to her father's place some miles away. There he rested while health and strength came back to him, and there he learned the story of the burning of his home. The Turks had come down from the north on horseback, and friendly warning had reached his wife to fly for safety to the wilderness. When night fell over the desert she wandered back alone, to find everything destroyed or carried off—the house, the little plantation, the coffee crop, and all they had. An Arab woman, out of pity, took her in, and she sent her three bonnie babies to her mother while she waited there, knowing that Walter Greenway would come home. Week after week she waited, never leaving the ashes of their home except for food at sunset. She watched and waited there whole weeks, and she must have found him almost at once when he swooned at the sight of his ruined home.

Now see him among his children, the two bonnie girls and the bonnie lad who, with their mother with the heart of gold, were all the world to him:

"Praise be to Allah for His gift of little children! Surely their laughter and their song are His own charms for giving back to a fainting man the youth and buoyancy which else were clean gone from him! He wakes from a doze; the dark-eyed little Iza stands beside his couch with folded hands and grave face till she sees him smile. Then she stoops, presses a kiss upon his lips, and, mindful of a mother's counsel, waves a hand and steps lightly away.

"In a little while he is conscious of another kitten's presence. The stately Victoria has arrived with stealthy step, bent upon confirming with her fawn-like eyes the news her sister brought. 'Kiss me, my love,' he beseeches. She touches his own with lips of bewitching sweetness, strokes his cheeks lovingly, and then, with all the authority conferred by six years' experience of life, goes out to gravely announce that father is nearly better.

"He dozes off for a few minutes. A shy little brown dog trots in to gaze with infinite pity upon the thin worn face. He open his eyes and smiles. The little dog finds a British tongue. 'Is 'ou better, fader?' "

The presence of his wife and little ones brings him new life, and he dreams of perhaps another day's work for England before his failing strength gives out, and soon he is writing again—always as of his Bedouin deaf mute, to keep the censor quiet.

"My Bedouin mute is himself again, thanks be to Allah. He was at Aden yesterday. His wife and children were among the throng in a bazaar. I noticed his eyes fixed affectionately on a pipe attached to a particularly tall building. In a moment he had dragged his feet a yard off the ground. Then he cast a mournful glance at his left side where the missing arm once was. He looked like giving up the job. But the terrified mewing of a too venturesome kitten, whom ambition had landed on a height so dizzy as to temporarily turn her brain, encouraged him upward on an errand of rescue. Spite of missing left arm, he scaled that fall-pipe in forty seconds by the clock. Laying hold on pussy, he placed her in his bosom, bringing her safely to the ground."

Watching in the crowd round the bazaar were two white men, talking German. They sneered at the folly of risking life to save a cat, and then passed on. Walter Greenway followed them, and they came to a quiet lane, walking slowly in earnest conversation. He came up to them near a warehouse, and there he halted to spread his mat and say his prayer, for it was noon. Finding him in their path the two men kicked him; but the Mohammedan at his prayers paid no heed to their insult, and ignoring his presence, the Germans stood and talked of many things. They were to come back to that warehouse by night, for in the warehouse were clocks, brought there to distribute by Arabs among the coal on British ships.

Walter Greenway did not like these clocks, and in the dead of night, before the Germans came, our Bedouin was there. He climbed to an upper window, and entered the warehouse; he descended to the basement and stumbled upon the very pair who had kicked him on the mat. He hid himself in the shadow and listened while they talked of an arsenal near Bagdad, which the Turks had filled with munitions. One of them was to proceed to the arsenal after he had distributed his clocks; he showed a glistening uniform that he took from a tin box and put into a cabinet. Our Bedouin watched him from his hiding place, and saw also a heavy case of clocks, all neatly packed in boxes. The two men went away all unsuspecting, and, safe and alone in the warehouse, this intrepid Yorkshireman, opening the case of clocks, took out the little boxes one by one, deposited them carefully outside the warehouse, and then obtained four trusted Arab boatmen, who carried the boxes to a trading vessel lying in the harbor. The thought of the arsenal up the Tigris fill his mind; one more day for England he would see yet, and he would take the box of clocks with him. Not British ships should they blow up; our Bedouin

had thought of other work for them to do.

He settled his family in some convenient place, and left for Basra in a motor-boat belonging to his father-in-law. From Basra he was to go to Bagdad, where the Turkish arsenal was. A map in the pocket of the gorgeous uniform he found in the cupboard at Aden showed the arsenal quite clearly, and all he had to do was to get there. It was 300 miles up the Tigris, and if the motor worked all right he could do the journey easily, even with one arm. Luckily the motor went well, and our solitary boatman neared Bagdad on the seventh morning from Basra.

It was a proud and powerful German officer who landed on the shore, and proudly he paraded his glistening uniform as he roused the sleepers in a hut close by. He showed them the wonderful craft with which he had navigated the Tigris. He ordered them to hurry with bearers for the new stores he had brought, for he was due at the arsenal quickly with his precious goods. He was led to the Turkish colonel and received with the deference due from the Turks to their German masters.

He had plenty of drink with him, and, knowing the way of drink to steal men's senses from them, he used it freely to make himself master there. When darkness fell that night the arsenal was his, and no man dared disobey the directions he had given for the safe keeping of these stores. His clocks were all wound up and going well, and as midnight approached he left the arsenal for a while on urgent business. When the clock struck twelve his boat was tearing down the Tigris back to Basra, and the last sight he saw of Bagdad was the arsenal blowing up with a roar which shook the earth and sent flames up into the sky. His clocks had worked well.

Walter Greenway reached home again, but his work was done. His strength was fast failing. He was filled with joy as he shared the life of his wife and their children. "Would that I had health and strength for them," he cried, "but her father is good and she is an angel." His thoughts turned to that other world in which those who are kind and loyal and true must surely meet in peace and bliss. Voices that had long been still seemed to come whispering to him:

"It is a solemn feeling I have. None are far away. Time is nothing and distance nothing. You are thousands of miles away, but I see and hear you clearly. I have not been what I might. Also I have been misunderstood somewhat. There is One I do not fear to meet now—once I did; but that is past, 'For His mercy endureth for ever.'"

And then, on August 8, 1917, he continued his last letter:

"Weaker but not a bit anxious. How many millions have felt as I feel, looking Death in the face! The deaf mute in the Turkish trenches, also the German officer in the arsenal at Bagdad, felt as I feel now. I suppose it is common for men to face Death calmly, only we do not realize that till he approaches. If wife and children could accompany me I should be perfectly happy. Yet it comes to me that I need not fear for them. I hope you will get what I am writing—in great weariness. I fainted last night as I wrote. It is pleasant to talk, as it were, to a friend who feels as I do about dear old England. Ah, she will rule the waves for ages yet, thanks be to God! It is good to feel that, and makes one proud and happy. I have a plan for getting this through. Botanical specimens are not examined very closely, I understand."

He is weaker and weaker; he had worn out his strength for his country, and life was ebbing from him. He wrote on August 9:

"Utterly prostrate. Father-in-law taking little ones to his own place when he has lifted me on a horse my wife leads, seeking medical aid for me. I write lying on the ground. Thank you for many a kindness, and your wife and her friends for remembrances which my wife and children will cherish for ever. Good-bye. My father-in-law may get what I have written through."

It was the last letter he wrote; it was

the farewell to the world of one of the rarest men it ever knew. The next letter to reach Mr. Holmes came from a doctor at a hospital, and it brought the news that Walter Greenway had passed into another world:

"A fortnight yesterday an Arab woman brought her husband, an Englishman, to this hospital. He was suffering from acute dysentery, from which he died on August 26. . . . He had lost an arm recently, and his body was badly scarred by burnings. His wife, whose English is very imperfect, made us understand that he had served for some twelve months with the British forces in Mesopotamia. She had a letter which you had written to her husband, but she showed it to me so jealously that I was unable to make much of it. It was evident the poor creature prized it too highly to let it leave her hands.

"I am dreadfully sorry for the little woman—very pretty and refined for an Arab. She was devoted to her husband—she must have been, for she carried him somehow for more than seventy miles. She was the picture of despair when he died, and for eighteen hours she mourned at his grave. It quite affected and saddened us all to see her grief. A few hours ago her father, an Arab sheik, who seems to have conveyed the children to his own home, came and took her away. She thanked us with tears for what we had done for her husband—little enough—then ran to the graveyard, and her father had a hard task to coax her away."

What has happened to this beautiful woman, this faithful Arab wife whose love urged Walter Greenway on? We do not know. No letters have found her. She went away with her father, who took her with her children on a long voyage, and sold his property before he went. Who would not like to hear of her, and to know that all is well with this home in which the spirit of Walter Greenway lives?

We know that his tale is true, marvelous at it is, incredible as it seems, for we have not only the evidence in the doctor's letter about the broken arm, and the body scarred by burnings, and the Arab wife's devotion, but there has come to Mr. Holmes a letter from a captain who called at Cardiff, and wrote that he had seen our hero "messing about with a motor-boat." The captain did not think of Walter as a hero; he remerbered him simply as a runaway. Here is his letter:

"That reminds me. I saw Black Walt last April. You remember him. He deserted ship at Colombo after a year's good service. That was in the summer of 1908, and I saw him again for the first time when he ran alongside an Arab dhow clearing out of Aden, in April.

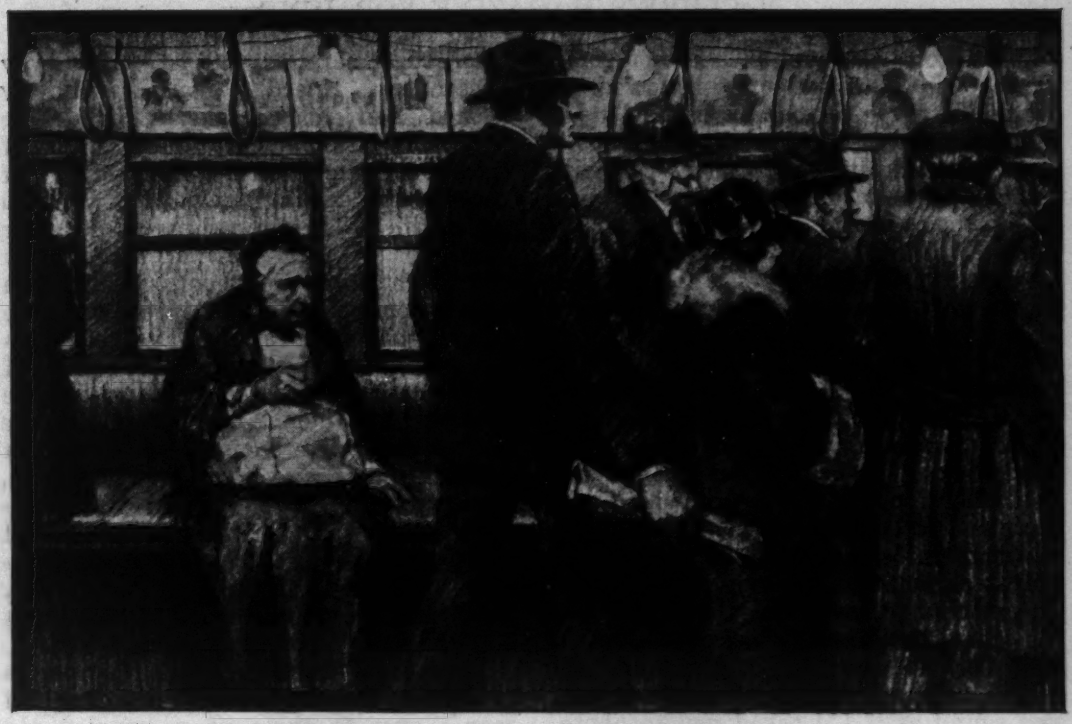
"He was on deck, messing about with a ramshackle old motor-boat, which he was trying to tinker up.

"I should never have known him, but he hailed me in his old style. I asked him what game he was up to in the Bedouin dress he was wearing. 'Oh,' he said, 'I've settled here; I'm one of a family.' 'And what's happened to your arm?' I said, seeing his left sleeve empty. 'Ask the Turks,' says he, laughing; 'it came off through trying to do a bit for England.' 'How?' I asked. 'Never mind how,' said he. 'And where are you off now?' I said. 'Basra,' says he, 'trading.' 'Trading what?' I said. 'Mechanical toys and officers' uniforms and liquors and what not,' says he. 'I dare say,' I said: 'them's likely good for Basra.' 'They're all right,' he says; 'my little cargo's wanted up that way very bad.'

"And he gave me a wink with those merry eyes of his, all full of devilment, and went off on the dhow.

"I wonder what he's been after all this time, and how he lost that arm, and what he'd got up his sleeve when I met him. Do you ever hear from him?"

This story is based upon the biography of Walter Greenway, by Robert Holmes, police-court missionary for Sheffield, England. Editor's Note.



With sudden nervousness, the old man stood up to see what it was all about.

A LITTLE SPEED

By VIOLA PARADISE

Illustrated by W. C. Nims

JIMMY ORDACRE'S gloom was abysmal, yet it was not pure, unadulterated, thick, black gloom. Every now and then his mind veered away from his lost job to the girl on whose account he had lost it; and there was a gleam of light in the search he was making, writerwise, for the fitting adjective. "Radiant" he rejected as not particular enough; "luscious," because it was such a soft, indulgent adjective, and one which, though persistent, was at odds with that clear, piquant profile. Well, no matter. Better put her out of his mind. He had seen her just once. Not a chance in ten thousand that he would ever see her again. Better for him if he never had seen her—"Only," he interrupted himself here, "I'm glad I did!"

Why, if she hadn't been there he could easily have persuaded her father to let him print that story. Then he wouldn't have been fired. Yet she had wheedled him—no, that was insulting her, she was nothing if not direct. She had simply asked him please not to print it, it wasn't really important. Now if her father had precipitated a panic in Wall Street, instead of merely preventing one—well, that, said Miss Nickerson, *that* would have been news. "And he does so like privacy!" she had added. And he, without a struggle, had let a scoop go by. And such a scoop! As for her, what chance had he ever to see her again? The gleam of light faded, and his gloom darkened thickly as he walked to the subway. And his mind switched back to his lost job.

Of course just losing a job wouldn't have been so bad. It was the way he had been fired. Not the well-known fury of Marle's wrath. He had braced

himself for that, and it had not come. If the Old Man had only bellowed, he would have left and have started at once in search of another job—somewhat regretfully, to be sure, yet with self respect—instead of mooning aimlessly about in the subway train.

But the Old Man had not been stormy. Instead he had sat tipped back in his pivot chair, in an awful, uncanny calm. Even his stenographer, Miss Smith, who took his rages as part of the routine, was awed—at the beginning.

"You're fired, Ordacre," he said. "Don't know why I bother to say more than that. Maybe because I once saw you play football. Though why I entertained a theory that football and newspaper reporting——It's not that you've fallen down on a big assignment. But when a fellow gets his man and gets his story, and then refuses to scoop it, just because the man's daughter tells him her father likes privacy—heavens, you sound as if I'd asked you to photograph him in his bath! Go and write poetry, or get a job in a perfume factory. Printer's ink's too strong for you. Don't waste time around newspapers. Why"—the Old Man was warming up—"Why, Ordacre, you've no speed, you've no initiative, no aggressiveness. You're soft. You're bashful. A newspaper man can't be superfine. There must be an element of —well something like slyness—oh, nothing incompatible with honor or gentlemanliness. But *speed*, a little speed! Oh, get out of here; you make me sick. Wait a minute, I'll lend you fifty, if you like, till you find something. Oh, well, no offense. Good luck to you, you —you prune! Oh, Lord!"

And now Jimmy thought the editor must be right. He had a way of being right. Why, removed from the girl's presence, he could think of dozens of arguments which might have persuaded her to withdraw her objection or her father's. He hadn't even tried. As for that, if he had had any speed, he'd have contrived an appointment to see her again. But he had been bowled over. And just by a girl he had seen a few minutes, a girl with a clear profile and frank, unflapperish eyes and a soft understanding voice, and—oh, heaven preserve him from being a fool!

Yes, it was a gloomy world. Look at all these nervous, pasty-faced subway passengers. Speed? Well the subway rushed and roared ahead, but these people, what of them? How many of them had ambitions? How many of them were getting what they wanted out of life? He scanned them, one after another: the gum-chewing errand boy who ought to be in school; the fat man with worried arched eyebrows; the anemic woman arranging and rearranging her awkward bundles; three pairs of horn-rimmed glasses in a row, with pale faces behind them. How many of these people were alive enough really to want anything, that is to want it with a fierce, burning want, with—he laughed ironically here—with "a little speed?" Dull and sodden, or alert and nervous, worried or weary, or both—a sorry row. And all foredoomed to disappointment —"like me," Jimmy sighed.

And then Jimmy's eyes fell upon a grizzled old man, and followed the old man's eyes to those of a grizzled old woman. And Jimmy sat up. Here was something different. No matter that they wore awkward clothes, no matter that their hands were gnarled and work-aged.

"Why," thought Jimmy, "they're alive! They're happy. As if they've wanted something hard, fiercely, and have got it! Wonder what it's all about. Wonder what their nationality is. They're from some Slavic country, that's certain. Why, they actually *like* each other. Ought to be a front-page story: HAPPY COUPLE FOUND IN NEW YORK!"

The train had reached Times Square. Jimmy had rather meant to get out here. Yet there was no need. He'd ride on and see what this rare old couple were up to. They fascinated him.

"It's because," he said to himself, "because they're so simple. You can read their thoughts. Almost like clairvoyance. They're strangers here. New York hasn't covered up their nice country faces. As for speed, that's what they're tasting this minute. Eating it up!"

It was true. The old couple sat on the edge of their seats, their whole attention focused on the new experience of riding in the subway. All the wrinkles with which life and age had lined their faces under their level brows

were belied by a sudden youth put into their eyes by wonder—wonder and a little breathless fear, a rather delicious fear of this terrible, thrilling speed and incredible noise, all down in deep bewitched caverns under the earth's familiar crust. "Like kids on their first merry-go-round," thought Jimmy. As the train slowed down at a station the old people looked at one another; they looked again—a swift, half-smiling look, implicit with such simple comradeship of thought that it lifted Jimmy quite out of himself and made him choke a little.

The train gathered speed again, a speed that seemed incredible, that grew and grew as if by black magic, with the shrieking, yelling, roaring, thundering din that was part of the speed. It seemed all but intolerable, until another express train, rushing past in the opposite direction, proved that even more could be borne. In their faces was almost a child's anguished pleasure in the endurance of frightening speed. Jimmy, watching them, felt as if he too were riding his first subway train; with them he was taking in things he had scarcely given a conscious thought to before—the shiny white-tiled walls of the stations, with their pleasant patterned borders; the white porcelain loops for standers to hang onto; the magic of automatically opening and closing doors, spoiled only by their jarring slam; the garish demands of heels and foods and washing powders and cathartics and cosmetics and hair smoothers and auto tires.

And now the old couple were commenting on the smell of the subway, sniffing the air, searching their memories for something to compare it with. Jimmy tried with them. In vain. He wondered what they had decided about it. Such a separate sort of smell, not like anything else. Inorganic. He resisted an impulse to go over and talk to them. Absurd—they probably couldn't talk English.

After a while the old couple's excitement and preoccupation with subway phenomena abated somewhat. The wife asked her husband a question. He answered with a gesture of reassurance, and took from his pocket a big silver watch, to show her the time. Then they lapsed again into simple enjoyment of their ride. A few minutes later the old woman spoke again to her husband. Again a tolerant reassurance, and then, as if her uneasiness had awakened a like feeling in himself, he drew from his pocket a large envelope, opened it with his rough fingers, and spread out what looked like a steamship ticket. And then—as if to say, "You might as well be satisfied about everything"—from another pocket he took a package which he opened, spreading out five little painted metal American flags, fashioned into pins, and a sixth breastpin representing the Statue of Liberty; and a baby's rattle; and a souvenir spoon. And last, from his vest pocket, a five dollar gold piece. They gloated over them for a moment, if that pleased, proud look could be called gloating; and then the old man rewrapped them and put them away, saying something to his wife; whereupon she patted the bundle she carried, a small sack with longish and roundish things inside.

"Story's End," said Jimmy to himself. "They've dug long and deep and have found a pot of gold at the end of some Iowa rainbow, and are taking it back to Slovakia or wherever they came from. Presents for the kids, too. And now they are seeing New York till their ship sails at one o'clock. Mind-reading's easy."

They rode out to Van Courtlandt Park and back, carefully noting the name of each station. The train, which had been comfortably empty, began to fill on the return journey. At 96th Street Jimmy stood up, to keep the old people in view. He did not know why they fascinated him, but surely such patent happiness was worth watching. "Might as well see them off," said Jimmy to himself. "Nothing better to do."

At Times Square there was a general exodus. The old man stood up to see what it was all about, to look at the name of the station, touched with that sudden nervousness peculiar to the preliminary stages of a long journey—lest he should be missing his.

But—terrible! In the outward rush he was caught up and before he knew what was happening he was swept with the crowd out of the train onto the platform—dazed, hardly struggling against it. Then—black magic indeed

—the door slid shut, and Jimmy, trying to push through the crowd, was too late to prevent the calamity. He saw through the window the incredulity on the face of the old man change to horror, his mouth open and his eyes almost starting from his head. In the corner seat the old woman, having seen, only too late, what had happened, sat terrified, her face ashen, aghast. She half rose, and sank back. Jimmy was pushing through the crowd to her. She was on her feet now, screaming shrill, fierce screams that tore through the thunder and roar of the subway. She had made her way to the door, and was beating upon it with one hand, still tightly gripping her sack with the other.

The crowd backed away from her. Some one shouted above her screams, "What's the matter?"

A raucous voice yelled back, "The old Jane's gone cuckoo."

Now Jimmy had hold of her arm. "Never mind, we'll find him," he shouted.

She stopped screaming at his touch, to look at him. Her face was blank, she had not understood. She began screaming again.

Jimmy made a lightning review of the possibilities. Would the old man, in his panic, rush up into the street and appeal to a policeman? Or would he take the next train, counting on his wife's getting off at the first stop to wait for him? Or would he go directly to the ship, on the chance that she would know she could find him there? Or would he stay at Times Square, thinking she would come back?

The train drew into 34th Street. The old woman rushed out wildly, Jimmy after her. The crowd parted to let her pass, and when it had all melted away, into the train or up the stairs, she gave a long moan and sank to the platform, her panic beaten down to the dumb despair of heart-quake.

He urged her to her feet and asked her the name of her ship.

Ship! That one word caught her attention. She seized his arm gasping, "Ship! My man! One clock!" But either she did not understand that he wanted the name of the ship or did not know its name. Or perhaps she did not understand him at all. But she clung to him repeating, "Ship! ship!

His eye caught the station clock. Half past eleven! "Oh God," he heard himself muttering, "a little speed!" Not blasphemy. More like prayer. His eye sought about in vain for a policeman. The three minutes, till the next express thundered down, seemed an hour. The old man did not get off. He waited for the next train. Still no old man.

It was with difficulty that he drew his charge upstairs and down again to the uptown platform. All the wonder and adventure of the subway had changed into malignant dumb terror which paralyzed her. Yet presently they were on their way to Times Square again.

And here Jimmy met a blank wall. Not a trace. He cursed the automatic turnstiles. If there had been guards—ah, here was one now! But the hope died quickly, stabbed by sheer bad luck. The guard had just come on duty five minutes before. Come to think of it, though, the departing guard had said something. Said he missed a treat—old Hunkie or Pollack acting like the Fourt' o' July. No, wasn't time for particulars. No, not an idea where the other guard went. Off for the rest of the day.

And from no one else could Jimmy get the least clue.

Next came the nightmare effort of getting the old lady out of the subway. She seemed hypnotized, possessed by the idea that when she left this fearsome underground she left all hope behind. "How we cling to our hells," thought Jimmy parenthetically, as he urged her up the stairs. He chose the exit he thought the old man might have taken, and asked at the news-stand at its mouth. No information. He succeeded in getting the old woman into a taxi. All the while a plan was forming in his mind. He would not go to the nearest police station; he'd go ten minutes further to one where he had a friend, Officer Kelly.

But ten minutes was a fearfully long time. Already it was five minutes to twelve. The ship—she had made that plain—sailed at one. Could it be done? Impossible. Yet it must be done. The impossible could be done, he knew that from football days. He would do it if he had to stop every—he brightened at the thought. All the while he was saying to the old woman, "All right, all

right," aware that whatever English she chanced to know must contain this reassuring phrase.

Luck favored him to this extent—Officer Kelly was there, and was alone, and not busy. But Officer Kelly happened to know the sad fact that a passenger's destination gave no clue to the ship he would sail on. The steamship agent who happened to be on the job sold the ticket, it might be by way of England or Germany or Marseilles.

He read off the list of departing ships from the newspaper. The old woman did not recognize her boat among them.

"Guess she misses it, Ordacre. Rotten luck. Can't turn the city inside out in fifty minutes. Of course the old fella'll turn up in time ——"

"Not much; she doesn't miss it!" Jimmy grabbed the phone. In a moment he had his paper—or rather it had been his till that morning. And presently he was speaking to the boss's secretary.

"Don't care who's there. Life and death matter, Miss Smith. Put me on *now!*"—wonderful what self-confidence being fired gave you—"That you, Mr. Marle? This is Ordacre. Matter of"—Jimmy caught himself here. "Life and death" might leave Marle cold—"big scoop!" he shouted. "Manage to stop every ship sailing at one o'clock—George Washington, President Polk, Majestic, Saxonia—No, hold on. Yes, this is Ordacre—man you fired this morning — Please — no time for language!"

"But how—why—how the dickens—say, stop four ships—" sputtered back from the other end.

"Don't care how," interrupted Jimmy. "Influence—Master of the Port—Oh, use some initiative. Tell them important international complications. Yes, I said *international*—A little speed! Can I count on you or must I 'phone the *Times?* What's that? Till two o'clock, anyhow. It's quarter past twelve now. What?—he cut off!"

"He can't do it," said Kelly.

"Can't he just! The question is, will he? He gave a queer laugh. But he wouldn't have asked me how much time I wanted, unless—" Jimmy stopped. No time for speculation. "Go to it, Kelly, on that 'phone, while I take this——"

"It's the lovely nerve you've got, Ordacre, and I'd do a lot for you, but to hold up ships—I want my job, buddy!"

"Safe. Won't be mentioned. That'll by Marle's little side show. Go on, Kelly, a little speed. Name in the papers. Rescuing old lady in distress. Promotions. Get to it!"

And Kelly got to it, while Jimmy, in the broken English one assumes is easier for a foreigner to understand than the unbroken, exclaimed, "All right. Me fix. Ship no go one clock." And then he hunted rapidly in the telephone book and called a number.

"Oh, yes, she'll speak to me. Tell her the man who interviewed her father last night. Terribly important. Ah, Miss Nickerson?" Both Kelly and the old woman turned sharply at the change in his voice. He had almost caught his breath, but in half a second he was going ahead again.

"You said last night if ever you could do anything—well, could you come at once with a car? Old lady's lost her old man, and they're supposed to sail at"— he caught himself here. No use talking about the held-up ships—"two o'clock, I think. He may be waiting for her on the dock. She forgets which ship—Great! What's that? Oh, of course, the address."

He gave it and then shared the phoning of the stations with Kelly. The old woman kept her eyes fastened on him, kept one hand on her throat, the other tightly clutching her sack.

"She looks like a fella in a bad dream," said Kelly, between numbers, "Rotten to see 'em scared when they ain't done nothin' to deserve it. Wonder what's in her bundle? Might be some clue."

At their question the old lady burst into tears. They opened the sack. Sweet potatoes and corn.

"No got, old country," she sobbed.

No results from the stations. Once a faint clue, but it turned out to be a drunk.

"It's queer and ridiculous!" exclaimed Kelly. "He *must* have got to the police by now, specially like the fella said, if he acted like the Fourth of July. Unless he got wild, and ran out into the street, and got killed. Think I'll start on the morgue."

Jimmy was champing with impatience. Why hadn't Miss Nickerson arrived? Had Marle been able to stop the ships? Had he even tried to? The time was ticking itself ruthlessly away. Ah, here was Miss Nickerson now, breathless, sorry to be late, arrested for speeding on the way down! She seemed to understand without explanations.

"I'll 'phone every fifteen minutes to exchange news," she said. "Sooner, if I have any. We'll meet at the dock." Her voice, competent for all its sweetness, was so deep and warm that the old woman went with her, unresisting, with only a backward glance at Jimmy.

"There's something phoney about all this," said Kelly. "You go back to Times Square. There's gotta be somebody there that noticed something. There's a flock of exits, through barber shops and everything. Try 'em all. He ain't at the morgue; he's got to be somewhere. A man don't just vanish, at least not that kind of a guy."

Times Square again. More and more nightmare-like — complicated by the Saturday noon rush. A maze, but with all too many exits. People so slow with their answers, always wanting to stop you and find out what it was about, except those who were too busy, who didn't want to be bothered. Jimmy began to lose heart. One o'clock. Still an hour, if Marle—had Marle done anything? He must know. But he didn't dare take the time to phone. Yet he felt it was hopeless, this exit-chasing.

At his seventh exit luck grinned at him. The news-stand man, competent, swift, with his quick patter—"What's yours? Sun? Post? World? What's yours?" Jimmy edged his question in.

"Ask him," replied the news-stand keeper, pointing a bandaged thumb over a vague shoulder.

Jimmy looked about and saw a fat man with a cigar. "Plain clothes man," murmured Jimmy, and made his way to him.

"Yep," said the plain clothes man, after an all-too-slow unbending. "Nice little row here a while back. Immigrant rube got off the subway stark mad. Hollered. Couldn't talk a word of English. Crazy as a bedbug. They took him to Bellevue. Your man?"

Jimmy swallowed hard with joy. He couldn't get a word out, in his excitement. He found himself shaking hands with the plain clothes man. And the next he knew he was in a telephone booth.

"We'll make it, Kelly," he was shouting. "I'm on his trail. Tell Miss Nickerson to wait wherever she is when she calls you, till I get the name of his ship to you. Then you relay it to her. I just phoned the Cunard docks. They said there was still forty minutes till sailing time. Marle did it all right! Goodbye."

Now there really was a chance!

But at Bellevue he had a setback. A new nightmare of waiting, of searching. Three old men had been brought in. It was Saturday noon; several important persons on the staff had just gone off duty. Let's see, there was one with a foreign name, who couldn't speak any English. Very violent, come to think of it; the desk attendant had remarked it. Let's see, that would be Ward X.

Much language. Hurried interviewing of two internes and three doctors, then the acting head of the institution—and the old man was located.

"He was so violent," exclaimed the doctor, as they went up in the elevator, "that we put him at once into a continuous bath to soothe him. It's hardly possible that he is sane. But at the moment there is no interpreter here, and your story explains much. Ah, here we are."

It was as strange a room as Jimmy had ever seen. In each of four large bathtubs lay a patient, suspended comfortably in the water in a sort of bag made of sheeting, and held afloat by straps attached to the sides of the tub. Their heads were supported out of water. At a marble-topped table in the center sat an attendant, watching a dial to regulate the flow and mixture of the water, to keep it at the correct soothing temperature. Two of the floating men were silent, the baths having accomplished their work. The third was just beginning to quiet down. The fourth was talking wildly, getting more and more enraged at the attendant's gentle, "Easy now." He suddenly caught sight of Jimmy, and stopped dead still. Then he burst into tears.

"It's all right, old man," exclaimed Jimmy. "Your wife's waiting, and the ship, too—" Then to the attendant,

"Hurry up. Let's get him out of there."

The doctor gave the order to the astonished attendant; and the old man, who in his terror had forgotten every word he knew of English, suddenly recovered it at the words "wife" and "ship" and at the sight of Jimmy, whom he had taken in as one of the subway sights.

"My golly!" he shouted. "You sure? All right? My old woman, where she is? Give me shirt! Give me pants! Everybody crazy here." He was led gently back to his clothes, reluctant to let Jimmy out of his sight for a minute —Jimmy, the one sane creature in an insane world. "If I got time," the old man shook his fist at the attendant, "I make you trouble. A bath, in the day time! Maybe I lose ship, by golly! My old woman, where she is?"

While he was dressing, Jimmy went downstairs, and telephoned Kelly to have Miss Nickerson and her charge meet him and his at the Saxonia dock; while the doctor began cutting the red tape in which the old man was tangled. It was only a matter of minutes, yet it seemed hours to Jimmy. The discharging physician was raising questions. But there was Officer Kelly at the other end of the line; and an interne with the bright idea that even if the old man were insane, what you did with insane immigrants was to deport them.

And presently Jimmy and the old man—the latter tremblingly taking the census of his money and tickets and treasures—were rushing in a taxi to the pier. Would they make it? Jimmy had an image of Miss Nickerson with one dainty foot on the gang plank, the other on the dock, successfully defying all authority.

It lacked four minutes to two o'clock when they reached the dock. The ship was there. The old couple flew into each other's arms, needle to magnet. The gang plank official grumbled.

"Hurry, hurry!" exclaimed Miss Nickerson, pushing the old woman gently.

"A little speed!" said Jimmy, pushing the old man not quite so gently.

"My golly, thank you, my golly!" shouted the old man from the top end of the gang plank.

Two o'clock. Gang plank pulled up. But Jimmy was no longer interested in the boat's preparations for departure. He turned to Miss Nickerson.

She was looking at him. Lord, what a fool he had been to imagine there was an adjective good enough for her. He couldn't find a word to say. He just grinned.

"You're wonderful, Mr. Ordacre!" Her hand went out impulsively.

He took it and kept hold of it, his eyes shining.

She smiled back, warmly. Then she recalled him to himself.

"What do we do now?" she asked.

"Oh—telephone!" said Jimmy, as if remembering an unpleasant duty.

In the booth he said, "It's all right, Mr. Marle. You can untie those ships now. And thanks—what's that? Oh, yes. I'll be right down."

"Can I drive you anywhere?" asked Miss Nickerson.

"Well," said Jimmy, no longer grinning, "You can drop me in Park Row. And if you're not too hungry, you can wait till the boss gets through with me, and then let the remains take you to lunch, or something."

"Why, won't your boss like it, your helping the old couple? I should think he'd be proud that a representative of his paper——"

And then Jimmy, grinning again, told her about the ships. And somehow it did not seem a serious thing at all. They laughed about it, shameless ones that they were!

"Well, he can't do more than fire you!"

"Oh, that reminds me. I'm fired already."

"How lucky! I mean—— Anyhow, here we are. I'll wait for you."

Jimmy made his way to the boss's office.

"Thanks awfully, Mr. Marle, for holding up the ships. You see what happened ——"

"Don't talk, man," snapped the editor. "Get to a machine and pound out that scoop. Speed! I'm holding up an edition. Smash it out. Bust your fingernails! Speed, a little speed!"

Jimmy had a good time pounding it out. Not exactly a scoop, but he knew it was a good story. He got it all in—the whole American adventure of the old couple, their first subway ride, the

presents to take home, the sweet potatoes and corn, the terrible parting, the search, Kelly's assistance, Bellevue, the bath, the rush for the ship, the reunion. Everything but the holding up of the ships.

He rather licked his chops after it. And when Marle came out, impatient, he shouted, "done," and handed it proudly into the eager hand.

Mr. Marle began to read, his face enlarging with astonishment, then purpling with rage.

"What's this?" he shouted. "International complications! I—*I* am to hold up the entire shipping of the United States for a couple of blankety-blank immigrants! I ——" It was probably the only time in the Old Man's career that he was struck speechless. When presently he found his voice, his words were an education in vigor and variety, but scarcely printable. Somehow Jimmy, his mind half on a waiting limousine down-stairs, failed to quake. He listened attentively, respectfully. And when the Old Man paused a moment, breathless after his question, "How *dared* you ask me to hold up every ship in the harbor?" Jimmy, now anything but bashful, put in, "Well, you see, sir, you advised me. Initiative, nerve, aggressiveness. A little slyness not incompatible with gentlemanliness. I really had to do it. Besides I was fired, anyhow."

"Fired the dickens! Get out and get your lunch, and then report back here, you idiot!"

"What happened? asked Miss Nickerson breathlessly, as Jimmy got into the car.

Jimmy was interpretative rather than descriptive. "Sweet as pie," was his summary. "He unfired me."

"Great. But I remembered something while you were up there. It was really all right about those ships. You know, they sail by standard time, and this is daylight saving ——"

Jimmy's eyes widened. He hadn't thought of that once. He began a mental review of his conversations about the time of sailing, but before he could finish came laughter, gusts of rollicking laughter. At last he exclaimed,

"By Jove, that's a joke on Marle! Or, wait a minute. I wonder if he did a darn thing about those ships. I wonder——" He recalled Marle's inexplicable laugh, when he had phoned from the police station. "No," he exclaimed. "That joke's my own little dividend. And Kelly's! And to think," he added with doubtful relevance, "to think that only this morning I was afraid I was never going to see you again!"

A LITTLE PRAYER FOR THE MAN IN THE AIR

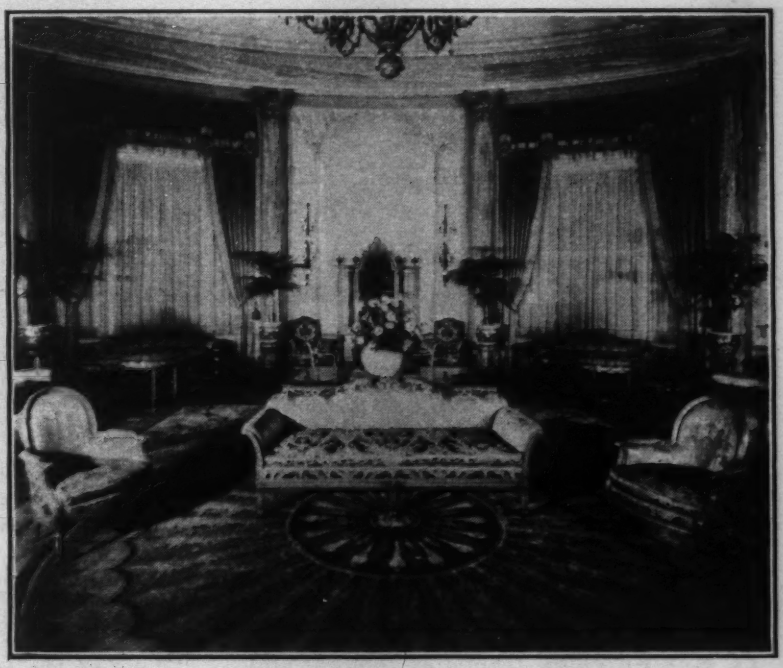
From the Fiery Cross

I never hear
The growling diapason of a plane
Up there,
The deep reverb'rant humming of a plane
Up there,
But up to God I wing a little prayer,
Begging His care
For him who braves the dangers of the air.

"God keep you, Bird-man, in your plane
Up there!
Your wings upbear, your heart sustain!
Give you good flight and oversight,
And bring you safe to earth again!"

I, too, have hostages with fortune up above,
And what may come to you may come to mine.
So, once again — "God speed you as you rove!
Both you and mine to His care I consign."

John Oxenham



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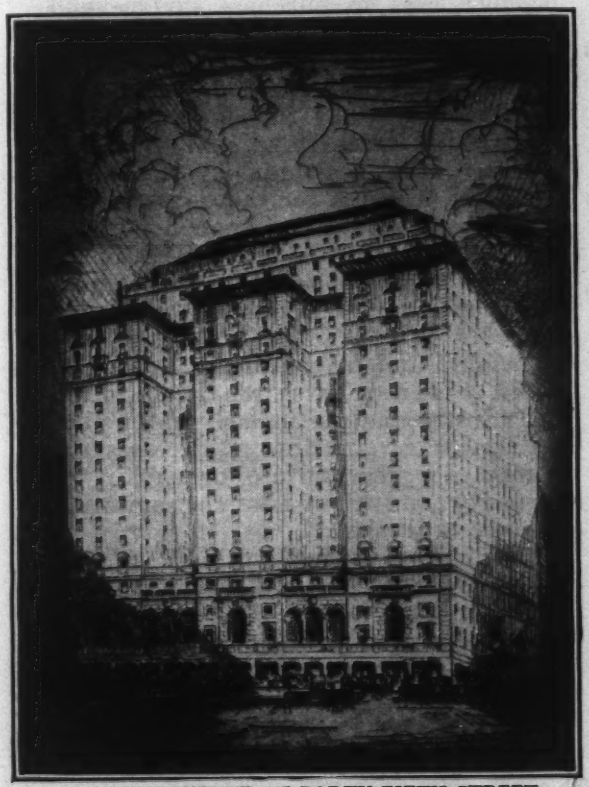

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THE PEOPLIZATION OF INDUSTRY

"CERTAIN trends of thought and action in the financial world frequently serve as forecasts of our future development. The peculiar feature of these movements, it seems to me, is the way laymen and many narrow-visioned bankers neglect this evidence which is placed before them. I am thinking particularly of a phrase I recently heard coined. It was 'The peoplization of industry.'"

The speaker was Mr. Francis H. Sisson of the Guaranty Trust Company at 140 Broadway. He is Chairman of the Public Relations Committee of the American Bankers' Association. He was one of the financial authorities who favored the formation of banks by labor organizations, when the proposal was first heard on Wall Street. His own breadth of vision has never been questioned.

In brief, the peoplization of industry means the buying of stocks and bonds of public service corporations by a large number of small stockholders, the "customer owners" of the advertisements. In a broader sense, the phrase applies to widely distributed small holdings of the stocks and bonds of any industrial concern. At present, American Telephone & Telegraph and the Pennsylvania Railroad are perhaps the startling examples of a movement which the financial barons expect to see materially extended.

"One of the immediate effects of this movement," explained Mr. Sisson, "was, perhaps, the defeat of the Dever plan for municipal ownership of street railways at a special election in Chicago on April 7th. The plan, as you may remember, was to purchase surface and elevated lines, unify them and provide for subway construction. The bill was known as the $400,000,000 ordinance. It was defeated by 85,000 votes.

"Friends of the idea claimed it was defeated because the tax payers thought the price too high for the property. It would be interesting to know how much this entered into the voters' reasoning and how many of the ballots cast against the proposition were due to a dislike of the idea and practice of government ownership and management."

Mr. Sisson believes the Peoplization of Industry and particularly of the public service corporations, "increases the respect for the private ownership of property and decreases the agitation against capitalism."

"It means we are working out our salvation by becoming a nation of capitalists. Many of our 110,000,000 citizens are gaining a sense of responsibility and common-trusteeship. Any movement in that direction is a distinct gain for the nation."

In this connection, Mr. Sisson spoke of

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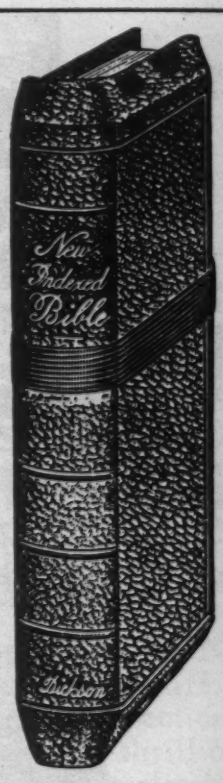

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his support of the labor organization banks. He paid a tribute to the foresight and business acumen of the Railroad Brotherhoods, who have handled their financial problems successfully.

"There were many men I know who were aghast when they heard of the Brotherhood bank," continued Mr. Sisson. "But I assured them it could have only one of two results. It might be successful and in that case would teach the labor men many things about the use and purpose of money and credits. It would bring them an idea of industrial finance which they could not secure in any other way. Most important of all, they would realize the problems of capital. In fact, to successfully conduct a banking business, one must learn a good deal and one can learn more by experimenting than by advice.

"On the other hand, if the bank were not successful, the organization and the men who composed it would have secured a valuable experience, although it might have been an expensive one for them.

"I was genuinely pleased when I found that they had learned rapidly to handle their financial problems."

As this peoplization of the industries continues, Mr. Sisson believes it will perpetuate the best of private ownership along with the better features of government ownership. Although he did not employ the phrase, his idea seemed to be that of a "practical communism," consisting of a common interest and responsibility for the general welfare.

"We should own our government and not permit it to own us," was his concise summary of the perils of government ownership.

In connection with this growth of the labor banks, the buying of industrial stocks or bonds by individual small investors, he touched upon the international loans made by this country and upon the foreign bonds floated here.

"One of Josh Billings' wisest remarks was his classic dictum, 'The American people know so many things that ain't so.'" Mr. Sisson smiled at the idea. "We haven't changed much since Josh Billings' time. I believe there is more guff written about the actions of international bankers than upon any other subject. Two great newspaper syndicates are continually harping upon the

(*Continued on page* 156)

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international banking business. Those engaged in it are universally cursed.

"Actually some ninety per cent of the business done by the international houses is for service to the producers of raw material in the United States. Without them, the wheat farmers, the iron and copper men, the cotton growers and the workers in countless industries would lose their markets. The loans they make actually produce markets for our products inside the country.

"Bankers who ought to know better and who should inform themselves upon this subject are frequently stupid as novices."

The theory and practice of international banking relations is a slow and difficult subject to learn, authorities agree. Mr. Sisson briefly reviewed the entry of the United States into the field and told of this country's rise to chief creditor nation of the world.

"When we began, we were forced to learn the business almost overnight," he said. "England, in round numbers, had loaned $20,000,000,000 abroad when she entered the World War in 1914. She was the great creditor nation.

"As for the United States, in that same year, we owed $5,000,000,000 to foreign investors. At the end of the World War, the United States was a creditor for some $20,000,000,000, a change involving $25,000,000,000 in round numbers, while England had dropped about $5,000,000,000 of her credits abroad leaving her a $15,000,000,000 creditor."

Into this ever-changing situation, during the stress of the World War, the American international bankers were plunged. They were learning a game as novices, which the English merchants had played since Elizabeth's time.

Prior to the War with Germany, or, more exactly, prior to 1914, little United States money had ever been loaned outside the boundaries of this country. True there had been some considerable investments in Mexico, Central and South America. Some financial backing had been given to Cuba and the Philippines, but these countries were, in a sense, the wards of our own government. On only one occasion had any large quantity of foreign bonds been floated here. During the Russo-Japanese War, a Japanese loan was subscribed.

At other times, internal stocks and bond issues had absorbed all the money that could be loaned. Bond holding was an alien idea to many small investors.

With the Liberty Loan drives of the war came a change in attitude. About $22,000,000,000 was absorbed by nearly 18,000,000 persons. Even if many did not retain their bonds, they caught the idea behind this type of investment.

Before the World War, according to the best estimates, the full amount of American investments abroad was not in excess of $2,000,000,000. To-day these investments are nearing the $10,000,000,000 mark.

These figures do not include any loans or credits of the United States government abroad, which are now reckoned, with interest, at about $12,000,000,000.

Of the $10,000,000,000 in private investments outside the country, experts divide it into two main classes. The first, consisting of some $6,000,000,000 is sunk into projects owned and controlled by American interests. These include copper and oil properties, branches of American manufacturing houses located abroad and American owned warehouses and terminal facilities.

The other class consists of private loans made here to foreign governments and a comparatively small amount of American money invested in industries which are under foreign control. The total of these holdings is listed by the United States Department of Commerce at $3,500,000,000. This includes the famous Morgan loans made to the French and Belgian governments.

During the first quarter of 1925, European governments and corporations borrowed $139,000,000 in the United States. In the first quarter of 1924, only $10,000,000 was loaned for these purposes.

Now, when so much money is being loaned abroad, the bond holders are taking an active interest in world affairs. As in the industries and in the public utilities, the purchase of foreign bonds by small investors has an undoubted effect upon public opinion.

"All this has been said again and again," said Mr. Sisson. "But it is still news. It is such startling news in its bearing upon ourselves and upon our government, that little minds are unable to grasp its application."

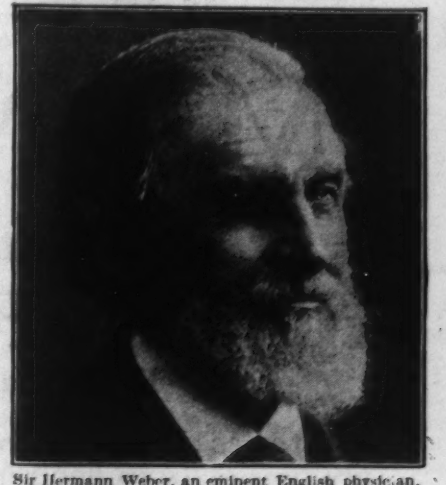
"The human intestinal tract is the most prolific source of disease."

—Professor Foges, Vienna.

THE LAZY COLON

(Large Intestine)

By CHARLES M. CAMPBELL
Associated with
ALBERT K. DETWILLER, M. D.



Sir Hermann Weber, an eminent English physician, was descended from exceptionally short-lived ancestors for four generations. Making a study of longevity, he decided to try for a long life. His celebrated book on "Longevity" was published in his 95th year (1923). The principles he lays down are fully digested in the chapter on Longevity in "The Lazy Colon."

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How I Improved My Memory in One Evening

An Amazing Experience

"OF *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago last May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the famous memory expert," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did. As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, license numbers, facts and figures the guests had given earlier in the evening.

* * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly and easily to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. After meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you"

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publisher. When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned, in about one hour, how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake. That first lesson *stuck.* And so did the other six.

Terence J. McManus, the famous trial lawyer of New York, said: "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I have already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure.* I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office. Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to the Thor Press for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

THOR PRESS, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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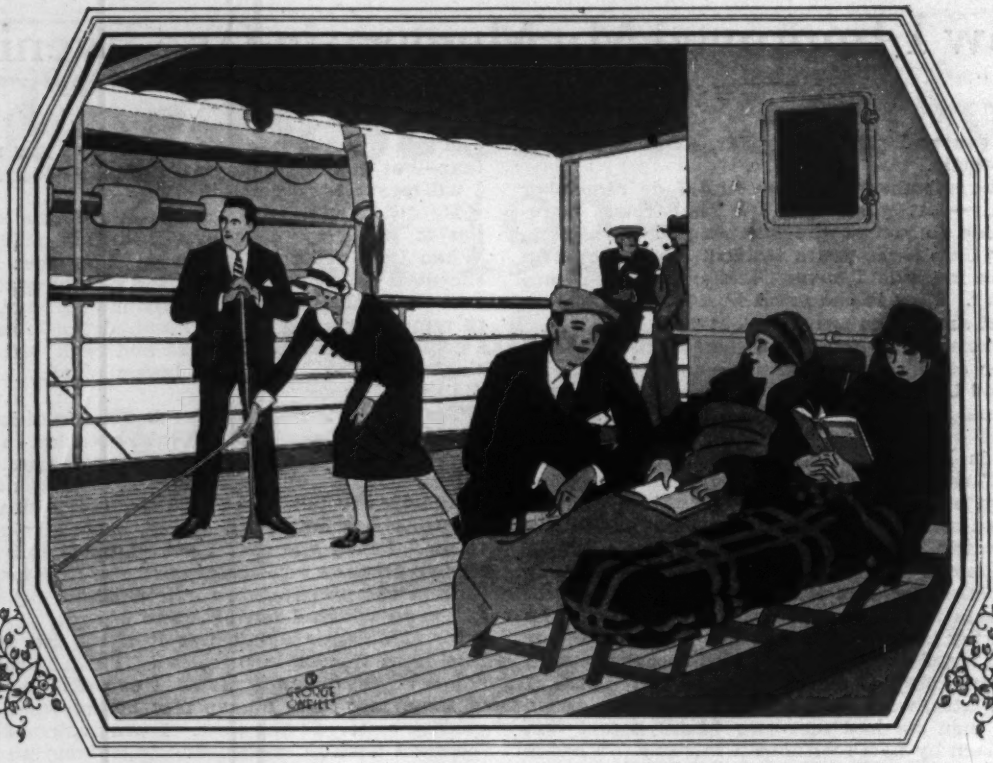

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